

October 12, 1960

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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### THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Brian Henderson (see "TV's Quiet Man," page 73), who comperes "Bandstand," and has done for years, suffers from "first-night nerves" Saturday after Saturday.

"BANDSTAND" starts at 4.30 p.m. and lasts an hour, but Brian starts rehearsing the specialty acts and making final arrangements from 2 p.m. on until the show starts.

"I noticed during the show," says Nan Musgrove, "that whether on camera or off, Brian really went for his sponsor's product, drinking bottle after bottle of soft drink."

"He told me he always drinks at least six bottles in the hour 'Bandstand' lasts. 'I can't eat lunch before rehearsal,' he said, 'and once the show gets under way I need something.'"

"The trouble is, I have so much of it that I'm not hungry again for quite a while after the show."

STAFF at Sydney's glamorous new Chevron Hilton Hotel (see pictures, pages 3, 8, and 9) were still literally unpacking as the first guests arrived. In the Golden Grill, the hotel's "family" restaurant, cutlery and the specially designed slender-line silverware — teapots, sugar basins, coffee pots — were still in their wrapping paper the night before the restaurant opened for business.

Workmen and staff worked round the clock to have everything ready for the public as scheduled.

ALMOST all work and hardly any play makes a successful jockey, as 21-year-old Victorian jockey Geoff

Lane (see story, page 12) knows only too well.

For six years as an apprentice, Geoff had half a day off a week, with no annual holidays, and he considers his trainer was generous. He had Sundays off for the last 18 months of his apprenticeship.

If a jockey ever takes a holiday, Geoff explains, there's always a race to run at the other end, wherever he goes.

"On top 52 weeks of the year," he says.

Geoff's programme for the 52 weeks averages two to five races on Saturdays and two midweek meetings.

"The job requires a love of animals, rapid reflexes, and the ability to take a knock and a good deal of booing from the crowds," says Geoff.

Because Geoff finds horses far more intelligent animals than most people believe, his policy when in strife on the track is to let the horse have its way.

"The important thing is not to try to pull the animal out of its stride. It will usually get out of a jam better by its own instinct," he says.

IF anyone thinks it's wonderful to be a millionaire, he should read Mel Heimer's short story, "I Know You Millionaires," beginning on page 36.

According to the author, the poor things are faced with the dreadful problem of wasting all their life in high living or playing golf.

Mel Heimer, one of America's brightest short-story writers, gives an amusing potted autobiography.

### Our Cover



● Gigi, the adorable white miniature French poodle puppy on our cover — sixth cover in our £3000 Cover Contest (details, page 32) — is photographed with her owner, Delphine Little, of Palm Beach, N.S.W. Gigi, who is a real beach belle, loves parading on the sand and stepping in rock puddles, but she prefers to bark at the surf rather than brave it.

Like Frankie Sinatra, he was born in Hoboken. When he was 24 he went to live in Manhattan.

"I like gaudy clothes and wear blue glasses," he says.

"I'm trying to revive the wonderful custom of New York newspapermen carrying walking-sticks. I play poker incessantly and was knocked down and almost killed by a car at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street when I paused dreamily to meditate the first royal flush I ever had drawn."

**Next Week:** Wedding Etiquette — all you need to know, such as wording of invitations, who pays for what, ceremony grouping, seating at reception, duties of a guest.

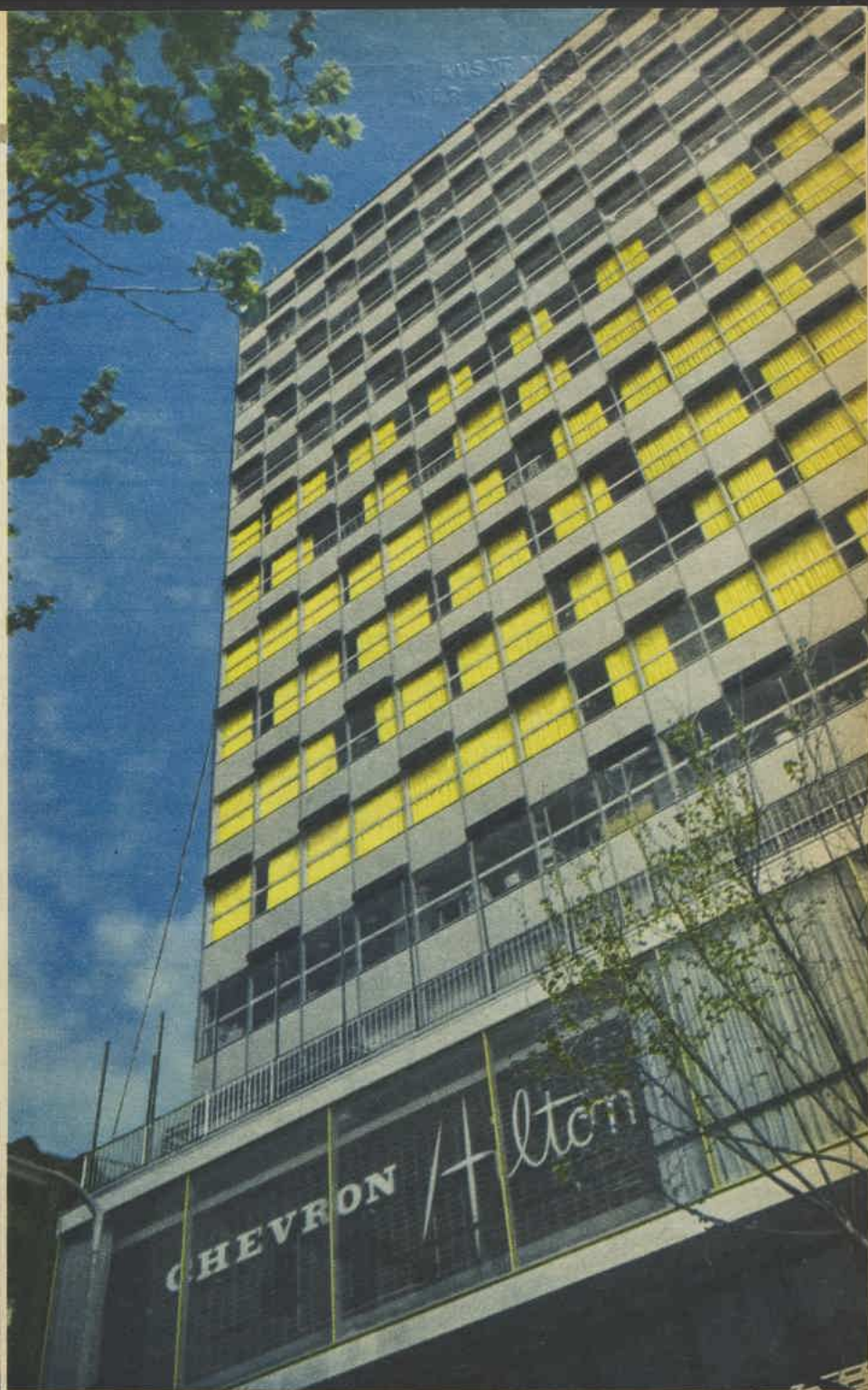
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — OCTOBER 12, 1960





# SYDNEY'S GLAMOR HOTEL

● The £9,000,000 Chevron Hilton Hotel opened last month with its first 14-storey stage towering above the skyline in Macleay Street, at Sydney's Potts Point.



**PEDESTRIAN'S EYE VIEW** of the first stage. The second stage — 35 storeys, 410ft. high—should be completed in 1962. The hotel will be opened officially on November 16. The Chevron group plans to build more hotels in Australia and New Zealand.

**FEATURE STAIRCASE** in the main lobby is constructed of 2in. marble slabs supported on stainless steel rods. Every detail in the hotel—from actual construction to the ashtrays—was designed by the architects, Donald Crone and Associates, who began in mid-1959.

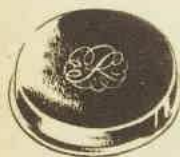
More color pictures on pages 8 and 9.



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# Speed king's wife is friendly and gay

● The first words British speed-king Donald Campbell spoke after his crash in £2,000,000 Bluebird II were to his stunningly beautiful, blond, Belgian-born wife, Tonia.

CAMPBELL, conscious, but dazed and shocked and with a hairline fracture of the skull, said, "I'm all right. Don't worry, darling, everything will be all right."

I was interested to find out more about the woman who could inspire such devotion.

Before the crash she was gay, happy, friendly to all. If she feared for her husband's safety, she kept it to herself.

She had followed all the last-minute preparations for Campbell's attempt on the world land speed record of 394 m.p.h. on the Bonneville Salt Flats, 10 miles from the isolated Utah-Nevada border town of Wendover.

### His hat

"Is it comfy?" she asked anxiously, watching Campbell don his yellow helmet.

At the other end, waiting for the turn-around, I found her holding her husband's hat, an uncrushable American hat someone had bequeathed him and which he wore, for a joke, turned up all round.

"Oh dear," she said, "it's still damp. I washed it for him this morning."

Then she caught herself with a laugh. "Why, listen to me. Being a wife!"

Tonia and Campbell were married in December, 1958.

"We were married only three weeks after we first met. Fast, no? For months afterwards I couldn't quite believe it myself. I had been so wrapped up in my career. My father used to shake his head over me and say I was just like a man in my ambitiousness, but that one day I would know better."

"I had polio when I was about 14 and couldn't walk for a long time, and perhaps that

period of helplessness made me determine to get somewhere in life on my own. I was terribly determined to succeed."

Tonia did succeed.

By the time she met Campbell—he came with a friend to a cocktail party she was giving in her London flat—she was a cabaret singer at the Savoy, had regular engagements on TV in London and Paris, had appeared in a New York nightclub, had received offers from Hollywood and Broadway.

She turned down a Las Vegas engagement worth £1500 a week to marry Campbell.

Tonia is quite tall—about 5ft. 9in., I'd say—with that lissom, leggy beauty you see

From LARRY FOLEY, at Wendover, Utah.



● Tonia and Donald Campbell land a trout at a dude ranch in Nevada.

know I was in London worrying about him, which would make him worry about me.

"Do I worry much about Donald? Oh, he worries much more about me," she said. "I have a knack for getting caught up in wrong places. At the wedding I got my hand caught in a Rolls-Royce door. Then, leaving London Airport, I shook hands with someone who still had a lighted cigarette in his hand."

"My father was right about me. I enjoy life now. Being in show business is not a happy life. I don't miss it a bit," she said.

"Now I have found out that to be a woman is a wonderful thing. It takes a man to make you realise that."

"Donald has such tenderness and depth. And he is extremely intelligent. I grew in respect and admiration for him, and those are the things which—how do you say it?—feed love. *Nourrir l'amour*—how we say it in French."

"Mind you, I fought hard. It took him months to tame me. I was very nasty for about eight months. Life is different now. Now I feel I'm really needed."

### So kind

"It is so good that I don't care about diamonds or mini and things like that. Any woman could take advantage of this man; he is so kind and generous. I have to be a policeman on him, you know. But he's very much the boss and I love it—only don't tell him that."

"We have a house in Hove, in Surrey, with 14 acres."

"We have a daughter—Donald's daughter, that is, by his first wife. Gina is 14."

"So, you see, I have been learning what it means to live a family life. We would like to have children. We lost our last year."

"When this Bluebird business is over, perhaps Donald worries enough about me when I'm not expecting. Can you imagine what he's like when I am expecting?"

## CHURCH SCENE AT FLOWER SHOW

● An early Sydney church scene will provide the setting for the exhibit of the Port Hacking Horticultural Society in the flower show of the Royal Horticultural Society of N.S.W. being held next Friday and Saturday in the Lower Town Hall, Sydney.

It repeats the theme of this year's Waratah Festival "Historical Events of Early N.S.W."

The Australian Women's Weekly is giving prizes for a decorative floral competition open to all affiliated societies of the Society.

The prizes will be presented at the Festival opening on Friday.

In competing for them, societies may choose six decorative units from these nine classes of arrangements:

1. For a foyer; 2. foliage; 3. roses; 4. basket of roses (stems to be in water); 5. informal; 6. mixed flowers; 7. for a dining-

table (stems to be in water); 8. showing Eastern influence; 9. depicting a New South Wales historic event.

Any embellishments are permissible. Prizes will be increased this year:

First prize in the section, 50 guineas and a gold plaque; second prize, 25 guineas and a silver plaque; third prize, 12 guineas and a bronze plaque; fourth prize, 10 guineas and a gunmetal plaque.

The Australian Women's Weekly will also give 20 guineas for the best individual decorative piece among the group entries.

Each entry will be allotted space 10ft. by 2ft. 6in., with a limit in height of 4ft. 6in. (replacing "no limit in height" previously announced by the Society).

Entries should be sent to Mr. G. Parkes (WW1156), the Royal Horticultural Society secretary, 508 Twin Road, North Ryde.





# A baby for Princess Margaret?

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960

• Since Princess Margaret's return from the Royal summer holidays in Scotland, rumor has strengthened that she is expecting a baby.

PEOPLE in London have even fixed the date—next March.

So the Princess and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones have returned to a city rife with speculation on their future—and an unsettled domestic situation in their home at Kensington Palace.

They still have no butler. No one has been appointed since Cronin's departure.

And Mrs. Robin Gordon, the Princess' former nurserymaid, now her dresser, is having to make the best of a house with

a far smaller staff than she has been used to.

President Truman's butler at the White House in Washington, Alonzo Fields, said in his recent memoirs that when the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, stayed at the White House she was pleasant and understanding, in direct contrast to her maid, who needed more waiting on than her mistress.

In a household with only one cook, complications can be expected to arise when the staff require waiting on in the same way as they were at Clarence House.

Princess Margaret is clearly wanting to set her house in order as soon as possible for her house-warming party, expected to take place in mid-October.

• Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones photographed with the Queen Mother during their holiday in Scotland.

At it she will show the films taken on her honeymoon in the Caribbean.

It's said there will be not more than 25 guests, including Billy Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Parker-Bowles, of Newbury, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Lloyd, and their best man, Dr. Roger Gilliat, and his wife.

In the Newbury district, Berkshire, it is strongly hinted that Princess Margaret and Tony will be leasing historic Donnington Grove from Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, who has recently furnished a cottage in the grounds for herself.



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# ALEXANDRA TRIUMPHS IN NIGERIA

● In her crowded first 48 hours in Nigeria, Princess Alexandra — "Princess Baba"

Nigerians call her, because she is the youngest princess of the Royal family to visit them — proved herself a delightful and talented representative of the Queen.

From ANNE MATHESON, in Lagos.

AS Sir Grantley Adams, the Prime Minister of the West Indies Federation, put it, "She has had to face up to a reception bigger and more diverse than anything attended by Princess Margaret or the Queen herself at the age of 24."

The reception was given by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives at Lagos' fabulous new Palace Hotel, the largest hotel in Africa.

The Princess met a cross-section of the world's people.

The member of the Royal family with the most cosmopolitan background, she found herself speaking to people whose languages ranged from Hausa to Japanese, Russian to Portuguese.

## Hausa welcome

And she was able to say a few words in almost all languages, except Japanese and Hausa, to the great delight of all the distinguished visitors the Nigerians have invited to join them in their independence celebrations.

A veiled desert chieftain, a Tuareg, bowed low over the Princess' hand, and in the most cultured voice told her how pleased he was to meet her. He welcomed her in Hausa.

The Portuguese Ambassador Designate to Nigeria, Admiral Nune de Brion, showed the Princess his gold cufflinks, given him by her father, the late Duke of Kent.

"I was your father's aide-de-camp when he was in Portugal," he said.

The Russian delegation brought their interpreters with them to the party.

The Japanese Ambassador Designate could speak only a few words of English, but the Princess, with patience, waited for his halting phrases and smiled as he said, "We are pleased to be guests in Nigeria at such a time, and to meet your Royal Highness."

Alexandra was escorted for one hour through the jostling guests in the ballroom by two strong-arm men, tall Governor-General Designate Azikiwe and Sir James Robertson, the Governor-General, who retires six weeks after independence.

They elbowed their way through gorgeously robed crowds in the humid atmosphere where everyone behaved with such decorum that the Princess' refusal of a red velvet cordon was justified.

Many of the foreign representatives suggested she might one day pay a visit to their countries.

Sir Grantley Adams, twice host to Princess Margaret in the West Indies, said: "I've invited Princess Alexandra to visit the West Indies. She said she would like to one day."

He said he was most impressed by her ability to carry off the role of the Queen's representative at a function to which people from every part of the world were invited.

Half way through her stay at the reception, host Azikiwe suggested the Princess pause for a breath of fresh air and escorted her on to the balcony.

The crowd in the reception room grew denser. Said Azikiwe: "Two thousand were invited. Three thousand accepted."

The Princess returned to the room to meet Roy Thompson, the newspaper magnate, who told her he owned 87 papers and half the shares in the new "Express" in Lagos.

The most magnificently dressed man in the room was the Honorable Siyadi Ringin, a member of the House of Representatives, in flowing white embroidered organdie robes and the Alhaji hat worn by all who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca.

He told the Princess: "We welcome you to Nigeria, and when you come to Kano I'll welcome you on horseback, riding ahead of my men."

The Princess' cocktail dress, a sheath of delphinium broderie anglaise with a chiffon sash, was perfect for the humid heat of Lagos.

Her jewellery was simply three strands of pearls and pearl and diamond earrings.

## Her fans

For the Press reception that same day she wore a lime-green and white patterned silk sheath dress and pearls.

She talked to every journalist at the party — from the bearded Japanese TV cameraman to the solid-looking Russian from Tass Agency who flew in with the Russian delegation, and the foreign affairs reporters who've flown in from the Congo.

At every function on her busy programme the Princess is adding to her fans.

Nigerians were thrilled when she chose to ride in an open car in the rain to acknowledge their welcome when she arrived here.

They headlined her in Lagos as "the young Princess who has twice taken a drenching when everyone else has run for cover."

The Governor-General, Sir James Robertson, is her greatest admirer, and her fortitude in withstanding tropical deluges has already cost him



● Princess Alexandra, photographed by Cecil Beaton at Kensington Palace before leaving for Lagos.

two suits and the ribbons of his decorations, which were not color-fast.

At the Garden Party at Government House most of the 2000 people fled to shelter under the wide verandahs — but not the Princess.

And for the stalwarts who stood beneath canopies dotting the lawn, eating rain-sogged sandwiches and cake, Alexandra had a warm smile and a friendly "Isn't it wet?"

There's talk of another whip-round to appease the rain-makers, who have already taken £1000 to ensure good weather.

"Perhaps it was not enough," say Nigerians dolefully.

Kindly Lady Robertson is keeping a careful watch that Princess Alexandra does not over-exert herself.

## "POLITENESS FIRST"

● Nigerians are being urged to create the best possible impression — and remember their manners during the Princess' tour.

The politeness campaign is so effective that they say with a laugh, "Nigerians are even being polite to each other."

Buses carry signs "Be polite," and cars, "Don't be rude on the road."

Politicians are broadcasting the message and newspapers print long features and editorials, even advertisements, urging good behaviour.

Women are asked not to shout or engage in useless conversation.

The "Do's" and "Don'ts" for dancers say etiquette demands that no single person should dance on the floor as it's rude to dance alone. Orchestras are asked to stop playing to put down this practice. And if a dancer bumps another he's to say "Sorry," never mind who's right or wrong.



# A ROOM WITH A VIEW



*BEDROOM is typical of Chevron accommodation, with modern decor, remote-control TV (panel on desk, at right), built-in radio, individually adjustable air-conditioning, and fresh-air vents.*

● In the completed Chevron Hilton Hotel there will be about 1200 bedrooms, each with an expansive view. The architects provided plenty of space round the building to allow the maximum of sunlight and views.



*WIDE VIEW, from one of the bedrooms, extends across Woolloomooloo to the Harbor Bridge. Daily tariff (room only) ranges from £4/10/-, to more than £12/12/- for a luxury suite.*



*BATHROOM adjoins every bedroom at Chevron. Each is equipped with scales, every fitting is "gold" (including the seat-cover), and the wash-basin is set into a colorful table. In this picture the bath is located behind the door (right).*



*GOLDEN GRILL is the hotel's "family" restaurant. Located just off the main lobby, it features specially designed decor with a sun motif. Waitresses wear tan and beige. Staff uniforms were chosen to blend with their surroundings. Housemaids wear grey; banqueting staff, black-and-white; receptionists, lilac.*



Continued  
from page 3

**CLUB BAR**, on the ground floor, is dominated by a spectacular mosaic mural designed by 26-year-old Sydney artist Margaret Elliott. The Hilton Bar, next to it, is decorated with hand-painted tiles, and follows contemporary American-inspired decor.



**PUBLIC BAR**, below street level, is called the "Quarterdeck," to accent its nautical theme. Ships' lanterns hang above the bar—which is backed by pictures on aluminium, depicting scenes of historic interest in Sydney.



**SILVER SPADE**, on the first floor, is the hotel's main restaurant. Named after Mr. Conrad Hilton's autobiography, "The Silver Spade," it has an elegantly expensive atmosphere with chandeliers and mirrors and silver decor. The restaurant has a seating capacity of 600, and will feature a nightly cabaret show.

Pictures by  
**KEITH BARLOW**,  
staff photographer.





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FATHER



"Come on! Start jumping — will you!"

MOTHER



"You only said we mustn't draw on the WALLS."

## It seems to me

WHEN this paper is on sale I expect to be on holidays, with a fishing rod in hand.

Fishing has something in common with racing. Knowledge and experience are useful in both, but there's nothing like a good helping of luck. (When you have ten minutes to spare I'll tell you about the double that got away.)

In the three or four years since I last went on a fishing holiday, a settlement has sprung up on the headland to which we used to tramp two or three miles. We would set out as early as possible in order to grab the best place on the desired rock.

Now, in a cottage only 100 yards away, there should be every chance of rushing to that coveted rock the moment the tide and wind is right.

But, fishermen — and fisherwomen — being what they are, we will no doubt get our sights fixed on a spot three miles in the opposite direction.

It is so long since I went fishing that I was afraid I had forgotten how to put on a hook.

So last week I practised at the desk with a paper-clip and string.

This reassured me but worried observers. They evidently diagnosed a new nervous habit. Went away, shaking their heads, and saying: "Needs that holiday."

BIRDS near a synthetic-fibre production centre in Yorkshire are said to be forsaking natural materials for nest building and helping themselves at the fibre store.

Birds in their little nests agree  
That fibres from the lab  
Make homes secure and worry-free.  
Next step, they hope—prefab.

INVENTION in the news last week: a new video-tape camera which will enable people to make their own programmes for their television sets.

It is hard to see what advantage the thing will have over home movies.

There will, of course, be surprise value. You'll be asked out for dinner and then the host will suggest you look at TV.

So you'll be expecting either the Western or the drama programme for 8.30 and instead will be treated to some animated snaps of the host's family.

More playful types, those who have already exhausted the diversion of the tape-recorder play-back, may conceal a video-tape camera at a party, then spring a surprise.

As a writer in "Punch" once said of a film: "For those who like this kind of thing, this is the kind of thing they will like."

By



Dorothy Drann

WOMEN, traditionally, are the ones who care about the home with men popularly supposed to need mainly place to eat and sleep.

But when men take an interest in interior decoration that's when you see some genuine novelty.

I've been studying a picture of a room in a house owned by Mr. William Cecil, of Hiron, U.S.A. The magazine which features the house describes the room as being decorated "with whimsy-controlled clutter."

If you think that phrase is a bit far-fetched then you ought to see the room.

The most striking feature is not the mass pictures on one wall, or the pair of antique scales that serve as a fruit-bowl, or the undecorated ornaments on various tables—it's the floor.

"For this," explains the writer with obvious approval, "Mr. Cecil found old, rough-textured brick which had once paved a Baltimore street and relaid it in its original pleasantly irregular manner."

"Irregular" is right, but I doubt pleasant would be the word that came to mind when you swept up cigarette ash and olive stones after a party. Probably have to pick the last out with tweezers from between the bricks.

However, Mr. Cecil sounds like a bachelor and I am sure guests would have to be very careful of their ash and olive stones.

Listen to this, about the sofa cushions: "Tongue-in-cheek, he covered them with blue satin."

It's a wonder he didn't bite his tongue, tripping on those pleasantly irregular bricks.

CLAUDIUS PHILIPPE, one of the most famous chefs in the United States, says "A first course should be amusing . . . just a bit frivolous in concept." To which a housewife might reply:

*I am sorry if the soup seems rather boring.*

*But it's nourishing. There's plenty in the pot.*

*It's tasty and quite energy-restoring. But amusing, I'm afraid, is what it is not.*

*My husband, though his nature's fairly sunny,*

*Is orthodox in attitude to food.*

*He likes it, but he doesn't think it's funny.*

*And his comments—if it is—are rather rude.*





Relaxed and confident—that's lovely, titian-haired Valerie Cooney, on television, or driving her Volkswagen.



## "Volkswagen—always in the picture"

says TV and radio star Valerie Cooney

Almost any evening you'll see attractive Valerie Cooney on television, hear her on radio compering a fashion show or contributing to panel shows such as "Leave it to the Girls".

On the screen and over the airwaves she's relaxed and smiling, but between appearances she's an amazingly busy person. Caring for her husband and

daughter and rehearsing for her shows occupies every waking minute.

"I don't know what I'd do if I didn't have my Volkswagen to rush me around; it's always in the picture", says Valerie.

"It's wonderfully quick in traffic, practically parks itself, and just **never** lets me down. My car's got to be reliable—show business won't wait for anybody!"

## VOLKSWAGEN

—most satisfying car you can own.



The star keeps a TV date in her VW. "I often wonder if other VW owners get the same pleasure out of driving that I do", Valerie says. "The VW's

gearchange is so smooth, the steering is so light, everything's just where it should be . . . and I'm always at ease behind the wheel."



A high-fashion occasion, and a compering job for Valerie. "At the grandest affair, I always feel important arriving in the VW—it belongs in the most distinguished company", says Valerie. "Yet it's equally at home on shopping trips . . . holidays . . . in so many things!"



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**FAVORITE UNCLE** jockey Geoff Lane recalls one of his wins to his young nephew, Malcolm Watts, one of Geoff's greatest fans. The clock was presented to Geoff by the people of Springvale, where he lives with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stan Lane.

## Ace jockey was scared of horses

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

● Golden boy of the Australian racetracks, 21-year-old Victorian jockey Geoff Lane has added a rare double—Premier Jockey and Leading Apprentice Jockey for the 1959-60 season—to his youthful stack of racing laurels.

**I**T is 26 years since this feat has been accomplished. Harold Skidmore took the same double in the 1933-34 season, at 19.

Geoff finished his apprenticeship when he turned 21 in March this year. He had 23 wins for the season by then, and added another 21 as a fully fledged jockey.

He had been leading apprentice jockey five times previously.

As a freelance jockey now, Geoff is his own master, and laughingly says he fires himself every day.

He does two to three hours trackwork a day, plays squash regularly, leaves his massive new American sedan in the drive and walks several miles around Springvale every day.

### Strict diet

He neither smokes nor drinks, and adheres to a strict diet of grills, vegetables, and fruit because he has to watch his weight like a hawk.

"At 9 stone 4 pounds I'm a stone heavier than I'd like to be," he told me.

Geoff's career began at 13. He'd always wanted to be a jockey. But he hadn't realised it meant years of stablework among the horses first. And, despite his ambition, he was frightened of the animals.

Trainer Tom Woodcock began by putting him up on an old pony for trots around the yard. Geoff recalls that he cried and wanted to go home. But with encouragement and his own determination he soon overcame his fears.

He took his riding licence just 13 months later.

Five months after that he rode his first winner—Halse—in the Braebrook Handicap

at Flemington. This was one of his early laurels—most apprentices bring in their first winners at "bush" meetings.

Geoff already has ridden nine Cup winners and been placed second 29 times in Cup races.

He has had three Melbourne Cup mounts in previous years, and has received several riding offers for the Centenary Cup in November.

The young jockey's 470 wins so far include winners in every capital city.

Among his feats is the winning, for the past three years, of the Albury Invitation Stakes, for which riders come by invitation from every State. He will be there again this year, and he is providing the trophy for the race himself this time.

Geoff's in the money, too. When his apprenticeship indentures were completed he collected a five-figure cheque (reportedly in excess of £20,000), representing his riding fees, which had been held in trust for him.

Geoff could almost furnish a house with the trophies he has won.

### Gift clock

And among his collection of presentation whips are one used by Royal jockey Harry Carr, one of American jockey Eddie Arcaro, and a very handsome one set with a huge amber stone sent from England by former Victorian jockey Scobie Breasley.

The 200-day clock on the mantelshelf of the Lanes' lounge-room was a gift to Geoff from the citizens of Springvale, who are very proud of their local golden boy.

He can hold his own on his

own two feet as well. His trophies include one for winning a jockey's sprint at a charity sports meeting.

One cup Geoff isn't so proud of is the very first one he won—in a baby show at Catani, near Koo-Wee-Rup, Victoria.

For a high-pressure career like Geoff's he believes it's essential to cultivate a cool, calm outlook on life.

"A boy must be prepared to give up a lot more than the public generally realises to go into this business," he said. "There's not very much heavy work as an apprentice, but the long hours are the killers. And you can be lucky or very unlucky in the trainer you work for."

The only thing that really annoys Geoff about racing is when crowds condemn a jockey for a ride when they can't

possibly realise just what has opened out on the track during the race.

Geoff is very popular with the public. He is known as one of the "cleanest" jockeys in the game—he has never been penalised by the stewards for a riding infringement.

Geoff is confident of far success overseas when he goes.

"It seems wherever Australian jockeys go abroad they reach the top," he said. "Scobie Breasley is top in England just now, the three top jockeys in Ireland are Australians, and George Moore is one of the leading riders in France this season."

There's no weather-beaten look about this fast, young jockey who is climbing the ladder so surely. He still has "little boy" look about him.

## Judging begins



● Judging is under way in the N.S.W. section of the £2860 National Baby Contest. The State winner will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly in the issue dated November 2.

**ENTRANT** Glenn Robert Jones, of Radnor St., Canowindra, was born in February this year. On entering the contest he weighed 23lb.





The 'look'  
for  
1946

# THEN AND NOW



... and  
of  
TODAY

● What did the Paris couturiers decree for spring? The most noticeable fashions: platform-soled shoes, big hats (often tied under the chin), suits with long and waisted jackets, broad-shouldered dresses . . .

OR do those edicts from the haute couture sound rather odd for spring, 1960?

They should—that fashion news made headlines in 1946. Then, *The Australian Women's Weekly* made history by bringing the first French fashion parades to Australia.

We published a lot of pictures of a pretty, brown-haired 20-year-old Nicole de Quorlec, youngest of our Paris mannequins.

Nicole modelled the casual young clothes (note, baggy-legged pants), the elegant, swallow-tailed suits, the dresses with the cluttered look that were chic in 1946.

By the time the parades ended, Nicole had decided she liked Australia and stayed in Sydney.

Her mother and baby daughter, Odile, joined her from Paris. Nicole and her mother began to build up a dress-making business.

Then Nicole's mother died, and Nicole packed up and went home to France. It was 1948, and she began to work in films.

She landed a part in a film with Simone Signoret, but had an accident.

"The horse I was riding crushed me against a tree and my right side was all broken down," she said.

Nicole spent three months in hospital, another three months learning to walk again.

When she was better, she decided to become a secretary. She worked with a textile firm, the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission in Geneva, and an airline company.

While she was in Geneva, Nicole began thinking of Australia again. "It was so very cold there," she said.

Now, she is living in Australia again.

When she arrived for the second time, she wasn't fêted and photographed as a glamorous visiting celebrity. Nicole came with her daughter (plus 28 suitcases, three trunks, and five crates of personal belongings) to make her home here.

Talking of fashion — because she is modelling once more — Nicole compared the fashions of Then and Now.

"Clothes are getting simpler and simpler," she said, approvingly.

Fourteen years has made a remarkable difference in the fashionable feminine "look."

So we photographed Nicole in some of the clothes from her own wardrobe of 1960—and we compared them with the couturier dresses she wore in 1946.



1946 — Nicole models a slinky, draped evening dress of crepe.

1960 — Short evening dress, one of the most adaptable of modern fashions.



1946 — Casual separates: baggy matador pants, nautical blouse and "clogs."

1960 — Tapered pants topped by a check shirt, big mohair sweater.



1946 — Broad-shouldered dress with a short skirt, "important" hat.

1960 — Versatile separates: a cross-over top and a gently belled skirt.





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*for freshness always!*



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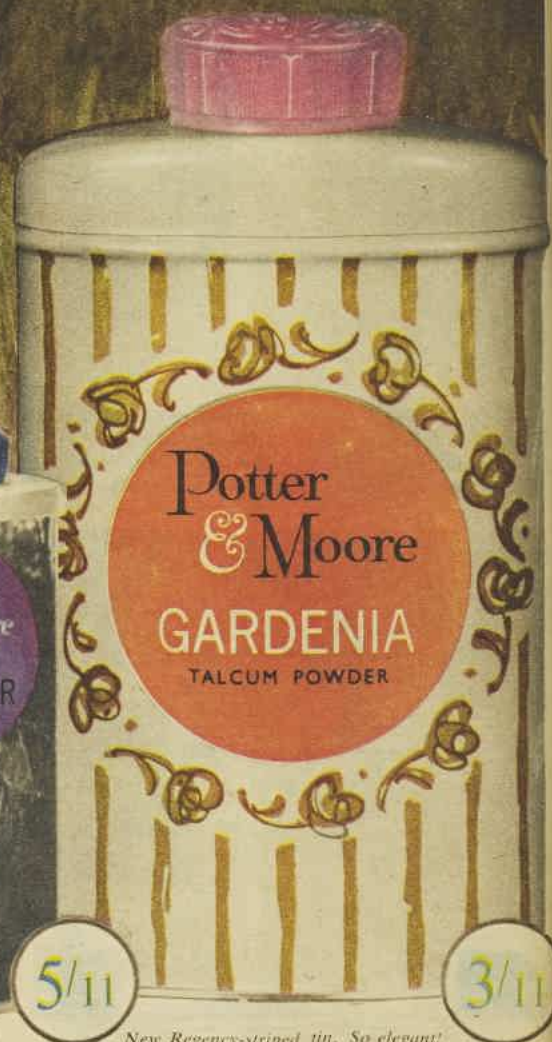
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 pretty pastel shades.*



5/11

3/11

*New Regency-striped tin. So elegant!*



# KITTEN COMFORT

● Flora, the black kitten, loved to bask in the sun and preen herself on an elegant white shelf in the hallway — until her striped rival, Fauna, came on the scene . . .

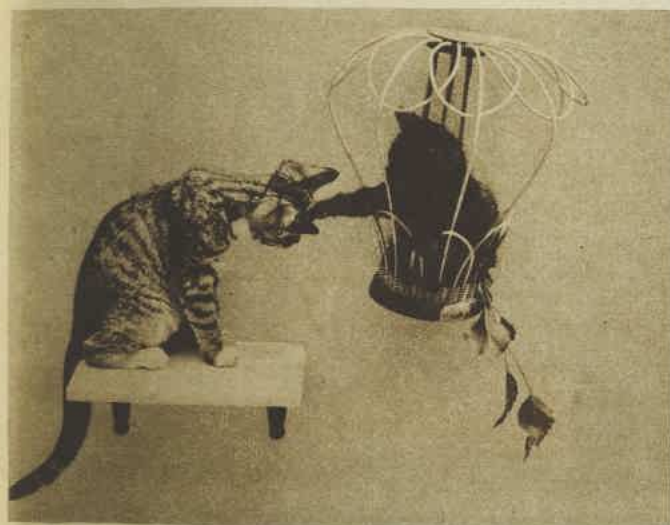


● Fauna launches an invasion, but plucky little Flora fights back . . .



● Flora, kitten king of the castle — her favorite sunny spot on the hallway shelf.

## BUT . . .



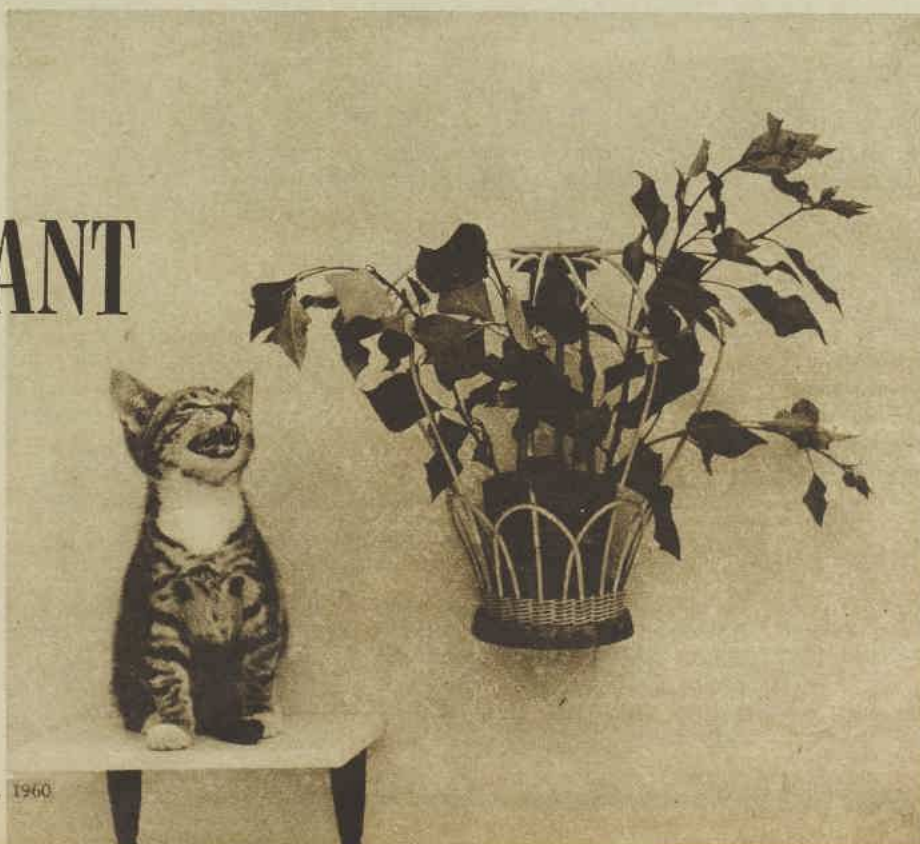
● Flora retreats into a flower-pot fort and, though outclassed, goes on battling.



● Evacuation and continued retreat — with little Flora calling it a day.

# CAT TRIUMPHANT

● Fauna, the victor (right), has usurped Flora's throne and reigns supreme in the hallway.





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*Sunshine glamor*

# BEACHWEAR TO MAKE FROM TOWELLING



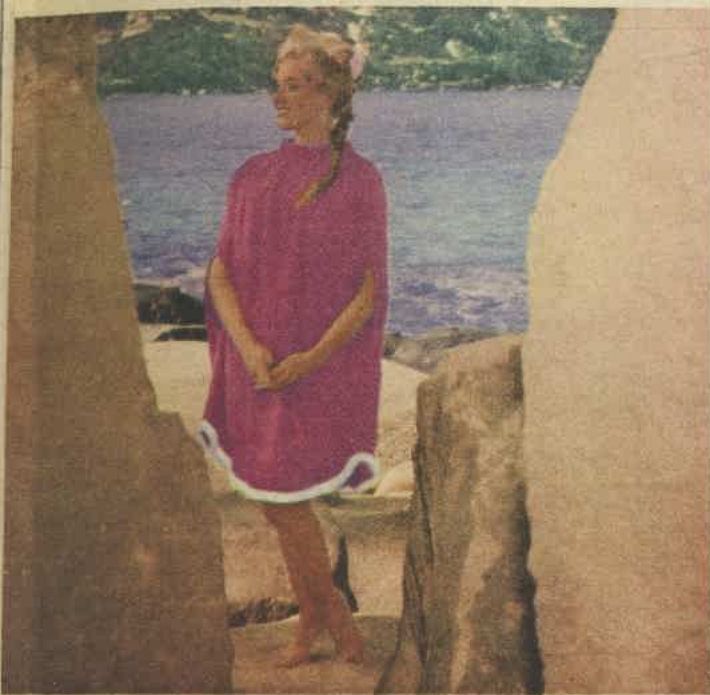
**BEACH CARRY-ALL** is a practical accessory. It is made from a hand-towel and a face-cloth, is lined with plastic, has a cotton drawstring.

**EXOTIC COAT**, fringed and bordered with flowers, has a single button fastening at the neck. It is made from two bath-towels and two hand-towels, and is a cool beach "cover-up."





● Look smart under the sun — with the easy-to-make towelling beachwear on these pages or in the bright beach sweaters shown on page 19. Complete sewing and knitting instructions are on page 18.



**BEACH "COSY"** has slit armholes. Like a Hawaiian muu-muu, it is comfortably shapeless but marvellously elegant. It takes 2½yds. of towelling, 2½yds. fringe.



**CHEQUERED CAPE** is designed for the girl who wants to make a dashing entry on to the beach. It is made from 2yds. 36in. towelling, 1½yds. fringe, 2yds. cord.

**SLEEVELESS DRESS** is easy to sew. It can be made in about an hour with 2yds. 36in. towelling. These pictures are by Adelie Hurley, staff photographer.



# BEACHWEAR TO MAKE ... instructions



also be made from 3 yds. 36in. towelling. Cut the fabric to the towel sizes mentioned — there will be an unavoidable waste of material — then make the coat as directed.)

Cut one of the large towels in halves lengthwise. (The resulting pieces will measure 11 by 45in.)

Overcast the raw edges to prevent fraying.

Then machine the raw edge of each piece to the long edges of the uncut bath-towel. Leave 15in. open at the top, on each side for armholes.

As shown in the diagram, also machine the fronts to the back at the shoulders. Make a seam about 7in. long, from a 1in. seam allowance at the armhole edge tapering to nothing at the neckline (where the towel is already hemmed).

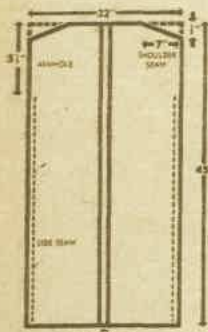
To make sleeve, cut a hand-towel in halves crosswise (resulting piece will measure 16 by 12in.). Then machine pieces together—with a 1in. seam—along the selvages.

Make another sleeve with the other hand-towel.

Sew the fringe on to the hem edge of the coat and on to the lower (bordered) edge of each sleeve.

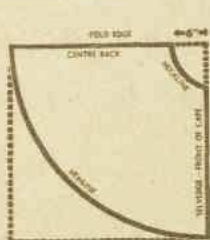
Pin sleeves into armholes, easing them into place, and then machine. Overcast the raw edges.

Sew on button at top left-hand side of the cape. On the right-hand side, make a button-loop of cotton thread or tape.



Materials required: 2 bath-towels (bordered, if possible) measuring 22 by 45in., 2 matching hand-towels 16 by 24in., 3 yds. cotton fringe, 1 large button.

(Note: If suitable towels are not available, the coat can



Materials required: 2 yds. 36in. towelling, 1 yds. cotton fringe, 2 yds. heavy cotton cord.

Fold towelling across the 36in. width. Cut out cape as shown in diagram.

From remaining material cut two pieces—8in. square—for pockets. Cut two more pieces—3 by 14in.—for neckband.

Stitch neckband pieces together. The resulting strip will measure 3 by 27in.

Put the right side of the neckband strip against the wrong side of the cape at the neck edge. Pin, and then machine them together, easing cape on to neckband. Turn under the raw edges at each end of the neckband.

Sew fringe on to other 27in. neckband edge. Then stitch that edge to the right side of the cape.

This completes the neckband. Run the cord through the neckband. Knot the cord a few inches from each end and fringe the edges.

Try on the cape, and shorten if necessary. Machine round the hem of the cape.

Turn under 1/2in. round each of the pocket squares. Sew fringe on to one side of each square; this is the top of the pocket.

Pin and then machine pockets on to the cape. (One side of the pocket should be against the front edge of the cape, with the bottom of the pocket about 2in. from the hem.)



Materials required: Hand-towel measuring 16 by 30in., face-cloth 12 by 12in. (or 3 yds. 36in. towelling), 3 yds. 36in. plastic for lining, 1 yd. cotton fringe, 3 yds. white cord, 12 plastic rings.

Cut hand-towel in halves at the 30in. edge, so you have two pieces measuring 16 by 15in. (Or cut two squares that size from the towelling length.)

Seam the two pieces together along the 16in. edges so that the towelling forms a 15in. tube.

For the base of the carry-all, cut a circle 11in. in diameter from the face-cloth (or from the towelling).

Pin and then machine the base to one end of the towelling tube.

Sew the fringe along the top edge of the tube.

Follow the above directions to make the carry-all's lining from the plastic.

With wrong sides of plastic and towelling together, insert plastic lining. Stitch the plastic FIRMLY to the towelling at the carry-all's top edge, just below the fringe.

Sew plastic rings on to the top of the carry-all, just below the fringe. Make sure they are evenly spaced, and sew them on securely by hand.

Cut the cotton cording in halves.

Thread one piece through all the rings and knot the ends. Thread the other cording piece through all the rings and knot the ends at the opposite side of the first piece.

Fringe the cord ends.



Materials required: 2-2 1/2 yds. (depending on height of wearer) 36in. towelling, 2 yds. cotton fringe, 3 yds. cord for belt.

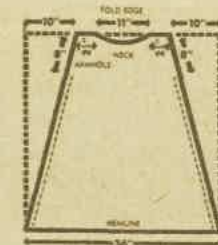
(Note: This dress is designed to be knee-length.) Fold towelling in half across the 36in. width of the fabric. Cut out the dress in the triangular shape shown by diagram.

Machine-stitch side seams, beginning 8in. down from the folded edge (this makes the armholes).

As shown in diagram, make a curved slit (11in. across) in the fold for the neck opening.

Machine hems round armholes and neckline. Overcast all seams to stop towel from fraying.

Sew on fringe at hemline. For belt, knot ends of cording and fringe the edges. Then twist the cording round the waist two or three times and knot it.



Materials required: 2 1/2-3 yds. (depending on height of wearer) 36in. towelling, 2 yds. cotton fringe, 3 yds. lin. elastic.

Cut towelling in halves along the 36in. width. Put the two pieces directly on top of one another.

Following diagram, draw pattern as shown on towelling with chalk or light pencil. Then cut out.

Pin and then stitch side seams (leaving 1in. seam allowance). Leave armhole slits free, and stop the machine-stitching at the top of the hemline curve.

Machine-hem the seam allowance round armhole slits. Overcast raw seam edges to prevent fraying.

Turn under and machine a 1 1/2in. hem at the top, leaving a few inches open to insert elastic.

Cut elastic 25in. long. Insert elastic in top hem and sew the ends of the elastic firmly together. Then machine the hem opening.

Sew fringe on at hemline.



## STRIPED SWEATER (Design No. 1298)

Materials required: 5 balls Peacock Bulkyknit 2438 (apricot), 5 balls 2458 (olive-green), 3 balls 2461 (copper-glow), 3 balls 2464 (Klondyke-gold), 5 balls 2442 (Bermuda), 1 ball 2519 (white), 1 ball 1016 (black). One pair No. 6 needles.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 22in.; bust, 34in.; length of sleeve seam, 13in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1in.; 10 rows to 1in.

BACK: Using No. 6 needles and apricot wool, cast on loosely 112 sts. Knit in garter-stitch, working 12 rows in apricot wool, 16 rows in olive-green, 2 rows black, 12 rows copper-glow, 10 rows Klondyke-gold, 2 rows white, 22 rows Bermuda.

Repeat these 76 rows until work measures 17in. or required width. Cast off loosely. Work the front to correspond.

SLEEVES: Using No. 6 needles and apricot wool, cast on loosely 65 sts. Work the stripes the same as for back until work measures 13in. or required width. Cast off loosely.

To make up: Press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulders, leaving about 7in. opening for neck. Sew sleeves round armhole edge. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

## CHECKED SWEATER (Design No. 1297)

Materials required: 10 (11, 11) balls Peacock Bulkyknit white, 10 (11, 11) balls black, 1 (1, 1) ball red. One pair No. 6 needles.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 22 (23, 24)in.; bust, 30 (32, 34)in.; length of sleeve seam, 11 (11 1/2, 12)in.

Tension: 5 stitches to 1in., 10 rows to 1in.

Work 6 stripes in checks as follows:

Using No. 6 needles and white wool, cast on loosely 27 (28, 29) sts.

\* Knit in garter-stitch for 5 1/2 (5 1/2, 5 1/2)in. Knit two rows in red wool. Join on black wool and knit for 5 1/2 (5 1/2, 5 1/2)in. \*

Repeat from \* to \* once. Cast off loosely. Join 3 stripes together, alternating checks, for the front. Join the other 3 stripes for the back.

SLEEVES: Work 6 stripes, as for the back and front, working from \* to \* once only. Cast off loosely.

Join 3 stripes together for each sleeve, alternating checks.

To make up: Press lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join back and front shoulders, leaving about 7in. opening for neck. Stitch sleeves round armhole edge, about 7 1/2 (8, 8 1/2)in. each side of shoulder. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

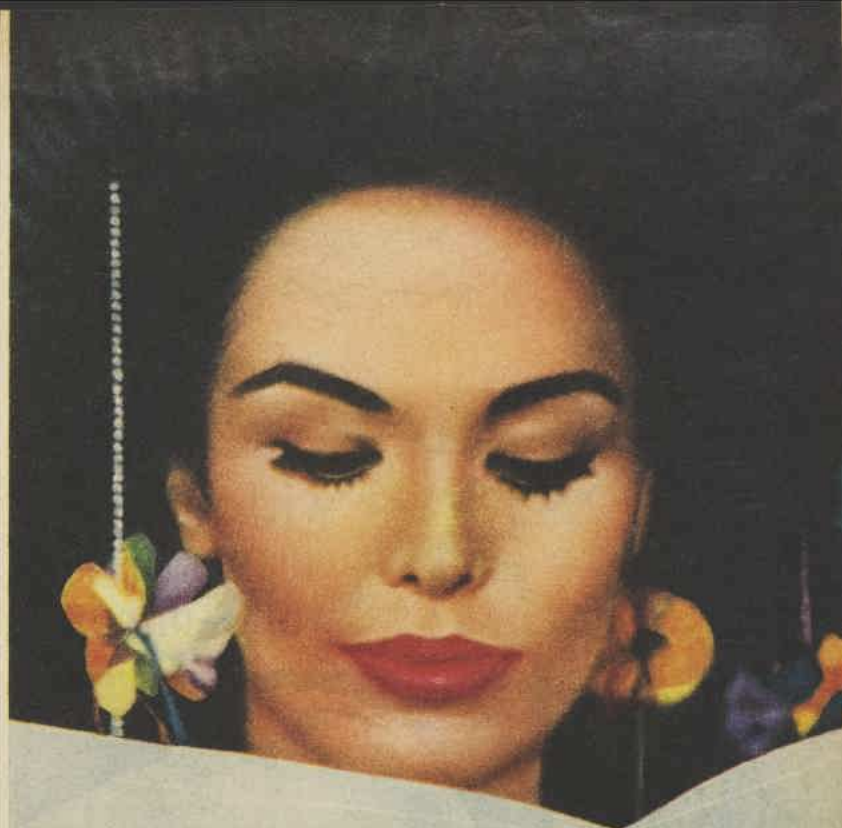




*Beachwear to make*

## KNITTED COVER-UPS

● It's easy—and chic—to combat chilly afternoon breezes on the beach. These dramatic beach tops (in smart checks or multi-colored stripes) are knitted in heavy wool, and take only a couple of hours to make. Knitting instructions are on the opposite page.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960

Page 19



# Step into spring



with the cleaner that "walks-on-air"

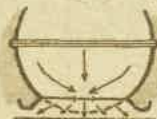
## YOU'VE NEVER HAD CLEANING SO THOROUGH SO FAST



This is the most advanced cleaning head ever developed. It glides on nylon coasters, cleans by suction, brush and comb — covers more floor area to make cleaning far quicker. And this wonder cleaning head cleans all types of floors! Clean from carpet to lino or polished wood with a touch of your toe — never change floor tools!



Telescopic extension wand. Constellation's newly-designed one-piece extension wand makes high or low cleaning easy! Telescopes to just 22 inches!



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Completely re-designed cleaning tools. Including a new polishing mop and spray gun! All tools are plastic-covered, and cannot scratch furniture.



Colour and styling throughout. This is the most exciting cleaner ever designed! Breathing colour scheme, too — antique gold and ivory!

PRICE 42 GNS

Ask your Hoover retailer about his special easy terms.

# HOOVER Constellation CLEANER



FINE APPLIANCES — AROUND THE HOUSE, AROUND THE WORLD

## DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The special summer maternity lingerie illustrated here was chosen in answer to many requests in my fashion mail.

DS416.—Shortie pyjamas in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



DS 416

DS417

HERE is a typical request and my reply:

"I am unable to find pretty patterns for a pair of shortie pyjamas and a three-quarter-length dressing-gown for summer maternity wear. I want to make the dressing-gown in pink cotton, because I have 1½ yds. of 36in. pink cotton embroidery for a trim. What size will I order the pattern? I have not done a great deal of sewing, so I hope I will be able to follow the patterns."

Illustrated above are the designs you wrote to me about.

Order the patterns according to bust size before pregnancy.

Our patterns are specially drafted to allow for expansion.

The patterns include a special step-by-step instruction chart, so you should not have any difficulty with the drafting and sewing.

Beside and below the illustration are further details and how to order.

"DO you think it would be possible to combine white lace and white taffeta to make a formal bridal gown? I want a style with a high neck and long sleeves, but I do not want a train."

A demure, long-sleeved bodice of lace, collared and cuffed, with the taffeta of a full ankle-length skirt would make an attractive bridal dress.

Have the waistline finished with a tailored belt of lace backed with stiffening.

"HAVING read your column with interest for some time, I now have a problem of my own. What is the correct length for the skirt of a day frock?"

Current skirt lengths are short. I think the length that looks prettiest is one that just covers the wearer's knees.

By the way, the skirt of a slender dress should always be a shade longer than a dress with a wide skirt. A narrow skirt is apt to slither up when the wearer sits.

"I HAVE a length of printed cotton material for a summer frock. The pattern is a pink floral stripe on a beige ground. Would this type of material be suitable for a long-torso dress?"

Yes, it would. Have the torso elongated to hip-length, then all-around fullness or pleats.

Have the top sleeveless with a stand-away-from-the-neckline, turn-over collar.

Have the dress belted at the normal waistline with a narrow self-material belt.

"PLANNING a full-length evening frock made of white satin, I would like some advice about the style. I have decided on a bell-shaped skirtline, but the bodice is worrying me; I want it to be fitted and flattering."

A bodice top made with a scooped low back and front neckline above a fitted midriff is one of the best figure-flattering silhouettes I know.

Have the bodice finished with tiny inset sleeves.

DS417.—Dressing-gown in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. plain material and 1½ yds. 36in. embroidered material. Price 4/6. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"SHOULD a bride wear a wedding veil to cover her face? Also, does she remove her gloves before or after receiving the wedding guests?"

A bride wears her wedding veil over her face going up the aisle and thrown back when she walks down the aisle on her husband's arm.

A bride does not remove her gloves until the wedding guests have been received.

"WHAT should a hostess wear serving cocktails in her own home at 6 p.m.?"

A hostess will be correctly attired in a late-day dress.

It is not necessary for her to wear gloves or a hat.

"AT a wedding should the bride's father wear the same type of suit as the bridegroom?"

The men in the wedding party should be all dressed alike. The bride's dress and the time of day determine the groom's clothes.



"What I always say is . . .

When you're on a good thing

*Stick to it!"*



PRESS THE "BUTTON" for only 3 to 4 seconds and kill every fly, mosquito and insect pest in the room. Mortein Pressure-Pak is fully automatic. A sprayer is not required.

Regular size, 8/3 Large size, 14/3

Mortein, the world's most powerful insect spray, is also the safest and most economical to use. Mortein can safely be sprayed anywhere in the home. There is no D.D.T. in Mortein. It does not taint food. It does not stain. Mortein kills flies and all other insect pests faster than any other insect spray known because there are no "watered down" ingredients in powerful, safe Mortein.

Whether you buy a large Mortein Pressure-Pak for 14/3 or a bottle of Mortein Plus for 2/6, you will get the best insecticide that money can buy. So the important thing is to insist on Mortein. When you're on a good thing stick to it.

4 out of 5  
Australian families  
use  
**Mortein**  
in preference to any  
other insect spray



You can buy Mortein from any chemist or store throughout the length and breadth of Australia



Something sensational has happened to permanent waving!

# Eugène announce new Rejuvenating Salon Cold Wave



Now! Brilliant  
Eugene chemists  
combine hair care  
and permanent wav-  
ing in one simultan-  
eous process!



Now being released  
simultaneously in  
London, New York,  
Paris and Sydney.



**NEW!** Everything the  
salon operator needs — in a  
special, personalised pack  
— to give you the world's  
finest wave!

 **Eugène**  
*Permanently Yours*

**WONDER WAVE**  
*De Luxe*


WITH A PRECIOUS NEW FLUID "BIO-KUR"  
AND AMAZING NEW CREME "CROWNING GLORY"

**NEW!** Miraculous 'BIO-  
KUR' fluid rejuvenates your  
hair, heals and mends  
damaged hair!

**NEW!** All-new Eugene  
Permanent Waving Solution  
and Instant Neutralizer with  
'double' conditioners gives  
you a perfect permanent.

**NEW!** 'CROWNING  
GLORY'—an amazing new-  
formula cream which liter-  
ally makes your Wonder  
Wave come to life—adds  
youthful, silken lustre to  
your perm.

Ends 'hair harshness' forever! Brings back youthful softness and  
lustre as if by magic! Gives limp, ill-treated hair a 'new lease of life'

 **EUGENE** . . . the most famous name in hair  
beauty . . . and perfectors of the original  
permanent wave, now bring you the greatest  
advance in hair beauty since the introduction of "the  
perm" more than thirty years ago.

Known as the Eugene Wonder Wave De Luxe, it  
enables your hairdresser to reconstruct, recondition  
and revitalise your hair while "perming" it into soft,  
natural waves and buoyant, springy curls!

Thus, in addition to achieving the perfect permanent

— a permanent transcending anything hitherto  
deemed possible — you actually leave the Salon with  
your hair rejuvenated . . . conditioned to the softness  
of youth . . . gleaming with vibrant health.


Two exciting new Eugene discoveries . . . a precious  
new fluid — 'BIO-KUR' — and an amazing new  
creme — 'CROWNING GLORY' — make this possible.

'BIO-KUR' actually mends and heals split, broken  
and damaged hair. Healthy hair becomes healthier.  
Its effect is positively dramatic and will be immedi-

ately apparent to you and your hairdresser. In addi-  
tion, 'BIO-KUR' makes setting easier, more perman-  
ent, eliminating old-fashioned, sticky setting lotions  
and speeding drying time. Fine hair, particularly,  
achieves glorious new body which brushes up easily  
into the new bouffant styles.

Then 'CROWNING GLORY' brings your hair to  
glorious, thrilling life. Suddenly, your hair gleams  
with flashing beauty and silken lustre! Dull, brittle  
dryness is ended for all time!

This magical combination ushers in an entirely  
new era in hair beauty. You leave the Salon looking  
years younger . . . able to wear styles previously denied  
you . . . your hair agleam with the life and lustre that  
is the secret of youthful beauty!

 **Eugène** **WONDER WAVE**



# The heart that outlasts love



## The inside story of the "second heart" in every woman that breaks over lost love...and slowly pieces itself together again

**T**HE heart that I intend to talk about has nothing whatever to do with the physical heart, which is no more romantic than the furnace in a house or the steam turbine in a ship.

Heaven knows there can be no criticism of the first heart. Without it, talk of any other would be impossible; all would be impossible. Ours would be a silent planet.

Nevertheless it is not of the first but of the second heart that I, like others, prefer to speak.

The second heart stands in relation to the first as the soul does to the body, or the image to the eye that beholds it, or the word to the ear that hears it uttered.

It seems to have an independent life of its own, since it cannot be coerced, forced, or counselled. Its responses can seldom be predicted; its weakness or its strength is always a surprise, and its persistence often a severe trial.

The second heart knows no boundaries or dimensions. Sometimes it is very large, much larger than oneself, and sometimes it is tough and tiny like a hazelnut.

Sometimes it can be felt behind the forehead, sometimes at the corners of the lips, and always, during a particular kind of grief, slightly above the abdomen and directly between the ribs.

It is probably because of the location of the latter sensation that the second heart came to be identified with the first, at least in name.

For all its tenderness and touchiness, for all its erratic change and stubborn unreason, the second heart is far the tougher of the two. The first heart may break and be mended, or hobble on impaired before it breaks for good; but the second heart is not only able to endure blows, stabs, lacerations, and fractures; but surely and indestructibly it heals itself again.

Its prettily shaped symbol, known to us all on Valentines, is often shown as a broken thing. There it lies, cracked neatly in two halves, like a brittle piece of red barley sugar. This is obviously a simple fracture that will soon be mended with glue or treacle. But anyone who has actually experienced the symptoms and recovery of a broken heart will know that they are neither neat nor simple.

Naturally, we are speaking now of the most interesting, in fact, the only interesting kind of heartbreak: that which is the result of unhappy love; love whose object is lost, strayed, or stolen.

Nearly every one of us will have undergone one or more of these causes for heartbreak, but for the benefit of those who have not, or who are in the midst of it, or who have forgotten what it was like, I will try to describe the progress of its stages.

The first, or acute, phase is no more poetic or less painful than an abscessed ear. It is misery of a high order, unremit-

ting and unlovely. During it no food is palatable (it is the best way in the world to lose weight, and the least pleasant), no pillow is soft, no word soothing.

No face is pleasing, since none is the necessary face; and all conversation is stale, since it takes place with the wrong people.

Wild with pain, the second heart presses the imagination into constant fantasies that alter events, and rearrange what can never be rearranged. These fancies, second only to the dreams we wake from in the morning, leave us spent and cheated. They never soothe.

During this stage one finds oneself living every cliché of the lullaby. The telephone becomes an actual instrument of torture. It rings mockingly, offering an instant of crazy hope and providing a stone of cold despair. Or it does not ring at all. For hours and hours it does not ring at all. Worse yet, in its silence it challenges, it dares one to make the reckless call which can do nothing but add more pain to that which one is trying to endure.

This pain, described above, seems really to be physical pain, causing one to bend over, to stretch, to move restlessly, and sigh often, as though some change of position or a deep enough sigh might reach the aching spot and ease it. Tears sometimes help, but only for an hour or two.

### by Elizabeth Enright

The mornings are particularly bad; one returns from a world of false promises to the reality of day. The wish is to overtake at once that point in the future when one will be restored, instead of having to toil, monotonous as a snail, over all the days of misery.

It is a bitter, anguished period, and one will rarely know such loneliness again; yet during it there will be the curious slight sense of recognition, of familiarity, which accompanies most of our profound experiences.

In the second phase, which follows imperceptibly upon the first, there will be intervals of release: hours and later even days at a time when the pain is not there. That is the most that can be said of it: the pain is not there. No happiness supplants it, but the emptiness is welcome while it lasts.

We know that though the door is closed it is not locked; at any moment pain may bang it open and invade the house again, but at least we have learned it cannot stay forever.

Its visitations are brought about by strange signals: music is notorious, of course, but the title of a book may be enough to do it, or a tone of voice, or even certain kinds of weather.

And then there is the well-known false glimpse. Walking in a city street, or watching from the window of a car, one thinks one sees the object of one's love a dozen times a day. At once the heart, the irrepressible second heart, leaps up, and then falls back; for, of course, it is not he. Hope, that fool who never knows when to stop, is silenced for the moment. Memory and wish have tricked us cruelly, and here is pain in charge again.

Well, we live through it, we live through it all, though it gets between us and our work and what used to be our pleasures. It gets into our sense of humor and into our looks and our dispositions.

Still, there are these intervals when it is absent; when we can breathe as we used to do. They assure us that in the end the tyrannous interloper will depart for good; and that is a promise we can understand, though we are not yet ready to believe it.

All we know is that we will probably survive; and we are hanging on.

The third phase begins the upward grade of convalescence, and during it we start, unconsciously, to use our grief as grist to our personal mills. We have begun to change it from what it was, for we are leaving it, or it is leaving us, and memory can seldom be entirely true to fact.

We take a backward look at all those peaks of anguish and wonder that we had the courage to scale them. They are still close enough for us to see that they are formidable, but in time they will be little and distant on the horizon.

We still feel tentative and shaken, like all recovering invalids, but now we are able to pick pride up off the floor and put her back to work.

We are able to pick up our lives again, too, and examine them with a not altogether sceptical appraisal, take a languid interest in new faces, and even, perhaps, depending on our temperaments, begin to refer wistfully or sardonically to the ordeal we have undergone.

Some of us, not many, will lock the whole thing up for good, and never speak of it again. The world is real for us again.

The fourth and final phase is often marked by an immoderate vivacity, sometimes even recklessness. We are refreshed by our release from pain, and begin to notice a change of character. We know that we have lived through an experience, that we have survived what is surely one of the most dreadful of pains, and because of it will never again be quite as we were.

In the beginning, when love was new and all was well, we marvelled at the way the world seemed brightened and intensified; the essence apparent in the object; and now that we have suffered grief and managed to come through alive we can find that it has left us something, too: an added depth to our perceptions that we will never lose.

We glimpse this now in the moment of our deliverance, but will be more keenly aware of it later on.

And before very long we will be ready for the next thing. Before long the eye will flash as it scans the horizon, and the heart, the second heart, will scan it, too.

Sooner or later it will find its object, and this time, let us trust or pray, it will not need to break.

How we respect the heart that caused us trouble, now! The knowledge of its steadfast fortitude—really of its toughness—strengthens us; gives us the feeling that when we meet them we will probably be equal to the other trials of other sorts that may be in store for us.

I do not mean to be frivolous or summary in outlining such a catalogue of damage and repair. The pain of a broken heart is a bad, serious pain; it leaves scars, sometimes forever, and often its recovery is slow.

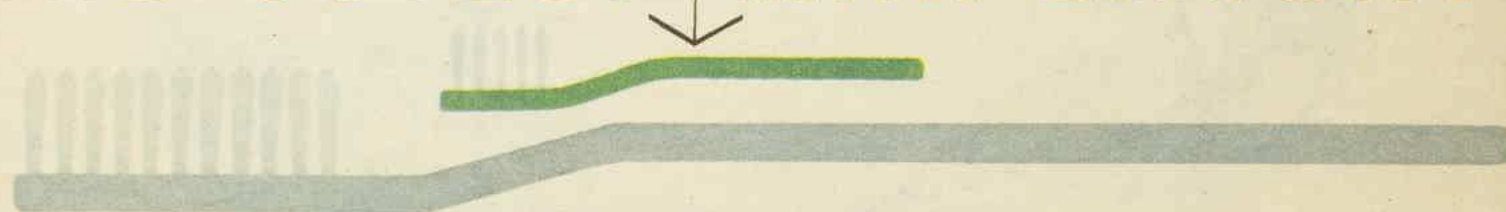
But in the end it will recover.

A lifetime guarantee goes with the second heart: though it is broken, it cannot break. Tick-tock, like the pendulum of time, it beats its sturdy way through pain.



# LOOK

## THE CUTEST MINI-BRUSH!



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*with Wisdom adult toothbrushes*



Every youngster will want one. They'll love using it for brushing dolly's teeth . . . and you'll find they'll want to brush their own more often, too. Let them have the time of their lives with this Mini-brush.

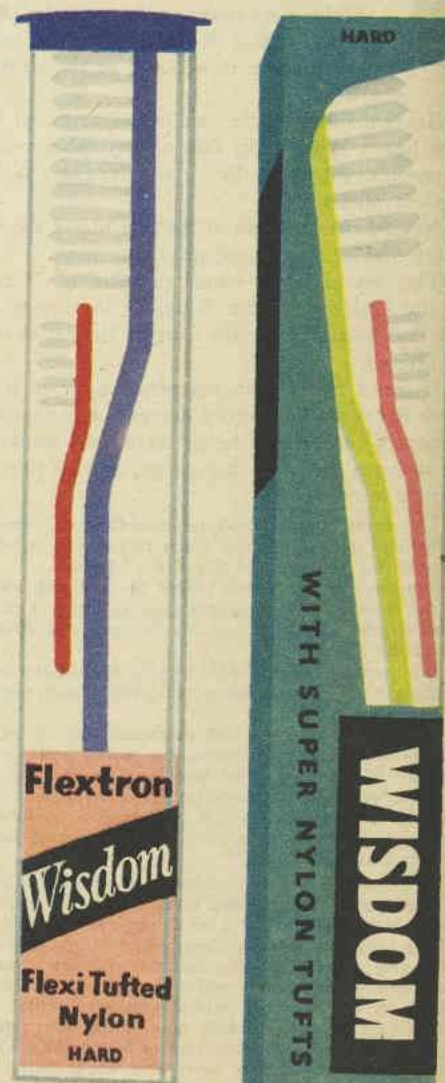
Sister will want one, too . . . for applying her mascara. And Dad, he'll want one for cleaning his electric shaver.

Look for the FREE Mini-brush with Wisdom adult toothbrushes at your nearest chemist or store. All come in gay, bright colours.

The Mini-brush comes with Wisdom Regular . . . the toothbrush with the super nylon tufts

. . . also with Wisdom Flextron . . . the strong, flexi-tufted nylon toothbrush.

(The Mini-brush comes free with the Wisdom Natural-Bristle toothbrush, too).



Made by *Addis* best since 1780

# WISDOM

Look for the free Mini-brush with

toothbrushes at your chemist or store.





## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### He's Sunday cook

HOW many husbands realise the pleasure a wife has when eating a meal she did not have to cook? Ten years ago I prepared a Sunday dinner, and the wife's enjoyment was so apparent I've cooked every Sunday dinner since then. Why not try it, husbands, and give your mate a break?

£1/1/- to "Old Digger" (name supplied), Glenhuntly, Vic.

### Solving charity problems

AS a visitor from America, I'd like to say we Americans solved the problem of giving to so many charity appeals by making a canvass of all business houses and factories, asking for a weekly contribution of a few pennies for one year. Now, after several years of conducting this appeal called "United Fund," we have enough money to take care of all our charity problems.

£1/1/- to "Marathon" (name supplied), Rockhampton, Qld.

### Deserting fathers

TO "Lithgowite" (N.S.W.), who asks what a mother should tell the children when their father deserts them, I would say that there is a middle road to take. The truth should be told, but in simple terms for little ones to understand. I told my three little girls their father was not really happy living with us, that maybe he was a little ill, and we should try to arrange our new lives. That was 10 years ago, and it seems I did the correct thing.

£1/1/- to "Wishing You Luck" (name supplied), Machan's Beach, Qld.

I WAS left, with seven children to bring up, by a drunken, irresponsible husband. My children all know the circumstances, and I know they think more of me for telling them the truth.

£1/1/- to "Battler" (name supplied), Warrane, Tas.

IF there is the slightest hope of the father returning, put the children off with a white lie. If not, and the children persist in asking where he is, it would be better to say he has gone away, and you don't know if he is likely to ever come back.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Smith, Dandenong, Vic.

### Overplaying past glories

AFTER hearing a 15 minutes' address at a celebration for the 20th anniversary of the Battle of Britain, I wondered why, after all this time, people of public importance will insist on dragging up a somewhat unpleasant, if victorious, past when we are welcoming to our shores people who were once our enemies. Surely it's our duty to make these new arrivals happy in their new country. But this duty is made difficult when picture theatres, TV and radio programmes feature stories which tend to keep alive a feeling of hatred for those who once fought against us, and now work beside us.

£1/1/- to "Young Protester" (name supplied), East Launceston, Tas.

### Entertaining mental patients

IF any reader belongs to a club which aims at rendering service to the community, perhaps she could suggest to the members that they invite patients from one of the State mental hospitals to attend an afternoon tea party at the club's meeting-place. Certain patients are permitted to attend such afternoon gatherings, and are wonderfully appreciative of this break in their otherwise rather drab existence. The joy on their faces and their spontaneous thanks are more than rewarding to the organisers.

£1/1/- to "Miss A" (name supplied), North Ryde, N.S.W.

### She's fond of ginger wine

SINCE spending three years in England I've frequently wished that I could buy ginger wine. Because of its low alcoholic content, it is used by people who are abstainers from ordinary alcoholic drinks. It's delicious and beneficial, as I discovered when suffering from bronchitis. I have tried every likely place in Sydney, but no one seems to have heard of it. Ginger wine might solve some of the drink problems for young and old.

£1/1/- to Miss H. Marston, Mona Vale, N.S.W.

### Three alarms to wake him

WHEN my husband wants to wake at six a.m., he sets three alarm clocks 15 minutes ahead of the correct time. He then times the alarms in this order: the first rings at five a.m. (it's actually a quarter to five), the second rings at half-past five, and the third at six o'clock. As each one rings he turns it off, going back to sleep. He finally rises at six-thirty.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. White, Roma, Qld.

## Ross Campbell writes...

YOUNG men today are said to want attractive wage-earning wives.

The lady who said it runs a London matrimonial agency, so she ought to know.

You can't wonder at it, really. With things the price they are, a breadwinner often finds the going hard. He is glad to have the help of a butterwinner.

But how does a young man look for an attractive, wage-earning wife?

He can't get much help from story books.

The young men in stories usually hold down well-paid jobs themselves. They can afford to ignore a future wife's earning capacity.

Take the Prince who got off with Cinderella.

He was only interested in her personality and the size of her feet. He didn't bother to ask about her job, although she had a sound training in domestic science.

Romeo, who was also well fixed financially, fell for Juliet at first sight. He made no inquiries as to whether she knew typing and shorthand, or happened to be a trained nurse.

A young man today, with limited

### THE BUTTERWINNER

means, may have to take such things into consideration.

The trouble is, the attractive girls he knows are probably not all good providers. Attractive girls tend to be more the consuming type.

On the other hand, the girl with



the big pay envelope may not be the kind he wants to be his tootsy-wootsy.

In some cases it would suit a young man to have two wives—an attractive one and a highly paid one. But that is not allowed.

I think his best plan, when he meets an attractive girl, would be to steer the conversation gently towards business matters, like this:

She: What lovely weather we've been having.

He: Yes. It's a pity to be cooped up in the office. Do you work in an office?

She: Not now — I used to. Shall we go and look at the garden?

He: By all means. Tell me, why did you give up office work?

She: I didn't give it up. They sacked me. I stay home now and help Mummy.

He: Oh! Er — would you excuse me? I feel a bit queer, I think I must go inside —

Say this young man at last finds a beautiful girl with a good, steady job.

Even now he is not in the clear. How can he be sure she will work after they are married?

I know a young man who married a trained nurse. Since then she won't even fetch an aspirin.

Anyway, I doubt whether young men do care all that much about a girl's earning powers.

If they did, popular songs would show it. There would be hit tunes like "If You Were the Only Lady Doctor In the World," or "What a Difference Your Pay Made."

But there aren't. Men still marry girls who can't give them anything but love — and, if possible, good cooking.

how charming your table can be with a complete setting of

# Camille

by

## Rodd



Now, dress up your table with exquisitely patterned CAMILLE, one of the most attractive designs in the renowned Rodd range. Your guests will never guess such fine-quality silver costs from only £30/19/6 for a full 44-piece service! You can build a complete setting, too, with matching pieces such as fish knives and forks, sweet spoons and forks — always readily available. For FREE Folder illustrating all Rodd patterns, write to Rodd (Aust.) Ltd., P.O. Box 117, St. Kilda, Vic.

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—that makes your hair shine with cleanliness

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# Welcome to the Wonderful now at your favourite store

Selecting the cheese you fancy is so easy these days — the *Kraft* way. Just look at the exciting parade of cheeses from Kraft, now at your store! You'll find 30 different flavours and varieties... everything from robust, fully-matured Coon — to delicate Philadelphia Cream Cheese.

Select from this fine quality Kraft range today — there are so many ways your family can enjoy cheese... in sandwiches, salads, cooked dishes or tasty snacks and grills.

And no meal is complete without cheese — it's so nourishing — such good eating fun — so always put cheese from Kraft on your table.

And here's where to buy your cheeses in the Kraft parade now at your store:

## FROM THE REFRIGERATED DAIRY CASE:

**KRAFT COON**... a robust, fully-matured natural cheese with firm, not-too-crumby texture. In modern "stay-fresh" packages.

**KRAFT SWISS**... a pale golden natural cheese with distinctive holes. Comes ready-sliced — perfect for open-faced sandwiches.

**KRAFT MONTEREY**... a mellow-flavoured natural cheese with smooth texture. Ideal for savouries and salads.

**KRAFT BLUE**... a genuine blue cheese, imported by Kraft from Denmark, home of the famous "Danish Blue" cheese.

**PHILADELPHIA CREAM CHEESE**... made from whole milk, with extra cream added. Delicious in sweet and savoury treats.

**KRAFT HANDI-SNACKS**... processed cheese in "bon-bon" packs. 3 delicious flavours... Bacon, Garlic and Swiss.

**KRAFT PARTY SNACKS**... creamy-smooth Neufchatel cheese, blended with different flavours in five delicious varieties... Pineapple, Gherkin, Asparagus, Onion or Oyster.

**KRAFT DE LUXE SLICES**... processed cheese that comes ready-sliced in sealed 8 oz. packages. Now in 2 varieties: rich-flavoured Cheddar Slices and nut-sweet Gruyere Slices.

## FROM THE SHELVES:

**KRAFT CHEDDAR**... Australia's family favourite. Mellow-flavoured, smooth in texture, Kraft Cheddar is good and nourishing in sandwiches and cooked dishes.

**KRAFT OLD ENGLISH**... a cheddar cheese with a slightly stronger flavour. Like Kraft Cheddar, Old English is rich in essential vitamins, minerals and protein.

**KRAFT VELVEETA**... a nutritious cheese food — good for infants and for Mums and Dads, too. Contains 6 food elements essential for growth.

**KRAFT SPREADS**... flavoursome spreads in re-usable 5 oz. drinking glasses. 6 flavours — Cream Cheese, Cheddar Cheese, Smokay, Danish Blue, Gorgonzola and zesty Sandwich Relish, and for a quick cheese sauce, try Cheez Whiz.







# Parade of **KRAFT** Cheeses

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**K** Cheese is a wonderful food . . . always put a **cheese** from **KRAFT** on your table



# Greatest Cleanser Discovery Ever!



**SUPER AJAX**  
FORTIFIED WITH  
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**CLEANER, WHITER**  
**SINKS AND BATHS**

**SUPER AJAX**... the completely new foaming cleanser... best for all uses. **SUPER AJAX** is fortified with **BLANCOPHEN** to bleach sinks, basins and baths **CLEANER, WHITER**.

**SUPER AJAX** bleaches out more stains, works easier than ordinary cleanser... smells good too!



Test **SUPER AJAX** against any ordinary cleanser.



**BLANCOPHEN** makes tiles, baths and porcelain super white, super clean.



**CLEANS QUICKER! WORKS EASIER! POLISHES BRIGHTER!**

*Floats DIRT, GREASE, STAIN right down the drain!*

## WORTH REPORTING

**T**HIS is the story of a "square" who got around.

Not a square in the beat sense, that is. Remember the square-dancing craze that hit Australia a few years ago?

Well... in 1951, Perth bank teller Colin Lister was a member of the prizewinning team in 'The Australian Women's Weekly £4000 Square Dance Contest.

Which makes Colin sort of square, in those days. But, since 1951, he's been around—around the world, to be exact.

With his one-eighth share of the £4000, Colin decided to travel. He resigned his bank job, went to Europe, and toured there for four months.

Flat broke after that, he worked in London for a while—and a year later he was banking again, in Canada.

There, in Saskatchewan, he saw his first ice-hockey game. Colin says, "I was sold on it immediately."

It has been an enduring enthusiasm.

Two years ago he became business manager for the Komets, 1960's International Hockey League champions.

Nowadays, the only "banking" he does is from the customer's side of the counter—when he pays in his team's share of the gate money.



**COLIN LISTER**... from square dancing to ice-hockey.

### Just a few frozen phrases

**O**F course, the Arctic Circle is a long way away. It's cold, too. But some people do like going "somewhere different" for a holiday.

If you fancy a vacation in some real snow, the Canadian Department for Northern Affairs and Natural Resources recently published a helpful little book.

An Eskimo grammar.

Commenting on the book, B.B.C. correspondent Leonard Parkin said Arctic tourists would find it of great value...

"It will be splendid, for instance, to know the Eskimo for 'My nose is just about freezing,'" he wrote.

"Or, more gloomily, 'My big toenail is gradually coming off.'"

**CAREFUL** motorists often put a sign "Running In" on the back of their new cars. We were driving along one of Sydney's city streets the other day behind a very, very ancient vehicle.

There was a notice pasted to its rear window: **RUNNING OUT**.

### Hey, TAXI! (£85 a day)

**I**N New York, 46-year-old negro Roosevelt Zander is a chauffeur. In fact, he is a chauffeur with a chauffeur.

That's because, at the end of a working day, Roosevelt is too tired to drive himself home.

He's tired because "every day I drive a film star or a celebrity. They all talk. They all want me to pose with them for a photograph."

"It is a pity they are not all like Khrushchev. When I was hired to drive him to dinner it was strictly a financial arrangement and completely unconvivial."

Why is Roosevelt's taxi so much in demand?

Because it's a £8000 (sterling) Rolls-Royce, that's why.

If you are going to visit New York, and if you would like Roosevelt to drive you round, he asks (and gets) £85 a day.

"Extra for having pictures taken," he says.

"But if you cannot afford me for a day, I will drive you from the airport to the hotel for £10. And at that," he added modestly, "you are getting a bargain."

**ACCORDING** to a London columnist: "A bachelor's life is just one undarned thing after another."

### When the air is inclement

**I**F there's one thing you have to watch at the beach, it's all that nasty fresh Inclement Air.

This may sound an 'air-raising statement now. But—200 years ago—it was a very serious matter.

Mrs. Elizabeth More, of Frankston, Victoria, has sent us an old cutting from an English provincial paper.

"I thought it might interest you now that the bathing season is almost upon us," she said.

With restrained pride, the newspaper announces the completion of a new Machine for bathing Gentlemen and Ladies...

"The Proprietors, Messrs. Dyer and Oakley, have taken great Care to have it built in such Manner that there is no Danger of its being overturned by the Sea, which may happen to be the Case of one of a narrower Construction."

"This machine may be used at all Times of the Tide without Danger. The Dressing Room is quite right, and free from the Inclemency of the Air, and, what will render it more convenient, there will always be two strong Women to assist in Dipping."



**FRED ASTAIRE**... throws his new suit against the wall.

### Debonair—and tough, too

**OKAY**, fellers. The time has come for all good men to come to the aid of the wardrobe.

Naturally, you've been studying your fashion guide. "The Well-Dressed Man" booklet, in our last issue. Now we have more hints on how-to-be-debonair—and suave-and-all-that.

Let us consider film actor Fred Astaire, who is often America's best-dressed list.

He is really very strong-minded about fashion—man's clothes should not be conspicuous—and rather strong-armed, too...

"I often take a brand-new suit or hat and throw it against the wall a few times to get that stiff, square newness out of it," he says.

And, finally, a pretty warning from Tony Drex Biddle, a perennially elegant dresser and former U.S. Ambassador to Poland.

Mr. Biddle does not care for fashion fads like ankle-length socks, matching tie and-handkerchief sets, and cuff-links.

"They are abominations," he says.

**FOR** one ardent gardener who lives in Ottawa, Canada, the convention "Keep Off the Grass" sign just isn't good enough.

The notice on his struggling patch reads: "Go away. I want to be a lawn."

### Espresso BANGO

**T**HIS bearded character strode confidently in the coffee bar at Sydney Kings Cross.

He wandered across the piano. Slowly he lifted his hands. He appeared to be in a trance.

We waited... Then it came. The room seemed to quiver with discordant notes and—ah, usual chords.

The bearded musician stood up. "I am happy," he announced.

And walked out.



# THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

Second instalment of our  
powerful and absorbing serial

By MARY ASTOR

AS children, CHARLIE CAREWE and his elder sister, VIRGINIA, had been a separate unit within the family, liking the same games, sharing the same sense of humor. But at thirteen Virginia begins to wonder why her brother does not fit into the pattern of growing up. She realises that their father, WALTER, has to lecture Charlie more than is usual for a boy of his age, but, although he always appears the complete penitent, his promises are soon forgotten.

At a family picnic Virginia hears a cry, and, calling to JEFF SHELLEY to follow, she finds Charlie banging ROGER THORNE'S head against a rock. She protects Charlie, saying the boys had been wrestling and Roger had slipped. Jeff supports her story, but they see that Charlie has no remorse.

As the years go by, Walter's patience is strained, and the health of his wife, BEATRICE, is broken as they realise Charlie is impervious to society's standards of behaviour. When he is expelled from school, GREGG NICHOLSON is employed as a private tutor, and soon after Charlie invites him to bring his friend HERB JENNER to dinner. The meal over, Charlie remarks how bored he is and goes to his room.

While Herb and ELSIE, Charlie's younger sister, go off to dance, Gregg mentions a DR. LARRY PAYNE, a psychiatrist, and suggests that Charlie could be helped by a visit to him. The next morning Charlie has gone, leaving an insulting letter, but not forgetting to ask for money. NOW READ ON:

GREGG laid the letter gently down on Walter's desk, unobtrusively, quietly, so that his gesture would convey no comment. It was not for him to say what he felt. It was a piece of the rankest cruelty, full of fake hostility and chest-thumping. He saw his job sprouting wings, but at the moment, in his sympathy for the family, it took very little room in his thoughts.

"He never gave a thought to what kind of a Christmas he was making for his mother," Walter growled.

Jeff spoke from the other end of the room, where he had been striding nervously. "What do you want us to do? We can't very well go after him — he's almost twenty-one, he has a right to do what he pleases."

"Including hurting people?" asked Walter. "Why did he think it necessary to write such a stupid, brutal letter? Did you ever have any hint, Gregg, that he felt so bitterly about us — and you?"

"No — and I don't think he does feel 'bitter,'" replied Gregg. "I rather imagine that, on the contrary, he is very much aware of doing something that you will find painful and, being unable to experience pain, emotional pain, himself, his only 'out' is to rationalise it — to dream up excuses for his restlessness."

"What do you mean?" — Walter, was looking at him in astonishment — "unable to experience emotional pain?"

Gregg evaded the question. "Well, I doubt if he knows much about it, at his age —" He was glad he had not added "or ever will." He knew from talks with Larry Payne that there was a type of personality tossed like a ball between the courts and the institutions called legally sane in one and not technically eligible for the other. Trelat described it as "la folie lucide," Larry had said.

From: THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE.  
Copyright (c) 1960 by Mary Astor. Published by  
Doubleday and Company, Inc.

With Mavis in his arms, Charlie stared at the ghostly glow, feeling a wave of panic and a rising anger at the mysteries of the woods.

But in this environment, this warm, solid room, and the household itself, deeply concerned and upset over a loved one, Charlie was not a "type." He was a son — a brother. Was his existence simply a creature of their combined ideas of what their son and brother should be, or had an evil changeling somehow assumed the body and being of Charles Carewe, and now was taking over, smiling, cruelly saying, "I don't belong to you?"

"I'm sorry, Gregg," said Walter. "This business seems to leave you out on a limb. The only possible thing I can do is to assure you that you will be paid until June as we discussed, and somehow stand by in case the young gentleman changes his mind."

"Thanks, Mr. Carewe. I appreciate your thinking about my problems at a time like this. I only wish I could help in some way. Would you like me to talk to Mrs. Carewe?"

Walter pulled on his chin. "I don't know, honestly — I'm sure it wouldn't be wise at the moment. Virginia's with her now; she's got a level head. Funny," he said reflectively, "she seemed to know it was coming — for years!"

The voice of a tug on the East River hoarsely demanded the right of way. Alma Beatrice Shelley's nose was flattened against the streaming windows of her important world, an apartment in the East Seventies overlooking the river. Her breath steamed a small area as she echoed the tug. "Hoo-hoo! Hoo-hoo!" Virginia and Jeff had been married in 1934 and Alma Beatrice had been born a year later. A strong pair of hands lifted her from the floor and up to a white starched shoulder. "I'll hoo-hoo you, young lady, right off to bed — let's say good night to Mummy and Daddy now."

"I want Daddy to ride me in."

"Coming up, sweetheart — one taxi coming up." Jeff was wheeling himself through the dining-room entrance into the big living-room. Behind him Virginia and Zoe Appleby were lingering over their coffee.

Jeff laughed, "Once around the park and then to bed. Okay?"

To Alma, her father's means of locomotion were infinitely

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## Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

from page 29

he said, but I know it's not true."

"How do you know?" inquired Virginia.

"Because—well, because he likes to boast, for some reason, about who he's hooked—he always goes into detail with me about his strategy, how big-shot Brown or Smith or whoever is no match for his cleverness, and so on and on. But when he just says airily, 'a client, I know—I just know, that's all. Those crummy people he draws like flies—says he's 'helping' them.'"

"What people, Zoe?" asked Jeff.

Zoe took a deep breath and sat down. "I don't want to hurt you people, I doubt if I can, I envy you that Charlie's actions no longer really concern you—you're so safe." The tears were about to spill again, but she recovered herself. "You know that Dad is thoroughly unimpressed by Charlie."

"He took it upon himself to find out a few things about him—dreadful things, I don't really care, because I know I could change everything. Apparently Charlie just gets—well, restless, sometimes, and goes off and gets drunk with some really dreadful characters—holes up in some miserable dump for a few days; once he got tossed into gaol, but he waved enough money and indignation around so that it never got into the papers. Then he 'comes back' from an 'out-of-town business trip' blithe and gay as you please. And none the worse for wear."

Jeff said in astonishment, "Zoe, why do you bother with such a person?"

Zoe flashed at him like a mother defending a child: "Listen, he isn't the first 'scion of a noble family' to sow a few oats."

"He's twenty-seven years old, Zoe—it's a little late for out-sowing."

"And I'm twenty-eight. I could steady him. I know he loves me—he isn't just a no-good guy."

Jeff's tone was lower, quiet. "Let's have another drink and put a pin in it for tonight; what do you say?"

"You know, Jeff"—Virginia got up to get the brandy—"I keep remembering the day Charlie left for New York in such a big hurry—no, it was the night before—we were all together—and Gregg Nicholson was trying to explain that Charlie might be mentally ill in some way."

"I wouldn't pursue that area if I were you, Virginia," said Jeff to his wife. "You might find something that would make everybody unnecessarily miserable."

"But, Jeff," Virginia replied quickly, "you always face things; why not face this? If it's true, we might save a lot of grief—and help Charlie."

Jeff caught her eye and shook his head. "Or cause a lot of grief—to your mother and father, to Alma and Herb and Elsie—stop it, Virginia."

"I'm sorry," Virginia whispered, and Zoe burst into laughter.

"I can see Charlie submitting to a psychiatrist! He'd read up on a few books first and have the poor man so confused he'd think he was crazy! No"—she shook her head with its cap of gold—"I don't buy that one, darlings; because if there's anything the matter with Charlie, I know, I feel it in my bones, that the remedy is me, just plain me!"

There was full Press coverage of the Appleby-Carewe

To page 59

Scented with rare, costly French perfumes

. . . rich with beauty-giving creams



lavish, luxurious

# Cashmere Bouquet

the gentlest Beauty Soap in the world

The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings to your skin a youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap is so long-lasting, so economical. Let your whole family enjoy it—now in the colours you love . . . PINK • SKY BLUE • PRIMROSE • WHITE

Kept fresh and fragrant in gleaming foil



So lavish,

luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!

more fascinating than that of the other people in her world, for the wheel-chair was part of his personality. She had no recollection of a time when he walked, tall and strong, nor did she remember the long gap in time when he was gone, for she had been safe and sound and warm and happy in her crib.

In another part of the city her father had lain, equally helpless and cared for, battling through bitterness and shock, trying not to cry out, "Why me?" He'd come through the clouds of pain and bewilderment to find an overwhelming gratitude for Virginia and his baby, his home, the fact that they would never have to worry about money, as did so many other tragic victims of polio, and the fact that he could still design the most beautiful buildings and homes and bridges in the world right in his own skyscraper studio.

The "taxi ride" was all too short for Alma, once around the living-room, passing out kisses en route to Mummy and pretty Zoe, who smelled so delicious, through the hall to Daddy's studio, then back into Miss Archer's waiting, firm hands.

"More coffee, Jeff?" asked his wife.

"After that, I think I need a brandy!" he laughed. "That baby is getting heavy as an ox. Isn't she too fat, Virge?"

"Fat! You're mad." "Okay, okay, Mama, she's perfect, sorry I mentioned it, but she does have the feel of a small, round Rubens."

"Her face is pure Botticelli," put in Zoe, thus winning a smile from Virginia. "I'm sure Charlie and I would have children as beautiful, although probably the girls would be dark," she said, touching the pale gold of her hair.

"Counting your chicks already?" smiled Jeff, as he poured brandy into each of their glasses. "If persistence is any factor in winning the heart of a Carewe, you've got it."

"Just wait and see, my friend." Zoe had smooth cheeks which cracked into deep dimples when she smiled or laughed.

At twenty-eight, Zoe Appleby had more than her share of the world's gifts bestowed on her by her widowed father. She had lived like a princess and taken for granted that her wishes were everybody's command. Graciously she had turned down the offers of marriage from the money-seekers. She could have had any eligible male at the beckoning of a bejewelled little finger—but she wanted Charlie, and Charlie seemed indifferent. At the moment her campaign was in full swing. She had made herself an intimate of the Shelleys, quite frankly telling Virginia that she wanted her co-operation in getting Charlie to see that she would make an ideal wife for him.

"I'm tired," she had said, "of simply being an 'item' in Cholly Knickerbocker, of dangling ornamentally from the arm of the boy genius of Wall Street."

Virginia and Jeff had done their best to dissuade her. "He'll never have any stability, Zoe."

"Who needs it? Besides, there's something about the word 'stability' that sounds dull."

Virginia put in, "I love him, but—"

"Exactly, you love him, but—I love him without any buts."

"Well, I don't, frankly," said Jeff. "I find it difficult even to respect him—although I admit I am charmed by him

when he's around. But he's a—a disappointing person, Zoe. Walter and Beatrice, his own parents, live in fear at what he'll do next."

"They bore him, darling!" "I'll let that pass—for the moment." Jeff was beginning to despair, the girl was completely blind, apparently. "Have you seen that office of his? It looks like something in the movies."

Zoe folded her hands behind her head in Charlie's relaxed "don't-give-a-damn" gesture. She smiled, and the dimples appeared.

"Neither of you clear people," she said, "seem to get the idea at all. I know

\*\*\*\*\*  
● The love of humanity as such is mitigated by violent dislike of the next-door neighbor.  
—A. N. Whitehead  
\*\*\*\*\*

Charlie. I know all the things he seems to be. Undependable, thoughtless—even heartless at times. But I have the strength to give him purpose. I can protect him from himself. He is a lousy businessman—really—I know that. Intuitive, sharp, he doubles, halves, triples, and loses money for accounts that make conservative investors shudder, and then makes it all back again. He might lose his shirt completely some day—but maybe I can prevent that. I love him because money seems to have no value to him—"

"Oh, now, Zoe!" Virginia interrupted. "What would he do—what would he be—without it?"

"He'll never be without it, Virgie love, because somebody will always be around to take care of him. I want to be that person. I want you to make him see that."

JEFF and Virginia looked at each other over the coffee table in quiet hopelessness which Jeff tried to express. "What can we say to you, Zoe? You're in love and determined to marry Charlie. All we can do is say to Charlie that he's a lucky guy."

Zoe rose and went to the tall windows, staring out at the lights and the blackness that was the river.

"Helps, doesn't it?" Jeff said.

Zoe's eyes sparkled with tears. "Helps what, for heaven's sake!"

Jeff went on, "To look at water—to spread your thoughts over it like a net."

Zoe looked out at the river again, sniffing. "My net doesn't haul up any fishes, that's the trouble—solutions, I mean."

Virginia said, "When Jeff and I were on our honeymoon in Europe we were always gravitating to watery vistas."

"The night we decided on this apartment," added Jeff, "we took it because of the view of the river, because we seem to be 'water people.'"

They were making conversation so that Zoe could recover her composure, but they were remembering a V-path of moonlight from the Point back home. There was a difficult silence for a while, and Virginia tried to help. "Where did you say Charlie was going tonight?"

Zoe's tears had not stopped. "I said he was taking a client to dinner, because that's what



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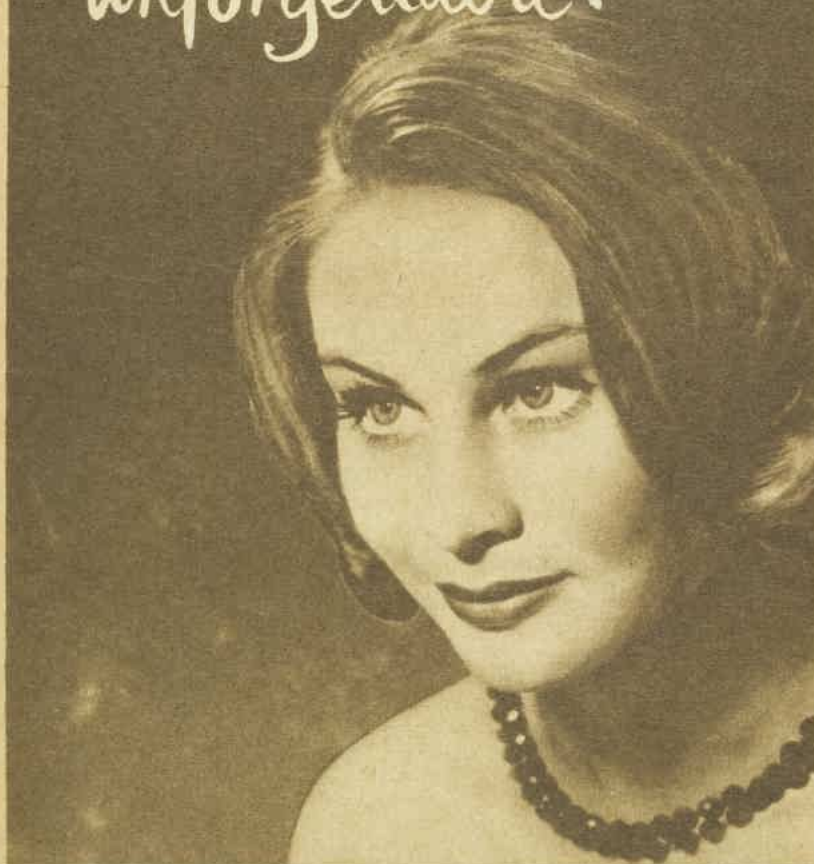
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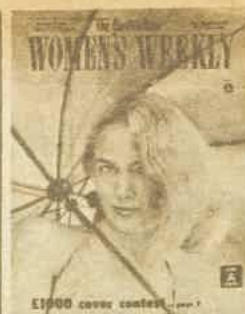
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## Our £3000 contest

# Have you the six covers?

● The pretty-girl-with-the-poodle  
cover of this issue—it carries the identifying letter "F"—is the sixth for you  
to keep in our £3000 Cover Contest.

Now you should have it and the five covers  
shown on this page. If you have missed one of  
these issues, you can obtain copies at our offices  
in capital cities—the addresses are listed at the  
top of page 2.

You save our covers for 16 weeks and list the  
16 covers in the order of your preference.

Each cover has an identifying letter on a little  
square—from "A" to "P"—for the 16 weeks.  
An entry coupon, on which to list your preferences,  
will be published at the end of the contest.

You will not need to describe the covers—  
they will be identified on the coupon by their  
letters. The coupon will also include a space  
for a cover suggestion of your own.

The last cover of the contest will appear on  
our December 21 issue. The entry coupon will  
be in that issue with instructions and conditions.

The contest will be judged by a panel including,  
among others, an artist, a housewife, a business  
girl. Members of the panel will not be chosen  
until the contest closes.

The £3000 prize will go to the reader whose  
entry places the 16 covers in the same order as  
the judges or is nearest to the judges' choice.

In the case of a tie, the £3000 prize will go  
to the tying entry in which the suggestion for a  
cover is judged best. If the cover suggestions  
are judged equal in value, the prize will be  
equally divided. Ten additional awards of £10 will  
be made for the best ten suggestions for covers.



## YOUR BOOKSHELF with Joyce Halstead

### "The Leopard"

Giuseppe di Lampedusa—translated by  
Archibald Colquhoun (Collins and Har-  
vill).

A DISTINGUISHED novel, which tells  
of a Sicilian prince, Don Fabrizio,  
Prince of Salina, at the time of Garibaldi's  
campaign to unite Italy. Fabrizio,  
though liberal-minded and not actively  
opposed to the new regime, cannot bring  
himself to take a part in it, remaining  
loyal to his class and tradition—the feudal  
ways are to go on as before, although his  
nephew, Tancredi, has fought in the revolution  
and married Angelica, beautiful  
daughter of a rich upstart of the new  
order. Their love affair provides a strong  
romantic thread.

The Prince, a huge blond man (his  
mother was German), rich, intelligent, a  
mathematician by hobby, dominates the  
story, his family, and his retainers. With  
the family chaplain, Father Pirrone, he

has come to terms, and between them is  
expounded much wisdom and philosophy.  
The book was written by a real Prince of  
Sicily, who spent years thinking about  
writing it, but not doing so until the last  
year of his life. It has become, deservedly,  
a best-seller. Sicily's beauty, poverty,  
misery, violence, warmth, and ancient  
pride are exposed with clarity, with love,  
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### "Wizard Winkle Won't Tell"

Muriel Holland (Brock Books).

A DELIGHTFULLY up-to-date wizard  
who has a telephone makes delight-  
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ted by his always-busy maid, Miranda,  
and his cat, Towzle. The results of his  
potions are agreeable, bringing happiness  
in some way to someone. His Speaking  
Syrup makes animals talk quite fluently.

For Children aged 4-8.



It was one misunderstanding after another when George whizzed into New York and wrongly gave the impression that...

# HE INTENDED TO STAY FOR BREAKFAST

A light-hearted short story

BY MICHAEL FESSIER

WITH a row of stiletto-sharp pencils in precise alignment on the desk before her, Penelope Parker sat enthroned in the small domain of her office, and, as a woman who affects only a few modest trinkets from an overflowing jewel chest, she gave the impression of wearing her beauty sparingly.

Ash-blond, hazel-eyed, and curvilinear of build, she had de-emphasised the attributes which nature had so abundantly bestowed on her in order to maintain the austerity she considered befitting her station in life. Penelope was personal secretary to the president of the Acme Arbut Whizzums Company, a small firm that was trying to infiltrate the breakfast-food market with a preparation made of peanuts, and as such she was a dedicated woman.

Although she secretly classified her boss in legal terms (incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial), she was fiercely loyal to him, and devoted her life to protecting him from salesmen, opportunists, and the others who sought to take advantage of his weak good nature.

She was about to remind her boss that it was time for him to leave to keep an appointment with his dentist, when the outer door opened, and closed with a bang. A tall young man breezed into the office wearing an engaging smile and carrying a briefcase. "I," he announced, "am George Cameron. I'd like to see Mr. Arbut, if you please."

She gave him the studied, cold look that had congealed the blood and frozen the marrow of many another supplicant before him. "Have you," she asked in a tone of voice that dared him to lie about it, "an appointment?"

"No," said George.

"You're a salesman, of course," she said with a disdainful look that conveyed her opinion of his lowly position.

"The very best," said George.

"Mr. Arbut," she declared, "sees salesmen only on Thursdays and Fridays. And then only by appointment."

"Perhaps, in my case, you might make an exception," he said. His smile was so infectiously warm and congenial that, for an instant, one cockle of Penelope's heart thawed.

Then she realised that in George's very charm lay his greatest danger to her boss. "What's so special about you that I should make an exception?" she inquired haughtily.

"Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm very busy."

Thus dismissed, other lesser men had slunk out of the office, their self-confidence leaking out at every pore — but not George. "I," he said, and the smile was gone from his voice, "abhor secretaries who assume the importance, authority, and prerogatives of their bosses, a species of which you are an outstandingly unpleasant example."

She glanced up at him, startled, and a bit frightened. Was this the first shot in a social revolution? Had the day come when salesmen dared talk back to personal secretaries of company presidents?

Was there the rumble of tumbrils in the streets, and did a guillotine wait for thousands of outer-office Marie Antoinettes? "I," she said, on the defensive for the first time in years, "am only obeying orders."

"You," declared George, "are typical of your sisterhood. There's a growing army of female Fascists who are usurping power from, and making puppets of, presidents, vice-presidents, and other so-called leaders of American business. Entrenched in their perfumed foxholes, you throttle communication, stifle commercial intercourse, while your poor employers wonder why nobody comes to see them any more."

He took a deep breath and went on: "Who knows how many deals have been lost, how many firms have gone bankrupt, all because, at a crucial moment, some female secretary

prevented her boss from getting together with the opportunity of a lifetime."

He let that sink in, then waggled the briefcase beneath her nose. "Here," he declared, "is such an opportunity for your boss, but, for two cents, I'd go away without even giving him a peek at it."

"I wish you would," said Penelope.

But George made no move to depart. "What it all boils down to," he declared, "is a battle of the sexes. Secretaries hate their bosses and wish to destroy them. Just the other day, the president of Amalgamated Mowers was fired from a hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year job because his secretary wouldn't let the board of directors in to see him."

"That," said Penelope unhappily, "is just what Mr. Arbut's board of directors is planning to do to him if they ever catch him . . . fire him."

Just then Arthur Arbut, the man in question, came in. He was a medium-built, mild-mannered individual of about thirty, and he gave the impression of being burdened by a problem two sizes too large for him. But his face lighted up at the sight of George.

"Well, if it isn't George Cameron," he exclaimed. "How's the boy? When did you get in?" He rushed over, grasped George's hand, wrung it, then turned to Penelope. "Throw this guy out," he said.



George frowned at Penelope. "I abhor secretaries who assume the importance, authority, and prerogatives of their bosses," he said.

"It's sure good to see you, Arthur," said George fondly. "It's been a long time, hasn't it?"

"Yes," said Arthur. "Almost five years. I was thinking about you just this morning, boy. 'If my luck holds out,' I told Molly, 'I'll never see George again.'" Once more he turned to Penelope. "We were room-mates at Central State," he explained. "George earned his way through college selling me things: suits, overcoats, shoes, hair-clippers, old tyres, second-hand bicycle sprockets, and what-have-you."

"Have I," asked George, "ever sold you anything that wasn't exactly as represented?"

"No," said Arthur. "Only things I didn't want, had no need for, and couldn't use after I bought 'em."

"Well, what I have here," said George, "you do want, have need for, and can use to your everlasting benefit." As he held the briefcase up to Arthur's face, the bag took on the sinister aspects of a blunt instrument. Arthur backed away.

"Miss Parker," he cried, "get rid of him."

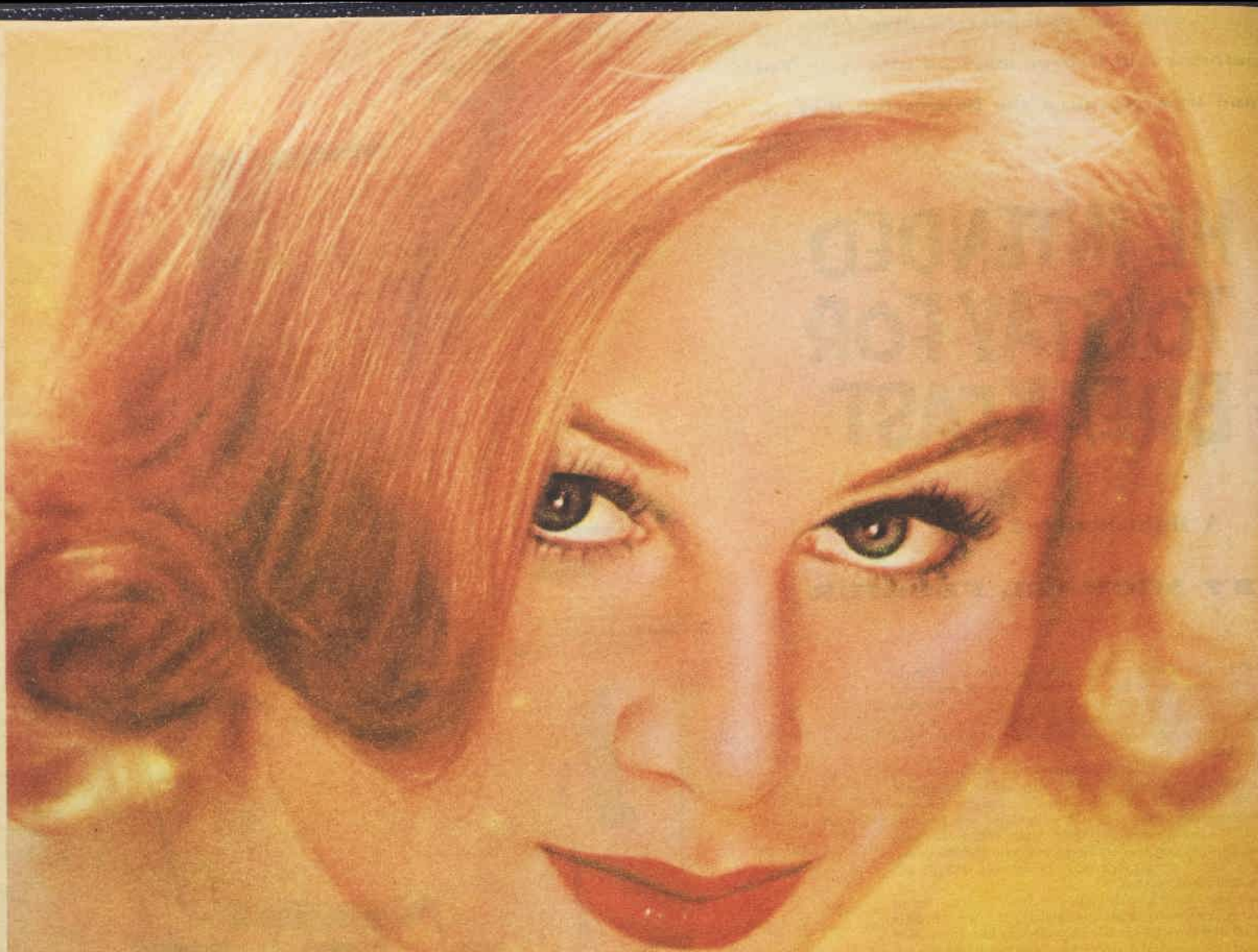
"He's your hot potato," said Penelope. "I tried to get rid of him a while back, as politely as I knew how. He insulted me."

"He did?" asked Arthur, interested. "What'd he say?"

"Among other things," stated Penelope, "he called me a

To page 82





Born to be worn together; Spring's new fashions and...

# SUNCOLORS

created by  
**MAX FACTOR**



Pink Sunshine Coral Sun Orchids in the Sun



This spring and summer, fashion says "neutral" and "pastel". Cool clothes that need the foil of sun-drenched lipstick colors to shock them into beautiful life. For you, Max Factor has created three vibrant new lipcolors; **Pink Sunshine**, a dream of a color, all soft and rosy. **Coral Sun**, warm and vivid as the midday sun.

Page 34

Max Factor's Suncolors: in Hi-Society mirror lipstick case, 14/11. Refill 9/6. In brilliant, long-lasting Hi-Fi Lipstick, 13/6. Refill 9/6. Creme Puff in luxury Fashion Accent mirror compact, 15/6. Refill 10/6.

**Orchids in the Sun**, a pink-into-violet lipstick, truly exciting when the sun goes down. Touch of drama; Suncolors worn with warm Creme Puff complexion tones like Tempting Touch . . . or with the cool mistiness of Moonlit Amethyst.

**Max Factor Suncolors. See them soon.**

**Resist them if you can.**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960



# TRIAL RUN



I SAID to Angela, "Look, cast a glance upon this budgie bird. It speaks. It chants. It sings. It can sing 'Green-sleeves,' yet..."

She kept staring at the larger animals. I just don't like animals at all.

"Sing," I commanded the bird. "Sing, you budgerigar!"

I helped it. I started it off. I sang:

"Alas, my love, you do me wrong  
To cast me off discourteously,  
And I have loved you so long,  
Delighting in your company..."

She paid no attention. Neither did the bird. I might have been singing alone on a desert island.

She was now talking baby-talk to a Siamese cat. You heard me — a Siamese cat!

Did I mention I can't stand animals? Except in their place, of course. Preferably a place at a considerable distance.

I have rather a nice baritone, even if I say it myself. So I tried again. I sang:

"Alas, my love, that you should own  
A heart of wanton vanity.  
So must I meditate alone  
Upon your insincerity!"

She sent me a fleeting smile. "That's pretty," she said. "More."

"It's not my song," I said, spacing my words like the English do. "This bird sings it. How about it? How about buying this bird?"

You mustn't get me wrong — I could survive without this bird or any bird. I can be quite content without a single bird or beast, including fish, unless it's fresh trout, grilled. But you must humor the weaker sex. At least, that's the advice my father gave me when he told me the facts of life when I was fourteen.

Perhaps I should start right from there, and get you all straight on the whole problem.

My name is Mark Brook. I'm Canadian. I'm married to

this extremely beautiful girl, improbably called Angela. So, naturally and appropriately, I call her Angel. We have been married a year, and quite honestly I must admit it has been the best year of my life. Even though we've lived in England.

Mind you, I have nothing against England, except that the sky hangs like a grey shroud around your ears and people speak an incomprehensible language. But sign-language works and Angel likes it here. She's English.

That is, she seemed happy as a bug in a rug until about a month ago.

We were enough, each for the other. We wanted no one else. I can place the change practically to the second. It was at breakfast. I was holding out my cup for more coffee, remarking, "There's no point going to the Taylors' tonight, darling. Just a lot of people there. I like it best at home alone with you."

She didn't pour my coffee. She didn't exactly stare at me but she fixed me with what I suppose could be called a steady regard.

"You know, Mark," she said in that fluting voice of hers that does more things to my ears than any flute could, "you never want to go anywhere."

"That's right, honey," I said smugly. "I don't. I'm happy here. And to put it bluntly, I don't like sharing you."

"Yes," she said slowly as though it was a word of many syllables, still keeping her delphinium-blue eyes fixed on me. Fixed, mind you, not with their usual warmth but coldly and contemptuously. "That's the trouble, Mark?"

"What trouble?" I demanded.

"Sharing me, as you put it."

"And it's a fact, you'll agree, however you put it," I said. "Any time we go out all these blokes besiege you like mercenaries encircling a city. I lose you for hours at a time. Even my old friends. They all want to wine you, dine you, and hold your hand. Including me. I can appreciate their taste, let me tell you, but you're mine now. They are welcome to my books, booze, and beef-steak, but you — you I want all to myself."

Can a man make a prettier speech to his wife, I ask you? Normally she would have returned my sentiments. This particular eventful breakfast hour she just narrowed her eyes at me.

And since then, I assure you, we haven't stopped. Lunch, tea, and cocktails, dinner, show, and theatre, men, women, and children.

Now mind you, I'm not saying the people we've been seeing weren't first-rate. They were. My Angel wouldn't know

## A short short story By EVA-LIS WUORIO



any other sort. But, as I tell you, I'm just as happy — more so — by ourselves.

Finally, this morning, it being Saturday, I said, "I'm fed up. I'm not going to the Smiths', Browns', or Harrisons' or even anyone hyphenated. However nice they are let's just go out for a drive."

"Splendid, darling," she sparkled at me. "I was thinking of a drive myself!"

All I could figure out, looking at it from where I stand now, is that we'd run through people. Now I was to do my sharing with animals.

The blow left me punchdrunk for a moment.

However, the moment it penetrated that we were out to purchase a pet, to take home, my mind began to function. I'm considered quite bright in my field, and I've been known to get the best even of women.

A bird, I said to myself. A bird is the answer. It lives in a cage. You don't take it for walks, you don't put it out and in, it doesn't cuddle. At night you cover it with an old sack. Someone feeds it seeds it pecks at, when so inclined. You see my point?

So, when I saw there was no escape from it, I plumped for the bird.

Finally she took notice of me. "Yes, darling," she said, "that's a lovely bird. Of course you can have it."

She left me in a state of shock and bent to speak to a monstrous spaniel pup. This beast had the sort of eyes — big, brown, moist, and loving — that would turn the stomach of a strong man. I listened, horrified, to my suave, sensible wife exchanging moans and grunts with this animal.

"Pretty thing, coochie-woochie," or words to that effect, she said. The pup, sitting beside another drooling pup, answered her in kind. "We'll take both," she told the larcenous keeper of these wretched beasts. "They are probably twins and would hate to be separated."

"Yes, madam. Same litter, last of the litter, excellent pedigree, but runts. Very cheap," said this revolting man.

"And the cats, too," said my wife, whom, up to that moment, I had revered. "So elegant, so chic. Perhaps you had better let me have cages for them. So upsetting, travelling for the first time."

"Angela," I rasped out, "are you mad?"

"Oh, darling! You want more birds?" She turned upon me those big, blue, mesmerising eyes, and before I came out of the usual effect we also owned a cageful of lovebirds, a cockatoo, a macaw, and a mynah bird.

You can well understand I was speechless on the way home. I couldn't have made myself heard, anyhow.

You think this was enough? You think my cup was full? What happened next was that Angela took to her bed. Literally. "Just a little run down," said our doctor. "A week's rest will be just what the doctor ordered."

That's what he ordered.

"Better get rid of these animals. Simply a lot of bother for her," I said.

At which Angela — Angel, my coolest of self-controlled wives — burst into the first tears I'd ever seen her shed.

Of course we didn't get rid of the beasts. Of course it was me who looked after them. Me, Mark Brook.

You say I'm just a weak reed in the hands of a wily woman?

You are so right. I am.

The whole plot was against me from the beginning. A training scheme devilishly well plotted.

I look after the baby now.

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Page 35



How could any girl be unhappy with a husband worth thirteen million dollars?

# I KNOW YOU

WHEN she was putting the long white envelope on the end table in the foyer, where he would see it as soon as he came in, Mary Lardner Gilmartin was overcome by a grotesque thought. All she could think of was Jerry Colonna, the old Bob Hope radio-show comic, and his favorite saying, "What's the matter—ya crazy or somethin'?"

Certainly that's the way a lot of persons would look at it. If you wanted to pack the whole sad thing into one ugly sentence, she was giving up a man worth thirteen million dollars.

She stood there and looked at the envelope with "Billy" written on the outside. There were still other people, she supposed, who would be outraged by what she was doing. She practically had no right. "Listen," these people would say heatedly, "just who do you think you are, anyway? Walking out on thirteen million bucks."

She shivered a little and tried to get the comedy out of her mind. She wasn't appalled at her thinking; she'd read enough of the Irish dramatists in her college days, writers like O'Casey and Synge and Lady Gregory, to know that tragedy can be just so intense and then it wanders off into low-brow comedy. Life was like that.

But these were all thoughts mushrooming around in the confused, miserable top of Mary Gilmartin's head. In the bottom of her head, clear down to her toes, the thoughts weren't comic or tragic, solemn or whimsical. They were just heavy, like lead. They read: I'm leaving my man.

Mary Lardner met William Victor Gilmartin on top of a mountain the day she was twenty-six.

It wasn't really a mountain. It was an overgrown hill in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, across the Chesapeake and Ohio tracks from the Greenbrier, the high-priced vacation resort.

People down that way have a habit of calling tall anthills mountains, and they called this big grassy clump Kate's Mountain after a woman of long ago named Kate, who had either killed, married, or burned alive her sweetheart—Mary wasn't sure which. Whatever the classic event, it was terribly romantic.

She wasn't really a guest at the Greenbrier, because the way her finances were, she couldn't have stayed more than a day at the lovely old joint.

Actually she was a press-agent for Backstroke bathing suits, and when the company sent a sheaf of models down to White Sulphur to demonstrate the new suits at an aquatic fashion show during the

resort spring festival, Mary went along to see that the world at large was alerted to this vital event.

She had been there for two days, and she had worked hard because she was that kind of girl, even though everyone else there, from the Duke of Windsor to Zsa-Zsa Gabor, was doing nothing but golfing, riding, loafing, and relaxing from dawn to dusk.

On the morning she was twenty-six, however, Mary Lardner got up early, had a big breakfast, and then ducked out of the place, because when a girl is twenty-six she ought to have at least a couple of hours to herself to meditate or brood or just contemplate life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and the over-all question in the mind of any unmarried girl that age, which is, is the Right Man ever coming along, anyway?

So she had climbed up Kate's Mountain, said hello to a couple of indifferent robins, and finally reached the top, where, instead of finding solitude, she found Billy Gilmartin practising swings with a number five iron.

"I'll bet you lose more golf balls this way," she said, looking first at him and then at the little forest of trees on the mountainside, stretching into a little valley below. "Don't tell me you have a caddy stuck away in those trees, chasing your drives."

The Gilmartin grin was even better than it looked in the newspapers, and for years now Mary Lardner, like any sensible young American girl, had been peering at that grin on the society pages and wondering if he was as nice as his pictures made him out to be.

Even bitter young women would admit it was a charming grin. "Only," they would say cynically, "keep your perspective; just see if it's that charming when you try to imagine him without thirteen million dollars."

"If you climbed up here by yourself," he said, "you're the old-fashioned, athletic, rosy-cheeked kind of girl I've always looked for, and I'll marry you right away."

"I'm Mary Lardner, and this is my birthday," she said. "How does a girl go about saying hello to a man who's as filthy rich as you are?"

"Try the reticent, cool approach. You'd be surprised how many women say to me, 'Listen, I didn't catch your name; what was it again?'"

"Honest?"

He nodded and grinned again. "It's a line. Kind of in reverse, you know. I'm an expert on lines. I'm just a poor little rich boy who thinks every girl is after his money, so he's suspicious of them all."

She shook her head airily. "What good's your

money these days? It's common knowledge the dollar is only worth forty-six cents." She sat down on the grass. "Anyway, John Hay Whitney's a much better catch than you. He's got fifty or sixty million."

"Sure, only he's married already." He tossed the five iron away and dropped onto the ground beside her. With a blade of grass in his mouth, he looked sidewise at her.

"You got any money? I mean, should I be seen talking to you?"

"I've got thirty-one dollars cash in my purse," she said. "I'll bet that's more than you can lay your hands on. I know you millionaires. You think it's chic to go around without a cent in your pockets, and you're always turning to your nearest poor friend and saying, 'Hey, Joe, pay the cabdriver, will you? I haven't got a dime on me.'"

He couldn't help laughing. "How do you think we got all our money, anyway?" he said.

It was one of those mornings. Everything else in the world stopped. Don't laugh. Exactly what do you think happens at times like that? It was a day when on the face of the earth there were—for both of them—only pine trees with the soft spring wind in their branches, the sun warming their faces, and lovely, lovely small talk.

"Listen, did you ever hear Ella Fitzgerald sing 'Hard-Hearted Hannah?' . . ." "When I was six, there was a boy named Fredric who used to pull my hair . . ." "Oh, I don't mind baked potatoes, but when you hash brown them, now, why then you're really talking . . ."

Silly, absurd words. The words of people who don't want to stop talking to each other.

At eleven o'clock that morning, Billy Gilmartin teed off in a foursome with Snead, Hogan, and Henry Picard, and for the next three hours Mary Lardner tramped around the Old White course, winking back at him once in a while and feeling guilty because he shot a 77 and she sensed uneasily it was because she was around.

They had tea late that afternoon and dinner that evening and they must have danced four hours after that. At two o'clock in the morning—

"Listen, two o'clock," she said, shaking her head. "What kind of game do you imagine you'll shoot tomorrow?"

Words, words, words. At two o'clock in the morning they were standing in the deserted, moonlight-drenched spring house, down the valley away from the main building, and Billy Gilmartin looked almost



# MILLIONAIRES

A sophisticated short story

BY MEL HEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

solemnly at Mary Lardner and said he was afraid he might be falling in love with her, if she didn't mind.

Generally speaking, she didn't.

She held off her marriage for two and a half months and then was swept away by the tide. The two and a half months weren't because she was being coy, or trying to get a trousseau together, or because she believed in engagements. She wasn't even trying to make sure she was in love. She was.

It was just that she knew marrying thirteen million dollars wasn't something you did just like that. As hard as Billy Gilmartin might try — and succeed — at being just plain folks, marriage to him would entail certain adjustments. You had to learn to live in Macy's window. There was one other thing.

All she knew about him was that he played golf. It was like Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt racing horses, or Tommy Manville in his day, marrying blondes. As far as you knew, that was all they did. How did you act the dutiful, understanding, perfect wife to a golfer?

Did you put out his pipe and slippers at night and ask him if he had a hard day on the course? Instead of his telling you how he swung a big deal and sold four tractors to a farmer in Amsterdam, New York, did he relax in the evening by telling you how he birdied the fifth at Sleepy Hollow?

Why is that all he does? Something deep inside Mary Lardner wondered. And — is that all he ever will do?

They were married by a justice of the peace in Oakmont, Pennsylvania, when they both knew they'd had enough waiting. She spent the next six days walking around a golf course, watching him come barreling home with 287 for 72 holes in the National Open, which left him in third place right behind Snead and Hogan and far above any of the other amateurs.

She even played nine holes herself one morning, with Billy loafing around on one of those little motor scooters like the President uses and hooting at her. The freshly cut grass and the hot sun and the presence of her man made it seem like such wonderful fun, and Mary Lardner was happy.

To page 38

*In a moment of anguish Mary flung herself on her bed. "How could I have been so unkind?" she asked herself over and over again.*

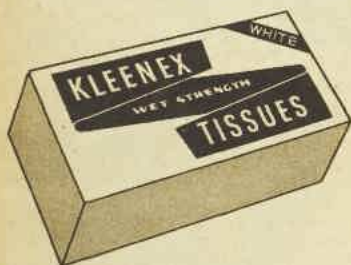






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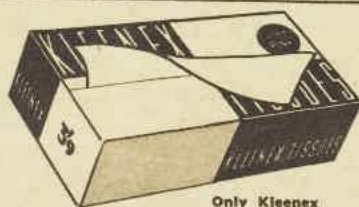
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Continuing . . .

## I KNOW YOU MILLIONAIRES

from page 37

They were on the golf circuit most of that summer. When autumn came, Billy took a little breather from the tournaments, and they rented an eight-room apartment on upper Fifth Avenue, and they went to Broadway first nights or saw the new show at the Persian Room or the St. Regis Maisonette.

Once in a while they went to a fancy ball at the Waldorf, and sometimes Mary found herself on committees for charity teas or luncheons, which wasn't her idea of fun and games, but was something she did conscientiously because she was the wife of thirteen million dollars now.

The society columnists wrote

tacular job of replacing a motor on a 1927 model, and then when I took it out to road-test, the engine fell out on to the Merritt Parkway right in the middle of Saturday afternoon traffic headed for the Yale Bowl."

Mary smoothed back her dark brown hair and chewed on a salted peanut. "After that," she said slowly, "you must have taken up golf."

"Well, I took it up seriously then. I'd played a little before. As a matter of fact, I don't want to sound boastful, but when I was an undergraduate in New Haven—"

ing that they were tuned in on different wave lengths. Their smoke signals were too far away, on mountains that were too far apart, to be understood.

"Listen," she said, "if we don't get dressed, we'll never make that dinner the Wentworths are giving tonight."

He leaned over and chewed meditatively on her ear. "If missing the Wentworths' dinner is supposed to be a tragedy, I must admit its dark lesson is lost on me," he said.

She got up and tugged him to his feet. "If we don't go," she said, "we'll probably end up out in Garden City at a driving range."

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Now that's an idea," he said. "Boy, I'll bet that swing of mine is pretty rusty."

She pushed him towards the door. "On to the Wentworths," she said. The thing that Mary Lardner wanted to do just then more than anything on earth was to stop talking about golf, because she had suddenly become terribly afraid of the subject.

In a year and a half, they had William Victor Gilmartin III. They called him III because, with a nice meshing of their offbeat humor, they thought that was funny. You had to say this in praise of Billy and Mary: They had no false dignity.

They moved from the eight-room apartment on Fifth to a nine-room one on Park, and the society columnists started referring to Mary as the beautiful young matron instead of the lovely young bride. Billy bought a Mercedes-Benz, and Mary drove a scarlet convertible, and life went along the way life does.

Only one dreadful thing happened. It happened slowly but surely, and even though you think this may not be possible, there wasn't anything that could be done about it.

Mary began to nag. It began with the last paragraph of a letter. She wrote it one spring afternoon while the III was pounding around in his crib, allegedly sleeping but actually tearing up small bits of paper and stewing them magnificently around the nursery while uttering loud, unintelligible cries.

Billy was down in Florida in a tournament as usual, and she was answering a hasty letter of his, which dealt almost solely with the fashion in which he had recovered from the rough with a nine iron six feet from the pin and had birdied the seventh brilliantly.

"Look, junior," she wrote, "now that Mama has listened patiently to your wild adventures of the links, would she be pardoned for saying that you now seem to have played enough golf to last you for a spell, and you might like to drop by the old homestead here and renew acquaintanceship with III? I've told him about his father, but he just looks at me coldly and says, 'I have no father,' or, in his code, 'Skub skub ogoofa.' Love, Mary."

When he flew back home at the end of the week, he didn't mention the dig until the III was in bed one night and they had settled down for a relaxing evening watching Jackie Gleason on TV, which might have been socially unfashionable but was great fun.

At the show's end, when Jackie was blowing kisses and saying good-night, Billy shut off the set, sat down, and looked at her.

"You know," he said, looking puzzled, "I have the feeling you weren't kidding when

about them, naturally. "Nobody remembers seeing Billy Gilmartin so happy before," noted one of the gossip column boys. "His lovely Mary can take a deep, deep bow for helping relax society's lonely stranger."

"Has anyone noticed," wrote another, "that Billy Boy Gilmartin, the son of the old robber baron, is so congenial to practically everybody these days and no longer drives his Jag at 120 miles per hour as if every minute was to be his last? Can his brand-new bride have mellowed him that much?"

"What is all this rubbish," she asked him one Saturday night over a drink, "what is this about you being society's lonely stranger, and the grim, silent soul of the Four Hundred? I have a hard time getting you to stop talking."

"That's because I feel you understand me," he said, leaning back happily and stretching his arms. "Didn't you know I was the original misunderstood millionaire?"

"How, misunderstood?"

He scratched his head. "Well, back in my impressionable youth, I saw so many wealthy young men and girls who were complete washouts—oh, you know, they boozed it up too much and just shot away the days in a kind of alcoholic and amorous haze—that I decided I would be different. They kind of—well, it sounds condescending, and maybe it is, but they kind of revolted me."

"So how did you set about making yourself different?"

"Fooled around with antique autos for a while, until I got to be about twenty. When everybody else was up at a big party in Westchester or out in Glen Cove, I was adjusting a carburettor or grinding a valve."

"So?"

He grinned. "I discovered my talents didn't really lie in that direction. I did a spec-

"You never told me you went to Yale. That's a fine thing to tell a girl after you're married."

"I played on the Walker Cup team. We beat England that year."

"That's nice."

He looked quizzically at her. "What's the matter—don't you know when to be impressed? The Walker Cup team, you witch. The cream of America's amateur golfers."

"Well," she said, "if you were good enough to play on the what's-this team, how much more seriously could you take it up? I mean, how much better could you get?" She wanted to add, "and why," but she held her tongue.

**B**ILLY sipped his lime soda. "It's only a few strokes difference," he said, "between being a good amateur and being the equal of the top professionals, but what a difference it is. I could play good golf back in Yale, all right. I just wanted to play better golf."

"How much better?"

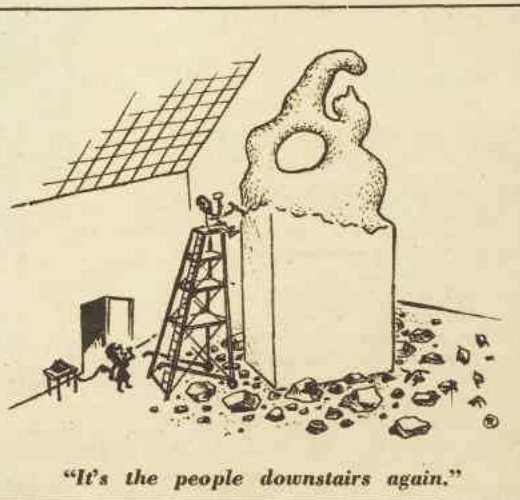
He suddenly looked terribly grave. "The best," he said slowly. "I want to be the best. I'm pretty close to it now."

Now she couldn't resist.

"Well, suppose you become the best golfer in the world. Better than Snead or Hogan." She paused and looked at Billy and he looked back at her. She looked as if she wanted a comment, which she did, and he looked as if he were waiting for her to finish what she was saying, which she had.

"Well," he said finally. "What else do you want after that? Good-night— isn't it quite a thing to be the best golfer in the world? How many best golfers do you suppose there are in the world, anyway?"

Right then and there, Mary Lardner had the uneasy feel-



"It's the people downstairs again."

To page 69



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## LAUNDRY



When washing a stiffened nylon petticoat, add a little sugar to the water. While still wet, drape it over an umbrella to dry. This keeps the shape.

—Mrs. B. E. Templeman, Naracoorte, S.A.

Worn-down pieces of toilet soap will give perfume to sheets and pillowcases if added to the washing water.

—Mrs. M. Farrell, Maniana, W.A.

To wash a mohair jumper use a good hair shampoo.

—Mrs. B. Johnson, Lithgow, N.S.W.

Linen will keep radiantly white if a few drops of turps are added to soaking water.

—Mrs. D. V. Hand, Cheltenham, S.A.

Many women complain that they have to iron drip-dry shirts, but this is unnecessary if you (1) wash by hand only and stroke, don't rub; (2) hang on hangers dripping wet; don't be tempted to wring slightly; if possible, hose them on the line; (3) when water has finished dripping out, straighten out collar again and finish drying in the shade.

—Mrs. M. Graham, Strathfield, N.S.W.

Put your towelling bath-mat through the starch after washing. It will lie flatter.

—Mrs. G. Cooper, Bentleigh, Vic.

## GENERAL

To prevent men's light-colored felt hats from becoming soiled through the use of hair oil, place a strip of good blotting-paper inside the leather lining.

—Mrs. A. Small, Chatswood, N.S.W.

For housewives who love painting but hate cleaning the brushes at the end of the day, simply wrap each lightly in aluminium foil. They will remain pliable for several days ready to use upon unwrapping.

—Mrs. N. Thomas, Bondi, N.S.W.

For stiffening a drooping school panama, make sufficient boiled starch to medium stiffness and apply with clean toothbrush. Allow to dry.

—Mrs. E. Dodd, Concord, N.S.W.



Scatter rugs can be made skid-proof even on highly polished floors by stitching flat rubber rings from preserving jars under each corner.

—Mrs. J. Bishop, Moorooka, Qld.

Tie a collar of cotton-wool around the neck of bottles of iodine, etc., to catch the drops.

—Mrs. Lilian M. Wilton, Lakemba, N.S.W.

Stand autumn leaves in a pan. Pour in equal quantities of glycerine and water so that the stems are nearly an inch deep in the solution. When all this has been absorbed, the leaves keep for months.

—Miss E. Butler, Horsham, Vic.

After trying in vain to buy a plastic strainer to catch the hairs which clog the basin after washing hair, I purchased a plastic air-vent and it served the purpose.

—Miss Edith B. Rowe, South Yarra, Vic.

A handful of oatmeal in your bath acts as a good beauty treatment and also prevents scum on the bath.

—Mrs. L. Dagnia, Claremont, N.S.W.

A discarded hot-water bottle filled with foam rubber makes a kneeling-pad for getting around lawn edges.

—Mrs. M. Simpson, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

To stop heavy mirrors rubbing against the walls, stick foam rubber round the back edges.

—M. Rickard, Curyo, Vic.

To drive birds from young plants or seedlings, thread glistening milk-bottle tops on cotton or fine string and stretch between the rows of plants.

—Mrs. J. Tennant, Launceston, Tas.

If the stems of flowers are too short for a vase, put them in clear drinking-straws. They will not be noticeable.

—Mrs. F. O'Brien, Moonah, Tai.

Scrape your fingernails over soap before starting to paint, dye, or garden, to keep dirt out.

—Mrs. F. Green, Wynyard, Tas.

When picking roses, hold the stems with a spring clothes-peg. Saves many an injured finger.

—Mrs. M. McGrath, Abbotsford, N.S.W.

Rubber bands on children's hair tend to break it; use elastic.

—Mrs. E. M. Maguire, Armidale, N.S.W.

Remove stains on plates caused by overheating by dipping a cork in damp salt and rubbing the marks.

—Mrs. L. Riley, Maclean, N.S.W.

Economise by saving scraps of paper. When you have a fair pile, soak in water until sodden. Drain water out. Roll paper into tight balls and keep in a box until dry. These can be used on the fire.

—Mrs. F. Lindsay, Melbourne.

Before putting down a new carpet, sprinkle the floor with Epsom-salt to discourage moths, etc.

—Mrs. B. Wake, Davis Creek, N.S.W.

To repair burn-holes in carpets, squeeze household adhesive into the hole. Pluck from carpet pieces of pile in matching color, press into hole, let adhesive dry, then tease up.

—Mrs. W. Wilson, Upwey, Vic.

When dyeing material or articles, drop a skein of white stranded thread or a reel of white cotton into the dye container and you will have thread for mending.

—Mrs. I. Smith, East Brisbane.

### Did you know that . . .

. . . when flowers are scarce, carrot-tops make a beautiful bowl of greenery for indoors? Leave about half an inch of carrot with the tops, remove outside leaves, and place two or three tops in an inch of water in a bowl. In a few days the bowl will be full of foliage.

—Mrs. Grace Newell, Rose Bay, N.S.W.

. . . to prevent the metal trim of a handbag from tarnishing you should brush it lightly with colorless nail-polish every two or three months?

—H. Roberts, Stockton, N.S.W.

. . . tinfoil is excellent wrapping for winter woollies in summer?

—Mrs. C. W. Turner, Launceston, Tas.

. . . a walnut-size piece of charcoal will keep flower-water fresh?

—Mrs. R. Mudie, East Fremantle.

. . . old nylons make excellent stuffing for cushions? There is no dust from them.

—Mrs. L. W. Edwards, Melbourne.



# 100 HOME HINTS

## SEWING, KNITTING

If your tape-measure has become limp, cover with waxed lunch-paper and press with a hot iron. It will be like new.

—Mrs. Watts, Rydalmere, N.S.W.

When knitting a pullover with a double-knitted neckline that has to be turned over and sewn to the back, use shirring elastic. This will stretch to pull over the head.

—Mrs. Hope-Hume, North Cottesloe, W.A.

Ever spent time searching through a pile of buttons for just the right one? Empty egg-cartons are ideal for keeping the different colors and sizes separate.

—J. M. Capel, Avalon Beach, N.S.W.

A quick way to darn sheets and pillow-slips is to tack a piece of white net over the hole and darn it in and out of the meshes. Cut net close to the darn when finished.

—Mrs. C. McCulloch, Tarragindi, Qld.

When hand-stitching a hem or frock, use "back buttonhole stitch." It is neat outside, keeps the inside hem flat, and if a stitch breaks the hem still holds firm.

—Mrs. J. McKean, Brisbane.

When the toes of felt or velvet slippers have become worn, embroider closely with lazy daisy flowers in colored wool.

—Mrs. D. J. Dockerty, Waikato, New Zealand.

When unravelling a knitted garment, wind the wool on to a wire cake-cooler, then place the wool and cooler over a saucepan of boiling water. Allow to steam for 10 minutes, then hang on line to air and dry wool before rewinding into ball. It will be like new wool.

—Mrs. E. Moss, Benalla, Vic.



When making loose covers for chairs it is a good idea to make a deep pocket of the same material and sew on to the back of a chair. It is handy for storing magazines, etc.

—Mrs. N. Lucre, Panania, N.S.W.

Sew a 6in. by 8in. pocket over each knee of a pair of old slacks and put a 3in. by 6in. rubber sponge in each pocket. This protects your knees when gardening, scrubbing, or polishing. A plastic pocket will be waterproof as well.

—Mrs. R. Lawrence, Brighton, Vic.

When cutting out a dress from thin, slippery material, pin material to newspaper beforehand. Cut through both layers when following pattern. The material will be easier to handle and your cutting out accurate.

—Mrs. M. Hodgson, Newcastle, N.S.W.

## HOW TO MAKE . . .

I recently had occasion to cover two 19in. by 23in., 5in.-deep, foam-rubber cushions with tapestry. After cutting the pieces to size and allowing for turnings, I placed them on the cushions and gummed into place with liquid invisible thread. Quicker and neater than by sewing-machine!

—Miss D. Garrard, West Hobart.

A simple, pleasing, and inexpensive decoration for a birthday cake can be found in most gardens. Choose some smallish flowers, wash lightly, brush them well with egg-white, then dip in sugar. When they crystallise, scatter over the cake.

—Mrs. J. Webster, Vermont, Vic.

Do not discard that old hair broom. Burn off the hair which remains and cover the base with a thick pad of old flannel or velvet and you have a useful floor-polisher.

—Mrs. D. Wagner, Moonah, Tas.

If you have or can get an old-fashioned wrought-iron basket grate, paint it white and it will make a magazine-holder or will hold small pots of plants. Clean the iron, give it an undercoat, and finish with white gloss or enamel.

—Miss I. Baker, Dungog, N.S.W.

Flower-pots in cocktail bars and sunrooms can be greatly enhanced by covering with matchstick bamboo place-mats. They are available at most chainstores. Cut mats to required length and fasten at back of pot with pliable wire.

—Mrs. O. Warnock, Floreat Park, W.A.



● All these hints were sent in by readers, each of whom will receive £1/1/-, which makes 100 guineas' worth of saving in the home

## COOKERY

No need for a thermometer and no failures if you use this method of junket-making: Bring one half of the milk to boiling point, add remainder of cold milk, and pour over junket tablet which has been dissolved with a tablespoon of cold water and sugar to taste.

—Mrs. M. Arden, Moonee Ponds, Vic.

Brown sugar is an antidote for salt. If you make your stew or soup too salty, add a small teaspoon of brown sugar and the briny taste will disappear.

—G. Groth, Mosman, N.S.W.

Next time you cook fish, instead of serving slices of lemon try adding finely grated lemon rind to the flour you are mixing into a batter.

—Mrs. J. D. Brookes, Penhurst, N.S.W.

The night before you are having sausages for breakfast, put them in a basin, pour boiling water over them, leave till the water is cold, then remove. In the morning they will only need browning in the pan.

—Mrs. J. G. Geytenbeek, Lamerook, S.A.

If you need a supply of fresh bread, and public holidays or bakers' holidays are looming ahead, wrap an adequate supply of fresh bread in greaseproof paper and place in the freezing-chamber of your fridge. When needed, take out and defrost. Bread is still fresh.

—Mrs. M. A. Weston, Porongorups, W.A.

To freshen parsley, sprinkle very lightly with water, put in an aluminium saucepan, cover with lid, and let stand for several hours.

—Mrs. B. Darwin, Hurlstone Park, N.S.W.

To prolong the life of the sealing-ring inside a pressure-cooker lid, run cold water inside the lid immediately after use. This hardens the rubber.

—M. Cunningham, Brisbane.

A good hint for a children's birthday party—midget marshmallows make unique candle-holders on a birthday cake, and the wax won't run on the frosting.

—L. Szezurowski, Newcastle, N.S.W.

When cooking bones for soup, place one or two eggshells in a stockpot. The stock will be clear without skimming.

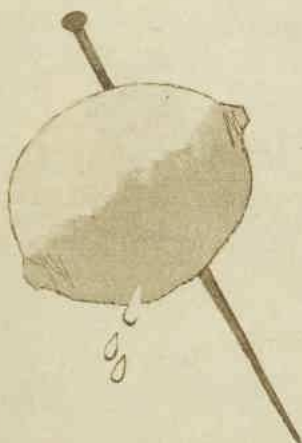
—Miss C. Watson, Blackburn, Vic.

Add dry mustard to seasoned flour when making steak-and-kidney pie. When braising steak you will be surprised at the delicious new flavor mustard will give when added to the gravy. It will also make a decided improvement when rubbed into beef or pork roasts.

—Mrs. E. McLeod, Bexley, N.S.W.

Instead of lining your cake-tins with greased paper, try greasing the tin itself and put a coating of breadcrumbs on the grease. Pour in cake mixture and cook as usual. When cooked you'll find your cake has a crisp edge and won't stick to the tin.

—Mrs. I. Lee, Lithgow, N.S.W.



Do not waste buttermilk, milk, or sour cream. Use it instead of water when making gravy after frying or roasting meat. It makes a delicious brown gravy with a rich flavor.

—Mrs. U. R. Heinze, Tanunda, S.A.

Add a finely chopped onion to the ice water in which you soak celery sticks for crisping and curling. It gives celery extra flavor.

—Miss Shirley Warby, Plympton, S.A.

To prevent hard-boiled egg from crumbling when making sandwiches, mash the egg and mix with pepper, salt, and a piece of butter, then add a small amount of hot water to melt butter, and blend.

—B. Murray, Seacombe Gardens, S.A.

When potatoes get over-cooked and watery, save the situation by adding one level dessertspoon of full-cream powdered milk to every cup of potatoes. This gives an extra flavor as well as drying up the moisture.

—Mrs. F. Amos, Hawthorn, Vic.

Cayenne pepper sprinkled liberally in a picnic food-box will give complete protection from ants and mice.

—Mrs. L. G. Allan, Adelaide.

You can cut tomorrow's sandwiches tonight and they will still be fresh if you enclose them in lettuce leaves and then wrap them firmly in aluminium foil.

—Miss M. Arnold, Devonport, Tas.

When reheating pies in the oven, always put a small dish of water in the oven, too. The pastry will be beautifully fresh and moist.

—Mrs. D. Brewster, Glen Iris, N.S.W.

Prevent hot-plates on electric stoves from rusting by wiping them when cold with a cloth moistened with olive oil.

—Mrs. A. S. Stirling, Beenleigh, Qld.

When a recipe calls for a squeeze of lemon juice, pierce the lemon with a knitting needle and squeeze out required amount. The lemon can be placed in the refrigerator and used several times in the same way.

—Mrs. I. J. Liston, Holbrook, N.S.W.

When cooking poultry, save shrinkage by cooking it at a fairly low temperature and keep it covered with a square of cheesecloth saturated in melted fat. The fat in the cheesecloth keeps the bird moist.

—Mrs. Gumbleton, Padstow, N.S.W.

A quick sweet for unexpected visitors. Mix together 2 cups sweet biscuit crumbs, 2-3rd cup softened butter. Mix thoroughly and press firmly into a greased 8in. pie-plate. Place in refrigerator and pie will set in a few minutes. Any filling can be used, depending on time. If in a hurry, use jam and top with nuts, whipped cream, or ice-cream.

—Mrs. L. Collins, Regent, Vic.

Bananas will keep extremely well if wrapped in foil and stored in the vegetable section of the refrigerator. The ripening process is arrested and the bananas, when removed from the foil, are almost the same as when they were first stored.

—Mrs. R. F. Wilkinson, Newcastle, N.S.W.



## KITCHEN, CLEANING

Keep your silver teapot sweet by placing a lump of sugar inside the idle pot.

—Mrs. D. Luke, Rooty Hill, N.S.W.

Aluminium saucepans can be cleaned of stains by boiling passionfruit skins in them.

—Mrs. W. L. Coulter, via Leongatha, Vic.

Give rubbish-bins longer life by painting the bottom inside and out before use to prevent rust.

—Mrs. C. Taylor, Drouin, Vic.

To remove ink stains from carpet cut a tomato in halves and rub well in; then wash with soap and water.

—Mrs. J. Coote, Millicent, S.A.

For damp cupboards drill holes at the top and bottom of the door, and place in the cupboard a lump of quicklime in an old jar.

—Mrs. C. Smith, Frankston, Vic.

Use glycerine to oil food utensils such as mincers, egg-beaters. It leaves no taste.

—G. Mason, Brisbane.

Sprinkle a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda in your bread-bin and cover with waxed paper. Removes stale odor.

—Mrs. E. M. Frize, Chatswood, N.S.W.

If glassware and crystal are washed in a little blue water they will have a beautiful brilliance and lasting shine.

—Mrs. D. McIntosh, Roseville, N.S.W.

A pan used to cook scrambled eggs is easily cleaned with common salt.

—Mrs. H. Smith, Unanderra, N.S.W.

Should you burn the bottom of a saucepan, dry it outside in direct sunlight and the burnt matter will flake off.

—Mrs. C. Benson, Liverpool, N.S.W.

Blotting-paper in the bottom of a biscuit tin will absorb moisture, keep biscuits fresh.

—Mrs. C. Doak, Bonalbo, N.S.W.

To clean a vacuum flask, put in some crushed eggshells, add a little vinegar, half fill with cold water. Leave for a few hours, then rinse out thoroughly. Invert to dry.

—Mrs. E. Pink, Manly Vale, N.S.W.

Paint the inside of the kitchen cupboard door black and use as a blackboard for shopping lists, cookery notes.

—Miss E. Moore Launceston, Tas.

Put the polish on your floor with old newspaper and rub it off with newspaper, too. Saves washing dusters.

—Mrs. D. Wagner, Moonah, Tas.

To keep oak furniture in excellent condition, wipe over with warm vinegar and dry well before applying polish.

—Mrs. N. L. Venn, Hectorville, S.A.

To clean windows, use wet newspapers and then dry newspapers. The printer's ink makes the glass glisten.

—M. Cook, Bendigo, Vic.

Use flannelette dusters. Wash them after using and add one tablespoon of turpentine to the rinsing water. This gives a lasting polish. Good for mirrors, too.

—Mrs. H. E. Thomson, Port Fairy, Vic.

When hot fat is spilt over the floor, throw cold water over it. A knife will lift the congealed fat.

—Mrs. M. Kirk, Gayndah, Qld.

To clean pipes beneath the sink, put down a small handful of bicarbonate of soda, then half a cup of vinegar. Cover quickly with plug and leave for half an hour.

—Mrs. D. J. Dockerty, Waikato, N.Z.

Sawdust is excellent for cleaning carpets. Dampen sawdust, sprinkle over carpet, and brush.

—N. Thom, Northam, W.A.

Wash and polish the kitchen floor in one go by pouring the water, boiling, on to a heaped tablespoon of floor polish and a handful of soap powder. Cool the water, wash the floor, and rub well with a mop when dry.

—Miss A. R. Pickstone, Dalveen, Qld.

To remove pressure marks from a carpet hold a steam iron above them, then brush lightly.

—Mrs. M. Stevenson, Cudal, N.S.W.

To remove fresh oil from a cement drive, sprinkle with cement (dry). Leave overnight, then sweep off.

—Mrs. T. J. Pedersen, Nailsworth, S.A.

A sure way to remove watermarks from polished furniture is to cover the marked area with a quantity of cigarette ash and work into the wood with a slightly damp cloth.

—Mrs. J. Byrnes, Rockhampton, Qld.

Ink stains can be removed from linen by covering with freshly made mustard. Leave for an hour, then sponge.

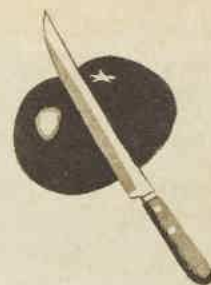
—Mrs. H. Atkinson, Morwell, Vic.

Sour milk cleans lacquered surfaces. Apply with soft cloth, polish with soft chamois.

—Mrs. D. Cope, Ipswich, Qld.

When suede shoes get shiny, take a toothbrush, dip it in vinegar, and brush it over the suede. Allow to dry.

—Mrs. Alma Small, Chatswood, N.S.W.





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Washdays cease to exist with this new Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer... **you just dial and disappear!**

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This exclusive feature stores hot, sudsy water after your first wash for re-use on your second load. The greatest economy features in **auto-matic** washing, it saves over 2,000 gallons of hot, sudsy water every year for the average family of 4. See a free demonstration of the Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer!

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# Kelvinator

## TOTALLY AUTOMATIC WASHER

Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer (Model 89) with "Magic Cycle" Pump and Filter Fountain. Needs no bolting down. Price: 218 gns. Model 69 with Filter Fountain, 199 gns.

KL33

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960





OREGANO



CHERVIL



DILL



CHIVES



SAVORY

# HERBS and SPICES

● This six-page feature lists many culinary herbs and spices and gives recipes for using them in savory dishes, cakes, desserts, and biscuits.

A WIDE variety of herbs and spices, either home-grown or sold dried at food stores, is now available to the housewife. They will all add new flavor interest to familiar dishes, but remember they should

point up the food's natural flavor, not dominate it. When using a herb for the first time, start with a half teaspoon to each pound of meat, fish, or poultry, or to each two cups of soup, sauce, or vegetables. If food is to cook a long time, add herbs only at the last half-hour of cooking time.

## Guide to herbs

## Guide to spices

**BASIL:** Plant similar in appearance to sage. Use fresh or dried leaves in soups, sauces (especially for macaroni or spaghetti), meat, stews, salads, tomato dishes, some vegetables (especially eggplant), scrambled eggs. Try a pinch in tomato juice cocktail.

**BAY LEAVES:** From the sweet bay or laurel tree. They have a strong flavor that is released by moist heat. Sold dried. Use sparingly in stews, soups, sauces. Try adding a leaf when cooking potatoes for potato salad.

**CHERVIL:** Plant similar to parsley. Use fresh in salads, soups, sprinkled over roasts, in sauces, egg dishes. Try chopped fresh chervil in french dressing.

**CHIVES:** Thin, grass-like leaves of a bulb of the onion family. Use chopped leaves to flavor cream or cottage cheeses, egg dishes, cream soups. Try one tablespoon (chopped) in mashed potato.

**DILL:** Seeds of a plant similar in flavor to caraway. Fresh leaves are also used, finely minced. Use in pickles, salads, in meat and fish dishes. Try mashing turnips with a pinch of crushed dill seeds, butter, pepper.

**MARJORAM:** Popular perennial plant. Use in all soups, stews, vegetables, and cheese dishes. Try it in scrambled eggs or omelets— $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon to 4 eggs.

**OREGANO:** Plant resembling marjoram. Use finely chopped leaves, fresh or dried, in salads, meat loaves and stews, vegetables, meat sauces for spaghetti. Try sprinkling a pinch over the tomatoes in a tomato omelet, or add to potato salad.

**ROSEMARY:** Well-known garden shrub. Use fresh or dried leaves in meat or fish dishes and vegetables. Try adding a very small amount to roast lamb seasoning.

**SAVORY:** Plant similar in appearance to rosemary. Use fresh or dried leaves to flavor meats, seasonings, soups, and sauces. Try adding a pinch to tinned cream of celery soup and use it as a sauce for cauliflower.

**SESAME:** Small seeds of an East Indian plant. Use in oriental-type cookery or breads, cakes, and cookies, cream soups, and with noodles. Try a little in the crumb-topping for savory luncheon dishes.

**TARRAGON:** Leaves of a plant renowned for distinctive flavor. Rather difficult to grow in Australia, but can be bought dried, and in tarragon-flavored vinegar. Use in all salads. Try cucumber salad sprinkled with fresh or dried tarragon and a little tarragon vinegar—the flavor is wonderful.

**THYME:** Easy-to-grow herb. Can be used fresh or dried. Use with all seafoods, chicken, egg, and tomato dishes. Try a pinch of fresh or dried thyme in creamed spinach soup.

**ALLSPICE:** Dried, ground berries of an evergreen tree. Called allspice because it resembles combined flavors and aromas of the three chief spices—cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon. Use in all types of cakes, sweets, some savory foods. Try a pinch in creamed butter for pikelets and scones.

**CARAWAY:** Dried seeds of a plant similar to parsley. Use for flavoring cakes, breads (especially rye bread), with soft cheese spreads, sauerkraut. Try adding a few to stewed kidneys.

**CARDAMOM:** Seeds of a plant of the ginger family. Use dried whole seeds in mixed pickles, ground dried seeds in Danish pastries. Try a tiny pinch in your after-dinner coffee.

**CINNAMON:** Inner bark of a tropical tree. Can be bought powdered or in sticks. Use in cakes, drinks, sweets, and curries. Try mixing a little into your next crumb crust.

**CLOVES:** Dried flower-buds of an evergreen shrub. Can be bought whole or ground. Use in pickles, chutneys, confectionery. Try cooking a few whole cloves with sweet potatoes.

**CORIANDER:** Dried seeds of an annual plant. Use ground seeds in meat dishes, in breads with cheese. Try a pinch in the pastry for peach or apple pie.

**CUMIN:** Ground dried seeds of the caraway plant. Use in curry powder and chilli powder for Mexican food. Try adding a pinch, with coriander, to melted butter used to baste grilled fish, chicken.

**GINGER:** Underground stem of the ginger plant. Can be bought ground, preserved whole in syrup, or crystallised. Use in both sweet and savory dishes. Try chopped crystallised ginger in ice-cream or fruit salad.

**MACE:** Outer leafy network of the nutmeg. Can be bought whole or ground, and is an excellent basis for other and more delicate flavorings. Use sparingly because too much is apt to produce a somewhat sickly effect. Use in cakes, pies, sweets, and fruit dishes. Try a little in sauces for fish.

**NUTMEG:** Shelled nut (thick and hard) of a tree. Can be bought as nuts or powdered. Use grated or powdered in all cakes, puddings, and drinks. Try sprinkling grated nutmeg on milk for a delicate flavor.

**PAPRIKA:** Mild-flavored orange-red powder made from red capsicum pods. (Do not confuse with cayenne pepper.) Use to color and flavor poultry, fish dishes, some meat stews, cream soups, and sauces, salad dressings. Try a little sprinkled over cooked corn-on-the-cob.

**SAFFRON:** Tiny stigma of the crocus flower which must be hand-picked, thus making saffron expensive. Use to color or flavor rice, fish, sauces, stews, chicken dishes. Try infusing saffron in the hot liquid to be used in the recipe, to produce the best color and flavor.

**NOTE:** All spoon measurements are level in the recipes on following pages of this cookery feature.



MARJORAM



BASIL



TARRAGON



SAGE



ROSEMARY



THYME



# FOOD WITH AN AROMATIC

● Careful seasoning makes a dish, but over-seasoning mars it. To become an expert at seasoning, use unfamiliar spices and herbs sparingly at first and don't be afraid to taste and taste again during the cooking process until you achieve the flavor you prefer in main dishes and desserts.

## SWEET

### SPICED BANANA SLICES

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup melted butter or substitute, 2 eggs, scant  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk, 6 bananas, extra melted butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Sift flours and salt into basin. Add half the sugar, mix well. Combine beaten eggs with melted butter or substitute and milk, mix into dry ingredients. Press into slab-tin. Arrange sliced bananas on top, brush with melted butter. Sprinkle over remaining sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg, fruit rinds. Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Serves 8 to 10.

### WALNUT CREAM GATEAU

One and a half cups finely chopped walnuts, 2-3rds cup fine dry breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon ground mace, pinch ground cloves and nutmeg, 5 eggs, 1 cup sugar,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint cream, sugared violets.

Combine chopped walnuts, breadcrumbs, salt, mace, ground nutmeg and cloves in basin; stand aside. Place egg-yolks, sugar, lemon juice and rind in another basin, beat with rotary beater or electric mixer until light and creamy (approx. 10 minutes). Blend in prepared nut mixture. Beat egg-whites until stiff, fold into mixture. Grease and line base of loaf-tin, spoon mixture in. Bake in moderately slow oven approx. 1 hour. Allow cake to cool few minutes, loosen sides, turn out on to cake-cooler and remove paper. When cool, wrap in greaseproof paper, leave overnight, if possible, to improve flavor. Carefully cut cake into 3 or 4 layers. Sandwich together with three-quarters of the cream, which has been whipped until thick and flavored with sugar and vanilla to taste. Top cake with remaining cream, decorate with sugared violets. Serves 6-8.

**To Make Sugared Violets:** Brush fresh violet petals with slightly beaten egg-white, dust lightly with castor sugar, and allow to dry.

### PEACH MACAROONS

Half cup finely chopped blanched almonds,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup crushed macaroon crumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped peel, 1 tablespoon chopped crystallised ginger, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons milk, 6 large firm peaches (or use tinned peach halves), 1-3rd cup sherry or marsala wine, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Combine chopped almonds, macaroon crumbs, peel, ginger, spice, and milk; mix well. Peel fresh peaches, cut in halves. Remove stone and small portion of pulp. Fill cavities with macaroon mixture, put two halves together to form whole peach; fasten with cocktail sticks. Arrange whole peaches in greased casserole dish, pour in the wine,

## SAVORY

### SPRINGTIME SOUP

One large bunch parsley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint sour cream, 3 cups clear chicken stock, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Remove coarse stems from parsley, chop it very finely, mix in the sour cream. Heat chicken stock, add butter. When butter melts, remove from heat and chill until butter just begins to harden. Quickly stir in sour cream and parsley mixture. Serve this soup either hot or cold topped with a little chopped parsley. Serves 4 to 6.

### CHICKEN PAPRIKA

Three-quarter cup flour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  dessertspoons paprika, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 steamed chicken (cut into joints), fat or oil for frying.

Mix flour with paprika and salt. Rub thoroughly into dry surface of chicken joints, using the hands. Allow to dry out well before starting to cook. Heat fat or oil to depth of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. in heavy frying-pan or thick saucepan. When fat or oil is hot, add the larger joints first, then the smaller, without overcrowding the pan; brown well. To avoid piercing covering, use knife and spoon to turn joints several times.

**CHICKEN PAPRIKA** with saffron rice, and prawns de Jonghe, illustrated at left, owe their distinctive flavor to the judicious use of paprika.





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

October 12, 1960

# Teenagers'

WEEKLY



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly  
Not to be sold separately

**THE FIVE AGES OF  
TEENAGE LOVE, page 3**



# LETTERS

## Training course wanted

HAVING studied physiology and zoology at school, I became interested in medical work and obtained a position as a doctor's receptionist. I was shocked, though, to learn that no qualifications (such as a course in physiology or nursing) were required, and also there is no wage award for girls in such a position. I feel sure that as most occupations require specialised training, it would be advantageous if a course was designed for doctors' receptionists, at the end of which they received a certificate and so had the satisfaction of being qualified for a specific job. — "Receptionist," Ashgrove, Qld.

## New voices daily

I AM always influenced by the accents and voices of other people. Under the spell of some very wealthy children with whom I played, I started speaking in a most la-di-dah refined way. My voice became imperious and shrill, and I said "naice," "knaife," and "quaite." When these children left the district I ganged up with some other kids who said "noice," "knoife," and "quoite." So did I. Then one of my very worst parrot-periods was when I started going to the pictures. One day I'd talk like Jerry Lewis and the next like Brigitte Bardot. I also had bad spells of American accent, saying "yup" and "uh-uh." And what about the telephone voice? Mine varies with mood and weather, but I know some people who answer their phones in such affected tones as to make you check the book on the number. — "Accents," Lismore, N.S.W.

## 12 too young

GOING steady at 12 and 13 is too young. "Dater," of Hobart (T.W., 7/9/60), may have had "terrific fun," but just because American children do it doesn't mean it's a good idea. I think 16 is early enough to date and even then not with one boy. How can you get to know boys if you go out with the same one all the time? — Wendy Taylor, Cronulla, N.S.W.

## Parent problem

THE Tips for Parents by Brendan O'Dwyer (T.W., 7/9/60) are excellent, but I can't go to my mother with my problems, especially those concerning sex, because I get terribly embarrassed. She is always asking me to tell her what happened at school, but when I do she doesn't approve,

and tells me how children behaved when she was at school and how good they were. As a result I keep it to myself. I am very friendly with a young married couple next door and I find it easier to ask their advice on any problems. As a result Mum gets annoyed. Do other teenagers have the same problem? — "Embarrassed," Bentleigh, Vic.

## Snowy Scheme

I WAS lucky enough to visit the Snowy Mountains Scheme during my school holidays. This trip was an education. I discovered the peaceful beauty deep in the Australian Alps, and the scheme itself is a wonderful engineering feat which all Australia should be proud of. Even living in a cold climate with biting winds for a week was worth it for a Queenslander. — "Frosty," Camp Hill, Qld.

## Radio programmes

IT is almost impossible for teenagers to hear classical music on the radio, wrote Helen Coleman (T.W., 24/8/60). Has she forgotten the excellent service provided by the A.B.C. in catering for the classical taste? Remember, you are not "forced to endure" anything on the radio. The musical taste of teenagers lies not in the "hands of disc jockeys" but in your hand when you turn on the radio. — Jeffery Carroll, Margaret River, W.A.

## Charity again

I AM writing in answer to the people who did not agree with my opinion "That charity begins at home" (T.W., 3/8/60 and 14/9/60). Yes, I was born in Australia and I have not experienced war. I did not say that giving money to the refugees was wasting it, but I think that it would be better if we helped our aborigines, the Spastic Centre, etc., first, THEN help the refugees. My father does have his own home now, but only by working for it. Susanna Short says that "Australia is one of the most privileged countries in the world." If this is so, why do people kick up a fuss if an aboriginal wants to lead a normal life—building a house in town and raising a family. Look at the houses most of them live in. The aborigines should have the first privilege, as they were the first here. There are lots of people who feel as I do. — Patricia Mathew, Junee, N.S.W.

## The bad old days

YOUNG folk often hear about "the good old days." Yet history tells us that "the good old days" were made up of no TV, no modern housing, narrow streets, many unemployed, and Mum was the washing-machine. Many sicknesses were incurable and the general standard of living was low. Women were not accepted in high positions as they are today. Who wants to live in the past when the present is so much better? — Jean Ottaway, Broadmeadows, Vic.

## Cars or jobs?

IN American films high-school students go to school in cars. I wondered how this was possible until an American friend informed me that they can apply for a driver's licence at 15. However, she was surprised when I told her that at 14 Australians can apply for a job and can work during holidays. — Christine Johnson, Kallangur, Qld.



Christine Johnson

## Cool trousers

WHY do most schoolboys have to wear the same regulation grey woollen trousers all the year round? They are extremely uncomfortable in summer, and surely a seasonal change to cotton wouldn't be too much trouble to parents. I wear polished-cotton trousers, which cost about £2/10/-, but still look smart and neat and cool and comfortable on the hottest days. — "Cooler Schooler," Greenacre, N.S.W.

## Pay for pupils

SENIOR school students should be paid by the Government, say, 5/-, 10/-, and £1 a week for Intermediate, Leaving, and Matriculation students respectively. Bonuses could also be given for good exam performances. This would induce pupils to stay at school, to work harder, and also help those in financial difficulties. — R. Denisenko, Wangaratta, Vic.

## A critical eye

I AM appalled at the quality of most contributions printed on page two of this otherwise highly commendable magazine. Every Wednesday my friends and I never cease to wonder at the nonsensical trivialities published. In T.W., 7/9/60, there were four such efforts: "A dog is a pal" (a fact we realised when about four or five years old); "Steady at 12" (when I'm with the gang the day goes with a bang—to summarise); "Happiness" (a topic most schools and debating societies never wish to hear again!); and, finally, "Opera House Rock" (neither a constructive criticism of opera singers nor an effort worthy of the English language). I hope the standard of contributions will improve, and that more thoughtful and mature subjects will present themselves to readers, for I thoroughly enjoy T.W. — Carolyn Morrison, Kingsgrove, N.S.W.



Helen Touzel

## Teacher's friend

LET'S not be too critical of our teachers—spending more time with better pupils, for instance. Isn't it just that others aren't interested enough? It would be ridiculous for a teacher to divide time equally between pupils. Obviously some need more tuition on special subjects than others, while some can practically teach themselves! So let's work along with our teachers, not against. — Helen Touzel, Balgowlah, N.S.W.

## Money in the bank

EVERY teenager should be encouraged to open a bank account. Most receive an allowance and from this they should bank a little each week. Money in the bank is better than in a box at home, for it is earning interest and is out of temptation's way. — Rosemary Burgess, Albury, N.S.W.

## Shorten holidays

I AM sick of school holidays, which are far too long. In the last holidays I counted the days until school reopened, and I am dreading Christmas when I shall have to count about 60. — "Holiday Hater," Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

## Should teenagers vote?

● Teenagers should have the right to vote, said Lee Ashley (T.W., 17/8/60), and suggested that the voting age should be lowered to 16. Most readers did not agree.

I HAVE never heard of anything more ridiculous. Teenagers are too busy worrying about the opposite sex, hobbies, or clothes to know anything about politics. They would probably vote for someone because he had a "nice name." Let's leave the voting to our elders. — E. Dorran, Wollongong, N.S.W.

I STRONGLY disagree. Few teenagers of 16 are sufficiently familiar with politics to be of service to the community by voting. For the majority of teenagers a few years without authority to vote enables them to become educated and interested in politics. — J. L. Brown, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

ALL teenagers who have jobs and have to pay taxes should have the right to vote. Saying that a person cannot vote until the age of 21 because he or she is not emotionally mature is sheer nonsense. In this modern world a 15-year-old is mature enough to know whom he wants, or does not want, in Parliament. — Caroline Downes, Dundas, N.S.W.

BEFORE such a step could even be considered, politics would have to be taught in detail in schools, and teenagers would have to prove themselves mature and responsible enough to hold this privilege. — Elizabeth Noske, Nedlands, W.A.

NO person is sufficiently mature at 16 to vote, but he is at 18. Representatives from all political parties should visit high schools and youth organisations and explain the aims of their party. When they have heard the opinions and views of the leaders, senior teenagers could form their own opinions. — Anne Cooper, Toorak Gardens, S.A.

FANCY giving teenagers the vote! Just look at the numbers of informal votes that are counted in every election. These votes are made by people over 21, who should know the importance of voting. Just imagine the chaos if we teenagers were allowed the franchise! — Veronica Lovings, Cobden, Vic.



# The five ages of TEENAGE LOVE

● In a recent American survey it was found that 78.4 per cent. of all teenagers were in love or had been in love.

AND two out of every three of them had been in love more than once.

Most of them—40 per cent.—had been in love twice, 12 per cent. three or four times, and 14 per cent. five or more times.

And how long does this state of being in love last? For girls who tend to fall in and out of love, it's longer than you would think.

About one-third of them said less than six months, another third between six months and two years, and the rest more than two years.

When asked "Do you think you are mature enough to fall lastingly in love?" 63 per cent. said no, 4 per cent. weren't sure, and 33 per cent. said yes.

Most of those who thought they were mature enough were 17 or older.

Of the 21.6 per cent. who had never been in love, more than half of them were 15 or younger, and one in five admitted to having "big crushes" on someone.

That brings us to the big question:

What does a teenage girl mean when she says "I am in love?"

As you might expect, there is not one definition, but many—and as you grow older your idea of love changes.

The survey showed that very few 13-year-olds fell in love, and that the views of 19-year-olds were almost identical with those of girls aged 18.

So there are five ages of teenage love—14, 15, 16, 17, and 18—and on this page we publish some typical definitions of love by American girls in each age group.

**14** is when the important thing is being WITH a boy, and expressing your emotion.

*"Love is liking somebody an awful lot; being faithful to one person; dating one person; talking on the phone for hours to one person."*

*"You're in love when you like a boy so much you'd like to run up and kiss him."*

**15** has two extremes—getting affection (rather than giving it) or believing that love means utter and total sacrifice of self. (Noble as this sounds, it is immature. Love is giving and receiving—a mutual exchange. There are things that are a part of you, the things which make you a full human being that should not be thrown over or given up for love.)

*"Love is when each party concerned is willing to give up everything for the other person. Each must be able to share both happiness and sorrow. I think that anybody my age is much too young to be in real love—that is, love to last you for the rest of your life."*

*"Love is a wonderful feeling of someone showing his affections towards you. You feel that you have someone who wants you and cares about you."*

**16** is the year when most girls begin to evaluate boys on the basis of character.

*"Love is a mixture of respect, compatibility, common interests and ideals, common principles and goals, plus emotions. To love someone is to want to give your life*

*to helping him with his goals and making them your own."*

*"If you can see his faults and still think he's wonderful . . . if you would just as soon spend an evening talking to each other as going to a party . . . if you want to help him, love him, and live with him forever after thinking of how long forever is, then that's love."*

**17**-year-olds emphasise that love must grow, and that it must be mutual.

*"Love is a constant growth of appreciation, respect, and confidence towards the other person and similar tendencies in him. It is the trust and faith that two people share that increases."*

*"Love is mutual respect between two people, genuine liking for that person, someone whose company you enjoy and can act natural with. Above all, love is between two people. It is not 'I am in love with him or he is in love with me,' but 'we are in love together.'"*

**18** is the age when most of you begin looking for lasting love—love that is realistic and based on sharing.

*"Love is acceptance of a person with his faults and a feeling of security, affection, sharing, confidence, and 'togetherness' with him. Love is also trust and understanding. If I can picture a marriage and children along with an intellectual meeting with a boy, I feel I could be in love with him."*

*"Love is a combination of many things physical and mental. It is the actual giving and sharing of everything unselfishly . . . the caring for the welfare of the other party concerned."*

*"Real love is when you know you can share the rest of your life with him, when your quarrels end in greater understanding and not in hidden anger, when you respect him as another person and don't try to make him a mirror of yourself."*

## WHAT IS *YOUR* DEFINITION OF LOVE?

● Whether you've ever been in love or not, you must have thought about it a lot—so send us your definition of being in love. Is it similar to those of the American girls on this page—or is it quite different?

Entries should be no more than 100 words, and we will give a prize of £5 to the best one in each yearly age group from 14 to 19.

This contest is open to boys as well as girls.

Remember to put your NAME, AGE, and FULL ADDRESS on each entry and post it to "Love Contest," Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.



THAT TRIP ABROAD . . . we've planned what to take and discussed jobs, accommodation, and tours in our past two issues. Finally we come to . . .

## Travel etiquette

● "When in Rome . . ." Yes, you say, but why worry about what the Romans do when you're just an Australian on holiday? Why bother to learn foreign customs?

**B**UT HEY! You're the foreigner, this time. You'll realise that in countries before you get to Rome. And, like it or not, you'll have to adapt yourself to other manners, other customs, even if only for your own benefit.

This is one of the most complex problems of your trip abroad. What are good manners in Australia may be deeply offensive in Finland. What is acceptable dress on the French Riviera could cause a riot in Spain.

Of course, as a foreigner, you can't be expected to toe the etiquette line faultlessly, and the "natives" respect that. What they don't like is a lack of respect for their way of life.

If you do offend it will probably be through ignorance rather than lack of manners. For you, this may be excusable, but for Europeans ignorance is NOT excusable.

### English ways

Even in England you'll find etiquette different from our own.

For example: English people shake hands when they are introduced and again when they say goodbye. Even women do it. Catch on to this habit gracefully and quickly, and remember it's the same in every European country.

When you are invited to a party, it is not DONE to arrive even a quarter of an hour late. And worse still is to stay on after the time you've been invited for.

So at a cocktail party from 5.30 to 7.30 you should arrive and depart at those times.

Similarly tea. If you're invited by some English friends for tea, you will get a cup of tea and a snack of food at 4.30-ish—not a meal at 6.30.

And after a party you should send flowers, or at least a written note, to the hostess.

If you've been invited to dinner in an English home, take along a small gift, perhaps chocolates. This custom is also obligatory in France and Italy.

At some stage you'll probably be invited to stay a weekend with an English family. If there are any servants, don't forget to reward them for looking after you. You could tip them (10/- to the butler is normal), but better still, ask the advice of your hostess. She may suggest a small present.

—By CAROL  
TATTERSFIELD

Tipping is a real problem in Europe, but a good guide is—when in doubt, tip. In most countries, wages are so low that people rely on tips for their living. You'll be rewarded for your generosity in service and friendliness.

Waiters in restaurants everywhere in Europe are ALWAYS tipped, even when the price of the tip is included in your bill. Taxi-drivers, hairdressers, and porters, even in England, expect a tip, too.

When touring in Europe, don't forget that most of the people you see are much poorer than you're ever likely to be—even though you may be travelling on a shoestring.

So don't leap over an unguarded vineyard fence and help yourself. And in a village market, don't antagonise the stallholders by "sampling" the food and then deciding not to buy it. You are expected to bargain for it, however. That's the normal way of trading.

When you're eating in restaurants on the Continent, bread rolls are nearly always served free. It's quite a temptation to fill up on bread, then order the cheapest dish on the menu. Fair? Not really. Not even to yourself. Make the most of this opportunity to sample really good, authentic national dishes. They'll never be the same anywhere else.

### "Sinful" dress

Dress is another tricky point. You're fairly safe in England, though boys find that some employers will not tolerate colored shirts. "White collar" workers really do wear white collars and shirts.

But on the Continent your dress could offend on religious grounds. In a church, even though you may only be going to look at a statue, you should cover your head with a scarf. And don't wear low-necked or sleeveless blouses, shorts, or slacks.

In some places, especially Spain, girls in shorts or bathing-suits are regarded as sinful. They could be carted off by the police for a legal offence, or maybe pinched or slapped by angry locals.

Everywhere you go you'll notice that people have a more formal code of social behaviour than they have in Australia.

English people say "You must come and see us sometime," just to be polite. They don't mean you to drop in without warning. When they do want you to visit them, they will stipulate a date and a time. If you do decide to pay a spontaneous visit, always warn them by letter or telephone.

Similarly, if you have a letter of introduction, don't present it at the front door. Post it, with a covering letter about yourself, and wait for them to get in touch with you.

### "Pick-up" danger

And just a word about "pick-up" friends as you go along. By all means talk to people and be friendly. But if you flirt with that handsome Italian you meet on the train and accept a drink, the consequences could be unpleasant.

More unpleasant still is the realisation that it is YOUR fault. Anywhere in Europe, with the exception of Scandinavia, girls do not usually talk with strange young men. If they do they are regarded as "women of the world."

So, never accept a date with a European you have not been introduced to by reliable friends.

A small point, but worth mentioning for the pleasure it will give you, is the method of addressing people in Europe. You shouldn't just say "hullo" or "goodbye" to anyone without adding their title.

Thus, in France, when the wife of the grocer or the woman in the market bids you "Au revoir, Mademoiselle," you'll draw a beaming smile if you reply, "Au revoir, Madame," rather than a curt "Au revoir."

The woman may be unmarried, and therefore not entitled to "Madame," but if she's older than you and you are not sure of her status, it is more polite to use "Madame."

This formality applies in practically every European country, so you should learn each national form of address.

Which brings us round to the language problem. No need to study all the intricacies of foreign grammar, but don't balk at learning the local forms of "Good day," "Good-bye," "Please," "Thank you," "How much does it cost?", "Which is the way to . . . ?"

No matter how bad your pronunciation, people always appreciate your trying to speak their language. They'll respect you for respecting them.

## ARE YOU NICE TO KNOW?

● Are you one of those people who have lots of real friends? Do you have a genuine interest in people?

**I**N OTHER WORDS, are you nice to know? Answer the questions below honestly and carefully with a yes or a no. Check your score, and see what you can do to improve your personality.

- 1 Do you ever give your mother a day off by doing all the cooking? . . . . .
- 2 Does it amuse you to see how many hearts you can win at a party? . . . . .
- 3 Can you listen sympathetically when a friend pours out her tale of woe? . . . . .
- 4 Do you think it's more important to look your prettiest than to be ready for a date on time? . . . . .
- 5 Do you always make your bed before you race off to school or work? . . . . .
- 6 Are you fond of most of the small children you know? . . . . .
- 7 Do you have to be the life and soul of the party? . . . . .
- 8 Do you visit an old (and perhaps boring) relative regularly? . . . . .
- 9 Can you sincerely admire another girl's dress, and tell her so? . . . . .
- 10 Do you promise to telephone a friend, and then fail to do so? . . . . .
- 11 Do you greet your date with a smile, even when you're depressed? . . . . .
- 12 Do you tell your family what went wrong at work or school more often than what went right? . . . . .
- 13 Do you think it's old-fashioned to ring or write to thank your hostess after a party? . . . . .
- 14 Do you always seem to be upset about something? . . . . .
- 15 When listening to music with others, do you talk when you don't like what's being played? . . . . .
- 16 Do you ever buy something just because your young brother, sister, or friend would like it for a present? . . . . .
- 17 Do you prefer giving parties to attending other people's? . . . . .
- 18 Do you read a lot and discuss what you read with others? . . . . .
- 19 Do you always have a cheery word for the person you see on the way to work or school every morning? . . . . .
- 20 Do you often seek the company of friends, as distinct from boy-friends or girl-friends? . . . . .

## SCOREBOARD

● For questions 2, 4, 7, 10, 12, 13, 14, and 15—score one point for no. For all other questions, score one for yes.

**UNDER 10:** You'll have to do better if you want to get through life happily. Make an effort to alter yourself so you can honestly answer more questions the right way.

**11 TO 15:** You probably have a small group of good friends because you're a likeable person, but you could give others more of your time and interest.

**16-20:** You are really nice to know—kind, sympathetic, and considerate of others. You probably have a wide circle of good friends and even more acquaintances.





From BETTY BEST, in London

● Viktors Ritelis has always been mad about films. When he left school in Melbourne a few years ago he decided to become a film-maker.

SO what did he do about it? He made a film! He wrote the story, acted the title role under his own direction — and operated the camera!

Using his father's garage as a studio, the film cost him £400.

Now he is in London, where Tommy Steele's manager, Larry Parnes, has promised him £5000 to make his second film.

Viktors, with soft blond hair and deep-set sky-blue eyes, stands 6ft. in his socks.

He seems rather shy at first. He tells you simply that he is 22 and that he went to Australia when he was six, but the tone of his voice and his mature demeanor give you the impression of an older man.

It is when he starts to talk about his work that the boyish enthusiasm comes in and the diffidence disappears.

"I've been mad about films since I was a child," he said. "With my parents I escaped from Latvia when the Russians came in. I don't remember much about my homeland, but I do remember quite a bit about Germany. I suppose that's because war etches memories deeper than peace time."

"People have said that my rather macabre film ideas spring from those war memories. I don't think that's right, really."

"But I do think that anybody with imagination can combine the things they have experienced with the ideas of what they want to experience, and this can be a creative urge."

At his Melbourne school he quickly became a real Aussie. "I had no trouble fitting in with my new country—it seemed like home from the start," he said.

#### TV job

When he left school he went to work for Defence Standards Laboratories, because they were making color films and he wanted to learn all he could from the bottom up.

Then the A.B.C. announced a scheme for training TV tech-

nicians, and Viktors was one of the 10 chosen.

Soon after joining the A.B.C., Viktors was working on cine cameras for outside broadcasts, documentaries, and news programmes.

But this was not his first experience of film-making. For more than two years he had spent every minute of his time making a short film of his own.

"I called it 'Angel With A Scar,'" he said. "I wrote it, acted in it, directed it, and filmed it."

"There's only one other actor in the film, so I'm in just about every scene. I had to set the camera, give the bloke who was operating it his instructions, and then rush round in front and perform."

#### To prove himself

"I didn't make it with a commercial market in mind. I just wanted to prove I had potential as an actor and a producer and it seemed the best way to show anyone who might be prepared to employ me what I could do."

In the garage-studio at his home in Sunshine, he often worked until three in the morning. At weekends he would go off to Footscray or St. Kilda to shoot his location work.

"Sometimes the film was held up for months while I got together enough money to shoot some more," he said. "I had to save every penny from my wages."

When "Angel" was nearly finished, Viktors went off with his TV camera crew to make a feature on Tommy Steele, then touring Australia.

He was one of four on the cameras, and Larry Parnes might never have noticed him had he not spent what time he could taking his own still shots of Tommy in action.

"I wanted to do a story in pictures of Tommy for a magazine similar to one I had done earlier on Robert Helpmann."

"This had brought me quite a lot of kudos, and when Larry saw the pictures he said he was quite happy for me to try."

Later, Larry asked to see

## He made a film in a garage

VIKTORS RITELIS as Angel, the title role in his own film. All the stills on this page were photographed by Viktors himself. He set up the camera and lights, posed the shots, and used an assistant to click the shutter.

"Angel With a Scar" and was so impressed that he told Viktors to finish it and bring it to England.

For three months Viktors worked non-stop on the editing and final shooting.

The story concerns a neurotic young man called Angel who lives in a boarding-house with an old hunchback. Angel believes his only security lies in collecting money — not for what it can buy him but for the very fact of owning it.

When he has collected a small pile he hides it in the statue of a girl in his room, but the hunchback sees him do this and steals it.

The hunchback is killed by a hit-and-run driver while he still has the money with him. Angel steals the money from the hunchback's body, not knowing it is his own.

His guilt complex drives him to his downfall through a series of finely drawn scenes of exquisite tension which give Viktors every chance, as an actor and director, to show his paces.

#### Producing shows

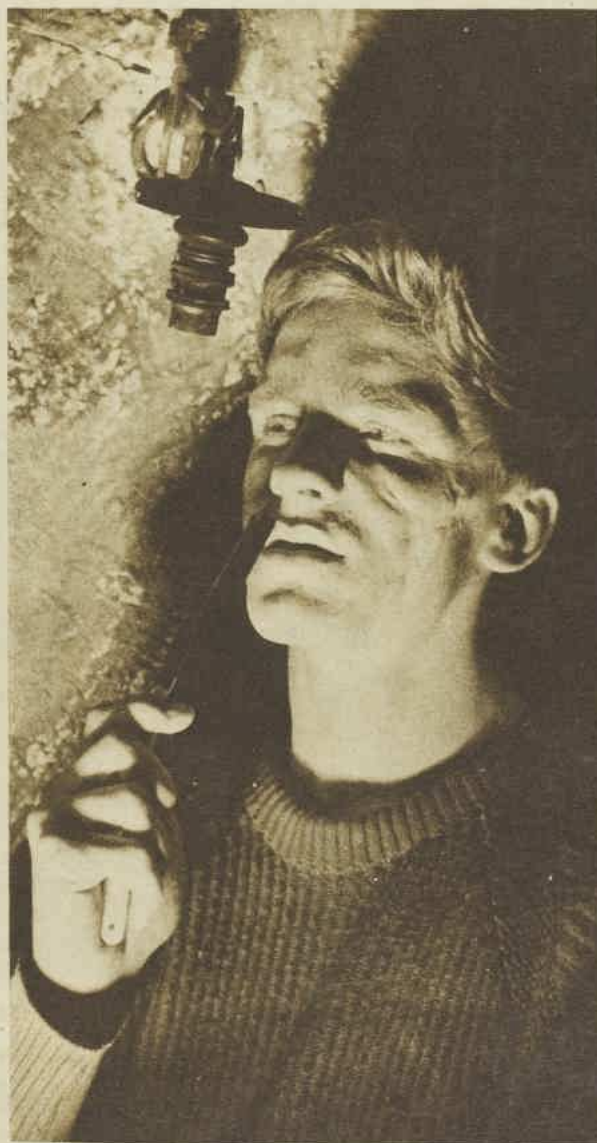
The film will soon be shown to distributors in London.

"I want to get it general distribution if I can," Parnes said. "And I'm prepared to back Viktors in another one as soon as we can get started."

Meanwhile, young Mr. Ritelis is enlarging his field of activities. He has produced two summer shows for Larry Parnes, and is using his still camera for front-of-house and publicity shots.

He has already mapped out the story of his new film and hopes it will be in production before Christmas.

And next year he expects to show one or both of his films at some of the famous European film festivals.





# SEW SIMPLE FOR SUMMER



**5935.** — Classic shirtmaker with a skirt full of unpressed pleats. Note color splash of cravat tucked in neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/6.

**5839.** — Double-breasted dress with a wide notched collar and nipped-in waist above a wide, bouncy skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/6.



**5938.** — This graceful dress has cuffed, below-elbow-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/6.



**5939.** — Pretty blouse and skirt outfit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Blouse requires 1½yds. 36in. fabric. Skirt 3yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/9.





# FAMILY COMIC

*Sandra*

BY BILL SAWYER

After Sandra has found her beautiful Model Girl Contest dress ruined by ink, she sees jealous model Lila at the pictures with one of the contest judges. On the night of the contest, wearing another dress the boss has given her to replace the spoiled one, Sandra is on her way to the judging when the taxi runs into thick fog. Time passes, and she is too late, so goes home. She is in tears when the phone rings, and her mother answers it. NOW READ ON...

DARLING IT'S ALL RIGHT! HALF THE GIRLS AND TWO OF THE JUDGES NEVER GOT THERE IN THE FOG - THE CONTEST WAS POSTPONED!

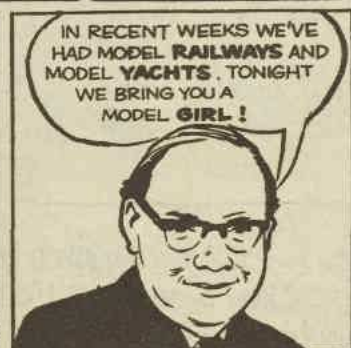
AND JUST A WEEK LATER SANDRA ARRIVES FOR THE POSTPONED CONTEST...

I'M COMPETITOR NUMBER 7, SANDRA

NO. 7? THIS WAY PLEASE

AS THERE ARE SO MANY ENTRIES WE MUST ASK YOU TO SHARE A DRESSING ROOM WITH COMPETITOR NO. 8

LILA!



**RIVETS**





# JACKY'S DIARY

by **JACKY MENDELSON**  
Age 32½.

Last night Mommy read me a story called **THE FOX & THE CROW**



It was all about this **LADY CROW** who had found a piece of **CHEESE**.



She was just gonna eat it when **OLIVER** sudden this here **FOX** came who also liked **CHEESE**.



So the **FOX** said:

Gee, it sure a lovely day aint it?



...Only the **CROW** didn't answer him.



You see the **FOX** figured if he could get the **CROW** to open his mouth, the **CHEESE** would fall out & he would get it.

So then he said:

Wow, you sure look beauty-full today!



The **CROW** felt highly flattened, only she still wooden talk back.

So finely the **FOX** said:

Every body says what a lovely voice you got. I would love to here you sing some thing.



The **CROW** was so flattened by this remark that she started into sing.



Only the minute she opened her mouth, the **CHEESE** fell out & the **FOX** ate it all up!

The **MORALE** of this story is: Don't talk with your mouth full of food. **Especially** to a **FOX**!

Yr. friend,  
**JACKY.**

**TIZZY** By **Kate Osann**



"No, we've never met, but I'd like to know your name."

**BUTCH**



"Oh, good — you're awake! I've been dying to eat some of this peanut brittle."

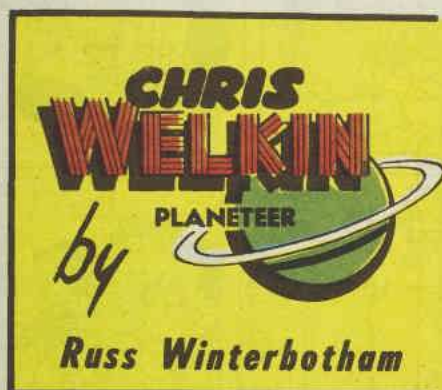
**Man in Apron**



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● Chris Welkin, intrepid planeteer of the year 2000, on inspecting the "meteor" which has landed on earth near where Adam Peevy and his schoolteacher girl friend, Bessie McGonigle, were walking in the woods, finds that it is some sort of spaceship. Meanwhile, a strange creature has emerged from the "meteor" and surprised Bessie in her classroom. Bessie, at first terrified, soon finds that the creature has an affectionate nature. NOW READ ON...





**TEENA** *by Linda Terry*

MOM, CAN WE HAVE A PARTY?

DON'T EVEN ASK. YOU KNOW WE PROMISED YOUR FATHER A QUIET SUMMER. BESIDES, I'VE GOT THE HOUSE CLEAN AND I WANT IT TO STAY THAT WAY!

BUT, MOM, THIS IS SERIOUS. YOU KNOW WE NEVER DATE ANY ONE BUT EDDIE, DOODLE, FRANKIE, DANNIE AND BUGJUICE!

WE'RE IN A TERRIBLE RUT! WE'VE JUST GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO GET OTHER BOYS INTERESTED IN US! WE'RE DESPERATE!

WE THOUGHT A PARTY WITH ALL NEW BOYS, MAYBE—

YOUR MOTHER'S SO UNDERSTANDING! NOW, WHO'LL WE INVITE?

I'M ASKING BUTCH.

OH, PLEASE DON'T. I WANT MEREDITH, AND BUTCH ALWAYS FIGHTS WITH MEREDITH...

HOW 'BOUT ASKING THE CHORAL GROUP?

OH, THEY JUST SING ALL THE TIME... WE WON'T HAVE ANY ONE TO DANCE WITH.

I KNOW WHO I'M GONNA ASK — DONALD!

DONALD WON'T COME WITHOUT CHARLIE —

—SO LET'S ASK CHARLIE!

WHY CAN'T WE INVITE A COUPLE OF OLDER GIRLS THEN?

OH, NO!

DON'T BE SILLY. THOSE BOYS WON'T COME FOR US. WE'RE TOO YOUNG FOR THEM...

WE JUST MAILED OUR INVITATIONS, MOM. EVERYTHING'S ALL SET.

THAT'S NICE... NOW TELL ME, WHO ARE THESE BOYS YOU'VE INVITED?

EDDIE, DOODLE, FRANKIE, DANNIE AND BUGJUICE.

8-2

## MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, Master Magician, with Narda and Lothar on an expedition in the foothills of Mt. Arat, hears in a village that a "demon photographer" has stolen the soul of the headman—their guide Cerpo's father—in his "picture box." He has also ridden off with a gold-laden mule. They retrace their steps to get the "demon." Lothar finds the "demon" just as his hand is poised to take Lothar's picture. NOW READ ON



I'LL BE HAPPY TO TAKE YOUR PICTURE, SIR.

YOU DEMON PICTURE FELLA. MAKE SILLY BUSINESS, TAKE GOLD, YOU COME BACK WITH US!

NO, LOTHAR -- WAIT --

POUFF

NO TRICKS--OR I'LL BREAK YOU IN TWO--UH--

THERE, THAT WAS A GOOD ONE! WE HAVE HIS SPIRIT RIGHT WHERE WE WANT IT--ON THE FILM IN THE DEVELOPER CAN!

LOTHAR IS SUDDENLY RIGHT

LOTHAR--!

YOU DO NOT BELIEVE, COME AND LOOK FOR YOURSELF!

THE PICTURE IS--WRITHING! AND THAT VOICE--

YOU SEE?

I'M HERE -- I'M HERE --

SO! YOU CAME TO TAKE ME AND MY GOLD! NOW--IT IS YOUR TURN--FAIR LADY! A PRETTY PICTURE!

NO--NO--MANDRAKE--MANDRAKE

MANDRAKE-- MANDRAKE--

NARDA'S VOICE!

CONTINUED





● The sweet-sixteen look of these simple uncluttered styles is the smoothest look for a long hot summer. And you can make all these dresses from patterns. Address orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please state size required and write your name and address in block letters.



**5936.** — This straight-cut sheath has extended buttoning. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/6.



**5937.** — Crisp bobble-braid trims the pin-tucked panels on the bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. Requires 4½yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/6.



**5838.** — Pretty pintucking and the gathered midriff make this summer-date dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material, 3½yds. ¾in. lace edging. Price 4/6.



**5934.** — Demure button-up-to-the-neck jacket with a flat, Peter Pan collar tops a breeze-cool dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/9.





Louise  
Hunter

Here's  
your answer

### Jealous boy

"I AM a girl of 17½ and, even though I say so myself, am very mature for my age. I have been going steady with a boy now for 13 months, and am very much in love with him. He's 19. We plan to become engaged just before Christmas on my 18th birthday. My problem is that he is extremely jealous if any other boy glances my way. If I so much as smile at another boy, he loses his temper. I have an extremely good figure, 37, 22, 37, and boys seem to notice me. At dances, I never miss out on one dance, but my boy-friend has become so unbearable that I'm scared to accept dances. He does not dance himself. Please can you help me? My boy-friend knows I love him very much and he loves me I'm sure. He has been hurt before in another romance, and I think he is frightened he will be hurt again. Please don't tell me to forget about him. I love him so very much."

"Worried," Qld.

Jealousy is a very hard emotion to handle, but I don't think you're making a very good attempt to handle it at all. It seems the strangest thing to me for you and your boy-friend to go to a dance when he doesn't dance. It can't be much fun at all for him to sit back and watch you enjoy yourself with all your other boy-friends. I think any girl as fond of a boy, as you obviously are, would suggest that in future you sit the dances out at the pictures or at

home, until he learns to partner you on the dance floor.

Why not suggest dancing lessons at a studio if possible, or, if not, at home? If he doesn't want to learn to dance because he doesn't like it, well, dancing is a small price to pay for love, don't you think?

Everyone has to pay some price for the regard of some particular person. It may be some simple thing like not eating peanuts when they're around, or not dancing, or something much more.

I wonder is this boy really jealous, or is it the very human reaction he has to being a looker-on at a dance with you? His situation at a dance sounds most unhappy to me.

You should find out if giving up the local dances improves his temperament, or if jealousy is one of his basic faults, before you announce your engagement.

### Manuscripts

"I HAVE written a story for a well-known publication. Could you please tell me what to write in the accompanying letter, and about what is the price per word for a short story? Also, how do I set it out, and do I have to have a pen-name, or can I use my own?"

T.M., Vic.

Manuscripts of stories should be typed in double spacing on one side only of the paper. Each page should be numbered, and, if possible, carry the name and address of the sender.

without hurting anyone: a formula that by some magic alchemy turns the desires of the heart into a casual friendship, to be picked up and put down at will. No one has ever found it.

Girls and boys, too, should realise that the end of a love affair is always painful for someone. There is nothing to equal the pain and distress it causes. Unhappily, it is part of life, and although it is said such bitter-sweet experience enriches character and makes the person involved nicer to know, it is hard to believe.

What makes it harder is the general line of fairy-story you learn about love being wonderful all the time. Mostly in the teen years it is quite a ghastly business of hot and cold emotions. It does get better as you get older, indeed it gets to be wonderful. But the unhappy partings with some embarrassment and side issues such as you are finding with your boy-friend's cousins have to be put up with.

Sorry to be such cold comfort.

You should attach a letter to the manuscript, addressed to the editor of the publication. All you need say is: "I submit herewith a story of 2000 words (or however long it is) for possible publication in your magazine. Stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed for its return if it is unsuitable."

Don't say any more. Busy editors haven't time to read great screeds, and they're not a bit interested in the author of a story until they write a good story.

I can't tell you about the price paid, as fees vary. A big national magazine, for instance, would probably pay more than a small country newspaper or low-circulation publication. A pen-name is not necessary. Editors generally prefer authors who write under their own name.

### Facing "scandal"

"I AM facing one of the greatest trials of my life. Scandal. I know that I am being discussed by the mothers in our street. Even now they are beginning not to let their children associate with me, but make feeble excuses to my mother, who is very worried about my 'bad reputation.' Oh, they are courteous to me when they meet me in the street, but I can tell the minute I turn my back I am the centre of discussion. It all started when I left home after having an argument with my parents. I was tortured for weeks by the look on my mother's face as I left, and, if that wasn't enough, after my return home I was given lecture after lecture. The word circulated the neighborhood fast. It is getting so I can't stand it any more. I have tried ignoring it, but it is too hard to turn one's back on cool, hard stares. Could you please help me soon? I feel as if I will go crazy if this Coventry keeps up."

"Broken Up," S.A.

I don't really know where to start with you. It is awful when you have to pay for something silly that you've done, especially when you can't resist the temptation to dramatise the situation, which is what you are doing.

Each of us dramatises things we're involved in. The most important person in the world to each individual is herself. And in the position you are, over-dramatisation is the rule.

Someone only has to turn his head away to cough or sneeze, and it's the cool stare of the direct cut; to be pre-occupied with their own problems and forget to smile, and they hate you; to say something in your sight looking towards you, and they're warning the whole street against you.

This isn't true at all. It is just your imagination working overtime, trying to justify yourself against acting normally. And acting normally is what you've got to do to retrieve the situation with the neighbors and your parents.

Lectures from your parents are designed to help you to see the error of your ways, not to make you feel resentful. So count 10 and try to overcome the resentment next time you're lectured.

Teenagers are very inclined to take their parents for granted, but parents are people, like teenagers. There is only one difference—they're wiser in experience and they know from good hard fact how to cope with experiences that baffle their sons and daughters.

Teenagers who are really clued-up listen closely to their parents to find out what they know, and even lectures are full of good, sound common sense that can teach you something.

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE



SUMMER is just around the corner and summer madness is in the air already. So how about letting some of it go to your head?

Wear a prissy poke bonnet (just like grandma used to wear) in pretty check gingham with long streamers that tie under the chin.

Or a Chinese coolie hat of bamboo — and trim it with a long green leafy plume and one wide-awake daisy.

If you're a "banana-lander," what better than a row of tiny artificial pineapples marching round the brim?

If you hail from the bush, trim your straw with miniature sheafs of wheat or corn. Corny? Never.

And for the beach belles, shells, shells, shells.

By the way, those big black sunglasses you hid behind all last summer, very old-glass this season.

Buy a bottle of brilliant nailpolish and paint the rims. Not just pink or red. Now you can buy gold or blue or green or whatever shade you fancy.

You could work out some fancy combos, red splashed with gold, or green streaked with pearl.

But if you're attached, but attached, to those black rims, jazz them up for the beach with clip-on earrings on the side arms. Flowers or shells or stripey ones. But mad.

It's summer, isn't it?

When you're a parent yourself, round 40 and as old as the hills, coping with your own teenage family, you'll say to yourself sometime: "I'd like to be 17 again myself, but I'd like to know what I know now, and then life would be so easy."

If you're a clever teenager, you can come a great deal closer to this desirable stage by learning from your father and mother the best way to cope with people and situations.

Obviously you have never tried this or you would not have run away in the first place. Try it; ask your parents to teach you how to cope with life. If you can't come at this, listen and learn. Give it a go, act normally, and I'm sure you'll soon be having a happy life again without any of the drama you are imagining.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.





Poise

● Poise is that important aspect of beauty that helps you to do the most ordinary, everyday things in a graceful way. Some lucky girls have natural poise; others have to learn it, and doing so in the formative years will pay lifelong dividends.

By Carolyn Earle

**A** COURSE in deportment is a good way for an awkward youngster to get quick results, and it's fun. Another way is to study the movements of those noted for their grace and poise—top models, actresses, and dancers.

If you would like to look all of one piece instead of just thrown together as do so many teenagers, practise in front of a full-length mirror the better ways to stand, sit, and walk that are outlined for you here.

**MODEL STANCE:** Fashion models are taught to stand tall, but not stiff. This upright stance will flatten and raise your tummy, tuck your tail under, and even raise your shoulder-line.

Always make it a habit to stand with one foot placed slightly forward and the back foot turned out at an angle. Standing flat on your feet with the legs apart is awkward and makes legs appear heavier. Instead, keep the legs close together, one knee drawn towards the inside of the other. Slightly flex or bend both legs.

**SITTING PRETTY:** The prettiest sitting position is based on the S-curve, in which legs wing well to one side of the chair. The outside, farthest extended, leg carries the weight. The under leg rests lightly on the side.

Perhaps the easiest sitting position (practise getting into a chair to the rhythm of one, two, three, controlling the movement into one graceful swoop) is to stretch feet out a little in front of you. Never push your feet under the chair, but keep the soles of your shoes on the floor.

If your legs are too short to hit the floor, sit forward in your chair. Place your feet so that the toe of one foot is about even with the arch of the other foot. Keep the front foot straight ahead, but turn the toe of the back one slightly out.

It's perfectly proper to cross your legs IF they are slim, and you can cross them above the knee so that the two legs fall side by side, provided, of course, you do it neatly and your skirt is long enough.

**A GRACEFUL WALK:** The way you walk is important to your health and appearance, but walking well is not the long suit of our girlhood, more's the pity. The models walk is taught in this manner:

- Keep feet parallel and walk with them straight ahead (practise this for one week).
- Let legs swing from the hips, but don't swing hips as well.
- Keep knees flexed and "easy."
- Measure your stride and don't take too long—or short—a step.
- Control arms so that they swing only slightly; drop hands naturally at sides.

# MAN! JOE IS NOW A DAD WITH A DOLL

● I believe that those learned men who study "dead" languages (or, you might say, words that have *parsed* away!) should take a look at teen talk.

**I**M not suggesting that teenagers have stopped talking — certainly the female ones I know don't, even stop for breath!

No, all I mean is that the language of young people is always changing, leaving behind vocabularies as "old hat" as Granddad's derby.

For a start, we'll examine the names for people who use teenage talk—boys and girls, as "squares" say!

A boy is now called "man"—"Hi, man," "Go, man," etc. ("Man!", of course, is also a new exclamation of surprise used now instead of the earlier "wow!" or "jeeppers creepers!")

The speed with which teen talk changes is clearly illustrated by the fact that while the word "man" is still in currency, the label "dad" (a contraction of "daddio") is even now replacing it.

Not so long ago, however, every Tom, Dick, and Harry was a "Joe" ("What d'you know, Joe?", etc.).

A man's or dad's playmate is now a "doll," a name replacing the former label, "chick."

Men and dolls who understand something, particularly music and dancing, now "dig" it or "get the beat," instead of "getting hep" to it as they used to not long ago.

And once a singer or film star was "terrific," "dreamy," and "snazzy." Now the words of approval are "the most" and, more lately, "nervous."

A car (as adults who don't get the beat call it) was to teenagers once a "heap" or a "jalopy." But such talk has been given a hot-(rod)foot and replaced by names like "missile" (let's hope they're never MIS-guided!) and — more down to earth — "charger." The second seems a more stable name, doesn't it?

Dull places used to be referred to by disgruntled teenagers as "cornball." Corn, however, now apparently goes against the grain (ouch!), and a boring set-up is "Nothingsville."

Then, when a teenager was in a hurry, he or she once said, "I'm boring along." The expression is now "my heels are on fire." Bless my sole!

Getting excited was "growing frantic"; today it's "blowing the jets."

Marching orders like "get lost" and "blow" have, appropriately enough in this year of space, been replaced by "go into orbit!"

And today the word "ginchy," meaning good, has Kook-ied (you know the young 77 Sunset Strip-teaser) the grammatical goose of "cool."

Well, that just about comes to the end of my dictionary of dead daffynitions by dolls and dads. 'Nuff Z!

—Robin Adair





**CLIFF RICHARD**

Page 10 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — October 12, 1962



# SUCCESS FOR ROCKER

● **Cliff Richard, the English rock-'n'-roll star, is riding high on a wave of success.**

JUST one success after another — TV and stage shows, hit records, a tour of the United States, and a starring role in the B.E.F. movie "Expresso Bongo," recently released in Australia.

His biggest success was the recording "Living Doll," which sold a million copies in England. His latest releases in Australia are the song from "Expresso Bongo" and "Please Don't Tease." He also has a new LP, "Cliff Sings," just out.

Cliff was born in Lucknow, India, on October 14, 1940, and his real name is Harry Webb. His family went to England in 1948, where Cliff finished school and became an office clerk.

His first professional engagement was at a holiday camp in 1958 when he was only 17.

Cliff has some very definite ideas about the type of girl he likes to date—and perhaps eventually marry.

"I can't stand girls who throw themselves at you," he says.

"My idea of a perfect date is a day that's easy, relaxed, right away from the crowds. Maybe we drive to the sea somewhere in my sports car, and just stroll along the beach. Then we call in at a cinema, enjoy a quite meal, and spend the evening ball-room dancing.

"My girl will have a simple taste in clothes. She'll choose a clean, unfussy dress with clean, clear colors—white or pastel pink or my favorite, green.

"When I marry—and it'll be a long engagement—we'll have a white wedding in church, one we can remember all our lives."

# LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

● Good news for young record buyers comes from Top Rank with the announcement of their new Teenage LP series, priced down to a cool 46/-, and featuring artists of special interest to teenagers.

**FIRST** releases include one from **Jimmy Clanton**, "Jimmy's Happy," with a swinging collection of favorite standards ("Kiss To Build A Dream On," "Beg Your Pardon") from the 21-year-old American guitarist-singer.

Another, "I'm Quitting Show Business," comes from **Little Richard**, that former wild rock-'n'-roller who's now a gospel-singing deputy preacher of the Seventh Day Adventist Church in Savannah, Georgia. Typical tunes are "Jesus Walked The Lonesome Valley," "Just A Closer Walk With Thee."

"Dee Clark" is a stand-out for its balanced selection ("Just Keep It Up," "Whispering Grass," "Hey, Little Girl") and the bright, versatile delivery of this 22-year-old negro singer.

Highly rated English jazz drummer and pianist **Tony Crombie** leads his band on "Drums! Drums! Drums!" with a programme (mostly of his own composition) that's as good for listening as for rocking to.

With each disc buyers will get a 10 x 8 pin-up photograph of a leading Australian disc jockey.

**Pops:** Ever since he came out of the Army, people have been claiming all sorts of improvements for **Elvis Presley**. They're right, but I think it takes his very creditable version of the well-loved Italian "O Sole Mio," retitled "It's Now or Never," to prove it (R.C.A. 45). Just to show he can still pile-drive a beat



Johnny Mathis

home, there's "Make Me Know It" on the flip. His usual group, The Jordanaires, is with him.

**WHILE** it's nice to stay loyal to old favorites, it isn't at all a bad thing to find some new names coming up, too. **Bob Luman**, with his anti-weezy "Let's Think About Living" (Warner Bros. 45), is one who could be around for quite a while. Bob makes the flip a bright one, too, an up-tempo medium rocker, "You've Got Everything."

**PEOPLE** who like to have the name of a top entertainer on the label of their LPs should be interested in a smartly titled new one from **Sammy Davis Jr.**, "It's All Over Bar The Swingin' (Festival). Quality standards "Someone To Watch Over Me," "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face" get an up-to-the-minute 1960 treatment from Sammy, with Jack Pleis and Morty Stevens directing the orchestral backing.

**VOLUME 2** of Parlophone's "Santo and Johnny" EP series offers these two highly polished instrumentalists (Santo, steel guitar; Johnny, rhythm guitar) in "Canadian Sunset," "Dream," "Harbor Lights," and "Raunchy."

**NUMBERS** that made good listening on **Jack Scott's** Top Rank LP "What In The World's Come Over You?" include "Good Deal Lucille," "It's My Way Of Loving You," and "Cruel World." The likeable young man from Detroit also sings all his recent hits, "Burning Bridges," etc.

"**MY Love For You**," **Johnny Mathis'** lovely classical-type ballad with a beautiful Glenn Osser backing,

has been doing big things in the American Cash Box Top 100. "Oh, That Feeling" is the medium-paced flip (Coronet 45).

**THAT** husky blond with the wonderful smile, **Tab Hunter**, still has lots of girl fans in this country. They can listen to him singing two oldies, "Love Is Just Around The Corner" and "Again," on a Warner Bros. 45.

**Folk Songs:** Nice to have that fresh-sounding group of former University of Washington pals, **The Brothers Four**, back with "Rally 'Round!" (Coronet LP). Don't set your heart on finding another "Greenfields" this time, but just enjoy "The Proposal" for humor, "Follow The Drinking Gourd" for drama, and the rest of this new collection of folk songs for the boys' own attractive arrangements.

**International:** These days just about everybody knows someone who came, or whose parents came, from another country, and it's enjoyable and interesting for a change to play music of these other lands.

Italian accordionist-band-leader "**Edoardo Lucchina**" (Pye LP) offers an agreeable, easy-going programme of the sort of music you might hear while sipping after-dinner coffee in a small Italian cafe. With some vocals.

Moving on to Germany, there's "**Berlin By Night**" (Parlophone LP), a disc crowded with snatches of the popular songs you might hear in the city's bars, restaurants,



Tab Hunter

and other places of entertainment. It's the genuine thing, recorded in Berlin.

More lively, though without the same authenticity, is **Top Rank's** "Pan-Americana," on which **Andy Sanella** and his Musical Fellas are the conductors of a Cook's Tour that takes in not only Latin-America (mambas and chachas) but France ("The Poor People of Paris"), the U.S. ("Cheek to Cheek," "Who's Sorry Now?"), and Italy ("Arrivederci, Roma"). Mono or stereo LP.

**Jazz:** "Brubeck Plays Brubeck," recorded in 1956, gives his admirers here their first opportunity to listen to **Dave Brubeck** on LP as a piano soloist in his own works. Though a little on the specialised side for the casual jazz listener, this Coronet disc affords an absorbing glimpse of Brubeck the progressive pianist-composer of four years ago.

**Classical:** Bach's genius takes on its most delightful form in the gem-like Brandenburg Concertos. All six can be heard on a two-disc set (each self-contained) put out by H.M.V. With **Yehudi Menuhin**, who on this occasion plays both piccolo and viola parts, as well as violin, with the Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra, under the leadership of Robert Masters. Mono or stereo LP.

**FOR** a memorable and entirely thrilling performance of the Beethoven Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 2, make a note of a Columbia LP, with pianist **Emil Gilels** and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, under youthful **Andre Vandernoot**.

## WORTH HEARING

### SIBELIUS: Violin Concerto

**THE** violin concerto of Jan Sibelius seems to be the only one written in this century that has joined the select group of "standard" violin concertos—the concertos that appear regularly in the repertoires of all leading violin virtuosos.

Dating from 1905, it is certainly not a drastically "modern" work, but like all the major works of this great Finnish composer it is strikingly original. Its mood is sombrely passionate, and although the violin part is one of the most difficult ever written, the soloist's role is always musical and expressive, never one of mere display.

Two violinists of supreme technical skill have recorded this concerto: **David Oistrakh**, with the Stockholm Festival Orchestra (Columbia), and **Yehudi Menuhin**, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, under Sir **Adrian Boult** (H.M.V.).

—Martin Long

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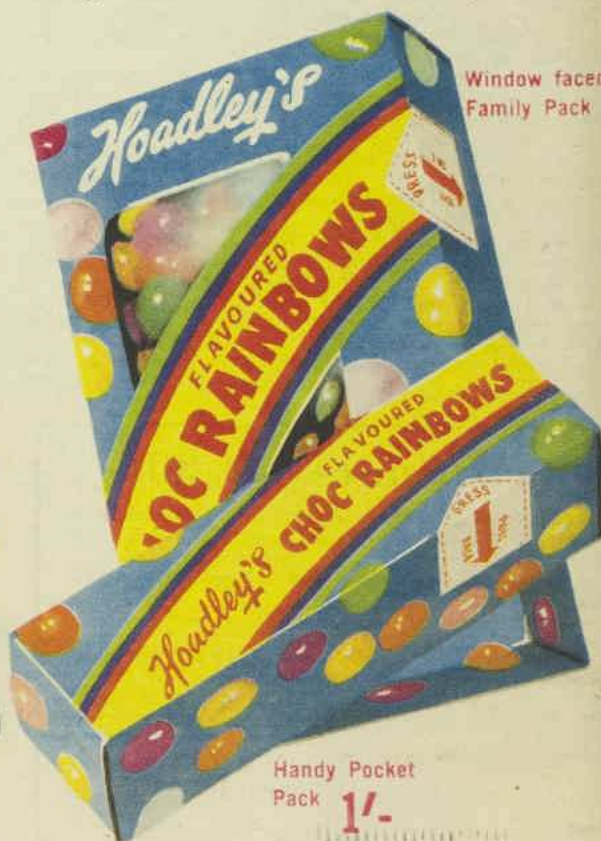




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Gaily coloured Flavoured Choc Rainbows  
with solid choc centre and seven  
deliciously flavoured candy coatings.  
So handy too — with the new dispenser.

# Flavoured CHOC RAINBOWS





# FLAVOR

sprinkle sugar generously over. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes or until peaches are tender. Serve either hot or cold. Serves 6.

## PEARS ROYALE

**Cake:** Two eggs, 3oz. sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon mixed spice, 1 tablespoon cornflour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon butter, 3 dessertspoons hot water.

Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar, beating until all sugar has dissolved. Beat in the egg-yolks. Lightly fold in sifted flour, spice, cornflour, salt, and butter melted in the warm water. Fill into greased 8in. sandwich-tin, bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Remove, cool a little, turn out on to cake-cooler.

**Topping:** Six pears, 1 stick cinnamon, 4oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, sherry or liqueur, 1 teaspoon ground cinnamon, water, 2 tablespoons chopped almonds,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint whipped sweetened cream.

Peel pears, cut in halves, remove centre stem and seeds. Place in a saucepan, cover with water, add sugar, cinnamon stick, lemon juice. Bring to boil, then simmer gently until tender. Drain and cool. Place cooled cake on to serving-dish, moisten with pear juice, sherry, or liqueur, sprinkle lightly with cinnamon. Arrange pear halves on top and around sides of cake. Pour over the apricot sauce. Top with chopped almonds, decorate with stars of whipped sweetened cream.

**Apricot Sauce:** Half-pound dried apricots,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon arrowroot or cornflour.

Soak apricots overnight in water. Next day drain well and place in saucepan, add sugar and water, cook until tender. Press through a sieve, return mixture to saucepan, stir in arrowroot or cornflour blended with little extra water. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 1 minute, cool a little. Serves 6 to 8.

*Continued overleaf*

**ADDITION OF SPICES** gives the dishes illustrated at right new and interesting flavors. They are walnut cream gateau, peach macaroons, pears royale, and summer fruit chantilly.



during cooking. When all joints are browned, add 2 or 3 tablespoons water, cover, and simmer gently until chicken is quite tender (about 20 to 25 minutes for pre-steamed chicken). Remove lid of pan for last 15 minutes to restore crispness of covering. Serves 4 or 5.

**Note:** This is good served with saffron rice as in picture at left.

## SAFFRON RICE

One chopped onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 small green pepper, 1 tablespoon good shortening, 1 cup chopped (or tinned) tomatoes, 2 cups stock (or 2 cups water in which 2 meat or chicken cubes have been dissolved),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt, few pieces of saffron, 1 cup rice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cooked green peas.

Saute onion, finely chopped garlic, and chopped green pepper in hot shortening 5 minutes. Heat stock, add saffron, then salt, rice, and tomatoes. Simmer 25 to 30 minutes, remove lid, and allow mixture to dry out over gentle heat. Fold in cooked peas, serve hot.

## PRAWNS DE JONGHE

Two pounds prawns,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup good shortening, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon paprika, pinch cayenne pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sherry, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs.

Wash and shell prawns. Melt butter, add finely chopped garlic, parsley, paprika, cayenne, and sherry. Mix well. Add breadcrumbs, toss lightly until well mixed. Place prawns in shallow ovenware dish, spoon buttered crumb mixture over top. Bake in slow oven 20 to 30 minutes or until crumbs are brown. Serve hot sprinkled with additional chopped parsley, or with garnish of lemon and parsley. Serves 4 or 5.

## SAVORY STUFFED TOMATOES

Eight medium-sized tomatoes, salt, pepper,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked chicken livers, 1 teaspoon grated or scraped onion, 2 rashers finely chopped cooked bacon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon finely chopped fresh basil or  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon dried basil.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut slice from top of each. Carefully scoop out pulp with spoon, invert tomatoes on flat plate to drain. Chop half the pulp (reserve remainder for future use), season with salt and pepper, mix with finely chopped chicken livers, onion, bacon, breadcrumbs, and basil. Dust tomato-cases with salt and pepper, fill with chicken-liver mixture, piling up well in centre. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes until tomato-cases are tender and filling is hot. Serve with peas and potato straws. Serves 6.

## INDIAN LAMB WITH SPINACH

Two pounds lamb leg chops, 2 onions, 2 tablespoons good shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground coriander seed, 2 teaspoons ground ginger,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon chilli powder, 1 teaspoon turmeric, pinch dried thyme, 1 teaspoon mustard, good  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 4 cups shredded, washed green spinach leaves, 1 or 2 tablespoons sour cream or yoghurt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup stock.

Remove skin, fat, and bones from chops, cut into cubes. Peel and slice onions, saute in melted shortening 3 or 4 minutes. Add meat, coriander, ginger, and chilli powder. Simmer 15 minutes. Add turmeric, thyme, mustard, salt, spinach, and sour cream or yoghurt. Cover and simmer 15 minutes, stirring occasionally, then add stock and simmer 20 minutes longer or until meat is tender. Serve hot. Serves 4.

## RICE PILAU

One cup rice, 3oz. good shortening, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground cardamom, pinch allspice,  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. stick cinnamon, 1oz. blanched almonds, 1-3rd cup raisins, extra shortening.

Saute onion and finely chopped garlic in the melted shortening in large saucepan until soft and yellow. Add dry rice and cook, stirring constantly, 5 or 6 minutes. Add 2 cups boiling water, salt, cardamom, allspice, and cinnamon. Cover, cook gently until all water is absorbed. Meanwhile saute slivered almonds in little extra shortening until golden brown. Add to cooked rice with raisins. Serve hot. Serves 4.

## MEXICAN CHICKEN

One 3 to 4lb. dressed chicken, salt, pepper, 3 dessertspoons oil, 2 large onions, 2 cloves garlic, 1 teaspoon sesame seeds, pinch dried marjoram,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup red wine,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups chicken stock (made from giblets), 2oz. blanched almonds, 8 sliced stuffed olives,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon chilli powder, good  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, freshly ground black pepper.

Season chicken with salt and pepper. Saute in hot oil 15 to 20 minutes or until browned all over. Remove and keep hot. Add chopped onions and finely chopped garlic to oil in pan, and cook until lightly browned (8 to 10 minutes). Add sesame seeds, marjoram, and wine, and simmer 5 minutes. Place in deep ovenware dish with lid, add chicken and chicken stock, slivered almonds, olives, chilli powder, salt and pepper. Cover, bake in moderate oven until chicken is tender, removing lid for last 20 minutes' cooking time. Serves 4 or 5.

*Continued overleaf*



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## Food with an aromatic flavor

from previous page

### SWEET

#### SPICED PRUNE CAKE

Two and a quarter cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 3 teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon bicarbonate of soda,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon allspice, 4oz. butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup prune juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Sift dry ingredients into large bowl, add melted butter, prune juice, and milk. Beat lightly, but well, until mixture is smooth. Add unbeaten eggs and vanilla and beat again. Pour into 2 greased and floured 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn on to rack; when cool, fill and frost all over.

**Frosting:** Place 6oz. brown sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup golden syrup,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup prune juice, 2 egg-whites, 2 teaspoons lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, and 1 teaspoon mixed spice in heatproof basin over saucepan of hot water. Cook, beating constantly until mixture stands in peaks. Remove from heat, continue beating about 2 minutes. Fold in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped prunes and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped walnuts. Use at once. Serves 8.

#### CRUSTY BUTTERSCOTCH APPLES

Six cooking apples, 2 egg-whites, 3 tablespoons finely chopped walnuts, 3 tablespoons honey, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 3 tablespoons fine cakecrumbs or breadcrumbs.

Peel and core the apples, brush with egg-white (slightly beaten). Combine walnuts, honey, sugar, spice, and crumbs; mix well. Coat apples generously with this mixture. Arrange on greased oven-tray, bake in moderate oven until soft. Serve hot or cold with the following sauce.

**Butterscotch Sauce:** Blend 1 cup brown sugar with 2 tablespoons flour and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup hot milk. Add 2oz. butter and 1 beaten egg. Stir over gentle heat until mixture thickens. Cook further 1 minute. Just before serving add 1 teaspoon vanilla essence. Serves 6.

#### SUMMER FRUIT CHANTILLY

Three dessertspoons gelatine, 4 tablespoons hot water, 3oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons arrowroot, 3 cups milk, 1 blade mace, stick cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup coconut, grapes, orange or mandarin sections, cherries, banana slices.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Blend arrowroot with little of the milk. (Place remaining milk in saucepan, add mace and cinnamon; bring slowly to the boil. Allow to stand few minutes, then strain.) Add the spiced milk and sugar to the blended arrowroot. Stir over low heat until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 2 minutes, cool slightly, then stir in the vanilla essence, beaten egg-yolks, dissolved gelatine, and coconut. Allow to cool until slightly thickened, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Spoon into tall glasses; chill. Arrange various fruits on top of each glass. Serves 4 or 5.

#### PUMPKIN FRUIT PUDDING

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. brown sugar, 12oz. mixed chopped dried fruits, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  tablespoons vinegar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cooked mashed pumpkin.

Sift flour, spice, cinnamon, and nutmeg into basin, rub in the butter or substitute, mix in brown sugar and fruit. Dissolve bicarbonate soda in milk, add to basin with vinegar and pumpkin. Mix lightly but thoroughly. Spoon into greased pudding basin, cover with greased paper, and steam 2 to 2½ hours. Turn out, serve with cream or custard. Serves 6 to 8.

### SAVORY

#### BEEF POT-ROAST WITH OREGANO

Three pounds rolled rib roast of beef, flour, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 1 teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon freshly ground black pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon ground oregano, 2 tablespoons red wine, 1 sliced onion, 1 sliced carrot, stock, 2 tablespoons flour.

Wipe meat with a damp cloth, dust lightly on both sides with flour. Brown meat well on all sides in the hot bacon fat in heavy saucepan. Add salt, pepper, oregano, and wine. Turn meat several times so herbs and wine coat surface of meat. Place sliced vegetables on top of meat. Cover closely, cook very slowly until meat is tender (about 2½ to 3 hours), adding 2 or 3 tablespoons stock from time to time as liquid evaporates. When meat is tender, lift on to serving-platter, add stock to make liquid up to 1½ cups. Thicken with blended flour, simmer 5 minutes. Serve gravy with sliced beef. Serves 6.

Note: This dish can be cooked in an electric fry-pan.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960



# A TOUCH OF GINGER

● Add a touch of ginger when you are cooking. Its sharp tang will enhance the flavor of many savory and sweet foods.

## SWEET

HERE is a selection of sweet dishes for you to try — using the ginger flavor according to taste.

Spoon measurements are level.

### CRISPY FRUIT SLICES

Six ounces butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup icing sugar, 1½ cups flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Cream butter or substitute with icing sugar until light and fluffy, blend in sifted salt and flour and grated lemon rind. Pat into base of greased shallow tin, bake in moderate oven until lightly colored (approx. 20 minutes). Remove from oven, spread over prepared topping, then bake further 25 minutes or until top is quite firm. Cool, cut in slices.

Topping: Two eggs, ¼ cup sugar, ½ cup flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups desiccated coconut, ½ cup chopped dates, 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Beat eggs until foamy, add sugar gradually, continue beating until mixture is thick. Fold in flour, baking powder, salt, coconut, dates, ginger, lemon juice.

### SPICED WALNUT SANDWICH

Six ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 12oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 tablespoon chopped preserved ginger, ¼ cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute until light and fluffy, add sugar and lemon rind gradually and beat well. Add eggs one at a time, beat well after each addition. Sift together the flour, salt, and powdered ginger. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with the milk, walnuts, and ginger; mix. Pour mixture into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Remove and cool on cake-cooler. Fill and top with the following:

Snowy Ginger Cream: Six ounces butter or substitute, 2½ to 3 cups sifted icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon ginger syrup, chopped walnuts, and chopped ginger.

Cream butter or substitute until very light and fluffy, gradually add sifted icing sugar and ginger syrup. Beat until of good spreading consistency, then spread half the cream over one layer of cake, top with the other. Spread top with remaining cream, decorate around edge with combined walnuts and chopped ginger.

Continued overleaf



FLAVOR OF GINGER gives a lift to the sweet dishes illustrated above. They are golden-topped gingerbread, crispy fruit slices, spiced walnut sandwich, and ginger mead.

## SAVORY

THE flavor of ginger teams well with savory foods which have a bland or undistinguishable taste of their own. Try these suggestions, then experiment with recipes of your own.

Cup measures are for eight liquid ounces.

### CANADIAN PORK MEDLEY

Two pounds pork fillets, 1in. root ginger (bruised), 3 tablespoons oil, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, pinch monosodium glutamate, 1 cup uncooked rice, 1 large thinly sliced onion, 1 cup sliced mushrooms, ½ cup chopped green pepper, 2 whole cloves, 1 bayleaf, 2 cups stock or water, 4 tomatoes (cut into pieces), 2 teaspoons sugar.

Cut pork into large cubes. Heat 1 tablespoon of the oil in large pan, saute meat with ginger until browned. Remove and drain. Combine salt, pepper, and monosodium glutamate and sprinkle half over meat. Heat remaining oil in pan, add rice, sliced onion, mushrooms, green pepper, cloves, and bayleaf. Cook over heat until rice browns slightly. Remove bayleaf and cloves. Stir in stock or water, chopped tomatoes, sugar, and remaining seasoning mixture. Spoon into large greased casserole dish, add pork

pieces, discard ginger. Cover with lid, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes or until rice is soft and meat tender. Serve hot on large platter.

### SPICED TRIPE SOUP

Two pounds tripe, 2 tablespoons oil, 3 cups water, ½ cup chopped shallots (including some of green section), 1 tablespoon chopped preserved ginger, 1½ cups milk, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, salt, cayenne pepper, boiled rice, fried onions.

Cover tripe with cold water, bring to boil; drain, allow to cool. Cut tripe into long strips. Heat oil in saucepan, add tripe, saute 5 minutes over heat. Add water, chopped shallots, ginger. Simmer gently 30 minutes. Add milk and vinegar, season with salt, cayenne pepper. Reheat. Pour into soup bowl, serve accompanied by boiled rice and fried onions in separate dishes.

### INDIAN KEBABS

One and a half pounds cooked lamb, mutton, or beef, 1 root green ginger (sliced), 4 onions (sliced thickly), 1 tablespoon curry powder, 2 small onions, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon water, ½ pint stock, hot rice.

Cut cooked meat into 1in. squares. Thread alternate pieces of meat, ginger, meat, and onion on skewers until they are packed tightly. Chop small onions finely, mix with curry powder, moisten with enough water to form smooth paste. Melt butter or substitute in a saucepan, add paste, milk, and water; cook over heat 10

Continued overleaf



DISHES which will appeal to the menfolk of the family are these unusual spiced tripe soup and Canadian pork medley — a fork or buffet dish. Both recipes are at left.



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Page 48

Continuing HERBS AND SPICES

## A TOUCH OF GINGER

from previous page

### SWEET

#### APPLE GINGER DESSERT

Three apples, 3oz. preserved ginger, sponge fingers or slices of sponge cake, 6 tablespoons powdered milk, 1½ cups hot water, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, ¼ cup condensed milk, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Cover base of greased mould with peeled diced apple and finely chopped ginger. Cover with sponge fingers, continue layers until mould is full. Beat powdered milk and hot water together, add beaten eggs, butter, lemon rind, condensed milk, and sugar. Pour into mould and allow to stand ½ hour. Cover with greased paper, steam 1½ hours. Serve with ginger sauce.

Sauce: Boil ½ cup water, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped ginger for 5 minutes; cool. Mix 1-3rd cup condensed milk with ¼ cup lemon juice, fold into ginger mixture.

#### BANANA CARAMEL

Six bananas, 2 tablespoons finely chopped preserved ginger (sugar removed, or use ginger preserved in syrup), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2oz. butter, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, chopped walnuts.

Peel bananas and place in greased ovenware dish. Sprinkle with finely chopped ginger and lemon juice. Melt butter, add brown sugar, heat until sugar is dissolved and well mixed with the butter. Add vanilla, pour over the bananas. Bake in very moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes. Sprinkle with walnuts, serve with ice-cream.

#### GOLDEN GINGERBREAD

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, extra 5oz. butter or substitute, extra 4oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon water, 5oz. golden syrup, 8oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 4 slices pineapple, glaze cherries.

Cream butter and brown sugar. Spread half over base of greased recess tin. Place extra butter and brown sugar, golden syrup, and water into saucepan, heat until melted. Sift flour, baking powder, and

ginger into basin. Make well in centre, add syrup mixture, then beaten eggs and lemon rind; mix well. Pour into recess tin, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Cool slightly, remove from tin. Arrange pineapple and cherries in recess section of cake. Heat remaining creamed mixture, pour over cake.

#### GINGER MEAD

One gallon water, 1lb. loaf sugar, ½oz. bruised ginger, 1 lemon (sliced, without pips), ½oz. compressed or ¼ teaspoon dehydrated yeast dissolved in ¼ cup warm water, raisins.

Combine water, sugar, ginger, lemon slices, and yeast; stand overnight. Remove ginger, pour mixture into bottles. Add 1 raisin to each bottle, cork tightly. Ready for use in one week.

### SAVORY

#### INDIAN KEBABS . . . continued

minutes, stirring constantly. Add skewers, cook 2 minutes, add stock. Cover saucepan, cook gently until butter separates from curry (approx. 30 minutes). Arrange skewers on bed of hot rice, pour over sauce.

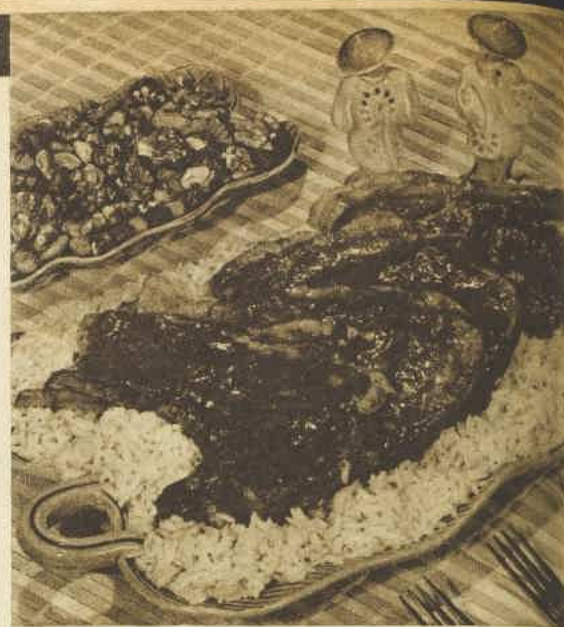
#### ARABIAN CHICKEN

One ounce melted butter, 2 tablespoons honey, 1 chicken, 1 teaspoon rosewater, ½oz. finely chopped almonds, 2oz. crystallised cherries, 1oz. preserved ginger (chopped).

Combine butter and honey. Prick breast and legs of chicken, rub in honey mixture. Pour remaining honey mixture inside chicken with the rosewater. Wrap chicken in greased aluminium foil, roast in usual way. Remove foil for about 20 minutes before end of cooking time to allow chicken to brown. Cut chicken in half, place flat on heated serving-dish. Sprinkle over chopped almonds, cherries, and ginger.

#### SPICE SUPREME

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1in. stick cinnamon, 1 chopped onion, 2lb. pork chops, ½ cup dry sherry, salt, ½ teaspoon black pepper, ½ cup curry paste, 2 cups water, 1 cup tomato puree, ½ cup



**LONG-GRAINED RICE**, flavored with celery seeds and ginger, forms a tasty bed for these pork chops, which are cooked in a spicy curry sauce. See recipe for Spice Supreme.

meat stock, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, grated rind 1 lemon.

Heat butter in pan, add chops, brown well. Remove meat, break cinnamon into splinters, fry lightly; remove. Add onion, saute until golden. Return meat to pan, add sherry, salt, pepper, cook until liquid is reduced. Stir in curry paste and water; simmer gently 3 minutes. Add tomato puree, meat stock, lemon juice, and rind. Cover and simmer until meat is cooked. Serve on bed of long-grained rice flavored with 2 teaspoons celery seeds and 2 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger.

**Curry Paste:** Two tablespoons ground coriander, 1 tablespoon each of pepper, cinnamon, and dry mustard, pinch chilli powder, 1 clove garlic (crushed), ½ cup vegetable oil, 1 tablespoon turmeric, 1 tablespoon ginger powder, 1 dessertspoon each of salt and sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons vinegar.

Combine all dry ingredients and garlic, mix in vinegar and lemon juice, mix to smooth paste. Slowly add the heated oil. Simmer paste 5 minutes. Allow to cool before using or bottle and seal and store in refrigerator. This sauce will keep several months in refrigerator.

#### BAKED STUFFED HEARTS

Four very small lambs' hearts (allow one to each person), 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 2 teaspoons chopped ginger, 1 tablespoon good shortening, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, milk to moisten.

Soak hearts (well washed and trimmed) 1 hour in cold salted water. Mix all stuffing ingredients together, fill into hearts. Stitch tops securely with cotton thread, bake on greased tray in moderate oven 1 hour. Remove cotton, serve with vegetables and gravy.

#### HAWAIIAN SPARE RIBS

Three pounds spare ribs of pork, ½ cup shortening, ½ cup chopped onions, ½ cup chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped ginger, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 cup of meat or vegetable stock or water, 1 tin pineapple pieces, 4 tablespoons vinegar, 1 tablespoon soya sauce, salt and pepper to taste.

Arrange meat (flesh side up) in greased baking-dish; season lightly. Roast in moderately hot oven 1 hour. Melt shortening in pan, add onion, celery

and ginger, cook 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Blend cornflour with meat stock and 1 cup pineapple juice. Add to vegetables, cook until transparent. Add vinegar, soya sauce, salt and pepper, and lastly add pineapple. Spoon off excess fat, pour over pineapple sauce. Continue cooking until tender. Serve hot with vegetables.

#### DEVILLED EGGS

Four hard-boiled eggs, 1 onion, 1 tomato, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 tablespoon chopped glaze ginger, 1 tablespoon ginger syrup, 2 teaspoons coconut, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, ½ pint stock, 1 tablespoon sultanas, chopped parsley.

Brown chopped onion and apple in hot fat. Add flour, curry powder, ginger and syrup, coconut, salt and pepper. Allow to brown, add stock, and continue stirring until boiling. Add chopped tomatoes and sultanas, simmer ½ hour. Pour over eggs, cut into quarters, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve with border of rice or mashed potatoes, garnish with lemon.

Note: This same sauce mixture can be used to serve with cooked meats or vegetables if desired.

#### PRAWNS CANTON

One pound green, uncooked prawns, 1 tablespoon oil, 1in. fresh ginger, 2 cups finely shredded cabbage, 2 hard-boiled eggs, 1½ cups cooked rice, 1 small onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 small beetroot, 1 small cucumber, 1 gherkin, 4 sticks asparagus, ½ cup mayonnaise, salt, pepper, parsley.

Heat oil in pan, add ginger which has been crushed with the heel of a knife, saute 1 minute. Add shelled green prawns and saute few minutes. Remove from pan and drain. Place in bowl, add mayonnaise, cabbage, rice, chopped eggs, chopped onion, crushed garlic, chopped beetroot, chopped cucumber, chopped gherkin, and asparagus; mix well. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Press mixture into greased or oiled 8in. ring-tin and chill in refrigerator overnight. Next day turn out on to serving-plate, garnish with extra cucumber and parsley.

Note: The mixture crumbles when served with a knife or spoon, but looks attractive served in this way.

**NEXT WEEK: Cooking at Table and Automatic Oven Meals**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 12, 1960



## Child care

# MUTINY AT BEDTIME

● Even when tired, children will often jib at the idea of going to bed. They want a drink of water . . . a story . . . a game . . . a slice of cake.

**M**OST pre-school children go through periods of delayed sleep because of unquenchable thirst, incredible hunger, too much or too little air, bumps and aches, and "one last thing to tell Mum."

Even a peacefully settled child may stay awake for some time — singing, talking to himself, brooding, or just listening.

Often this type of behaviour is the signal that the child no longer needs afternoon naps, or that he would be better off going to bed later or waking up earlier.

A recent study revealed that children need far less sleep than many parents believe—only 13 to 14 hours for most two-year-olds, 11 to 12 hours for six-year-olds.

Many youngsters, however, have trouble getting to sleep at bedtime even when they are really tired.

### A "mixed" day

A mixed-up daily routine or distractions and exciting events after dinner may be causing the trouble.

How can a little girl fall asleep at seven, for instance, if that is the hour when her father usually arrives home?

Company can cause sleeplessness, too. If a child is going through a wakeful time, visitors should be invited to

come either quite early or quite late.

If they come late, there's a fair chance the child will be asleep! If they come early, he will get used to them long before bedtime.

But be sure to warn visitors that exciting pre-bedtime games are to be avoided.

An older boy may keep the smaller one awake with cow-boy-and-Indian chases and other wild play close to bedtime.

If so, parents may have to make some special plans.

You can keep the little one right by your side after dinner, for instance, then bundle him off to bed before the older child thinks of starting to play.

Or try reading a book that both enjoy.

By  
**SHIRLEY CAMPER**

Sometimes one parent can occupy the older child while the other parent puts the younger one to bed.

Now and then a simple shift of routine solves the problem of over-stimulation at bedtime.

For example, baths can soothe some children but act as a stimulant for others.

If a child is having trouble sleeping, try baths before dinner instead of after.

Fears and curiosity, too, are frequent causes of wakefulness.

A light left on in your child's room or in the hall, a sleepytale story, your

presence in his room or in a room nearby, can help.

One father boosts his pyjama-clad two-year-old to his shoulders every evening for a ten-minute playful tour of the house — checking doors, locks, and inspecting the insides of cupboards.

The fact that he has seen for himself that everything is all right eases this child's night-time fears.

### Little snacks

Such a tour also establishes a soothing pre-bedtime ritual.

And one of the main aids in getting children to sleep is the security of a ritual.

Some families have a reading-aloud time after dinner. Others play quiet games or listen to music.

One mother always postpones dessert for her two little girls until 20 minutes before bedtime—a small snack is a comfort to children who are having trouble falling asleep.

Sometimes nothing—rituals, a calm routine, even absolute firmness—seems to help the wakeful child.

In such a situation consider whether or not any major changes have occurred in the family.

Starting school, a new baby, an unsympathetic teacher, the illness of a relative—any of these may cause worry and sleeplessness for a child.

Being aware of things like this will help parents provide the extra reassurance a child sometimes needs to help him relax into sleep at night.

## Good Motoring

● Don't hang transistor radios on the rear-vision mirror of the car. There are several good reasons.

**T**HIS increasingly prevalent habit is dangerous. It not only diverts the driver's attention but it cuts vision, too.

If you don't care how you drive, spare a thought for your transistor. The banging it gets as it swings about can't do any good.

**T**AKE special care when passing a line of parked cars or when moving up on the inside in a one-way street.

One of the most frequent accidents to pedestrians is caused as they step between parked or slow-moving vehicles. They are usually obscure until the last moment, and then it's often too late for an oncoming car to stop.

**O**VERTAKING another car seems to fill some motorists with indecision.

Plan your move, make sure you have looked well ahead and that there is plenty of room.

Consider the car ahead is driven by someone quite irresponsible, who may suddenly turn across in front of you.

Highway overtaking has its special problems because of the speed of approaching cars.

Remember that if two cars are travelling at 60 m.p.h. the road between them is being covered at 120 m.p.h., or nearly 60 yards a second.

**W**E are exhorted to be courteous motorists. But courtesy can kill. It must be well laced with common sense.

**D**ON'T suddenly stop in a moving line of traffic because someone is waiting to cross the road.

**D**ON'T decide to give someone right of way in fast-moving traffic.

In both these cases the person or car wishing to cross will be better off being patient.

By suddenly braking you are almost certain to cause an accident behind you.

**W**HEN going on holidays in your car, give some attention to the stowage of suitcases and general impedimenta.

It is better to keep heavy items within the wheelbase and pile the boot up with bulky lighter parcels.

Try to wedge cases and parcels so they don't move about or fly forward under sudden braking.

Don't obscure your vision through the rear window. It could be fatal.

—Betty McKay.

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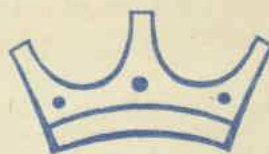


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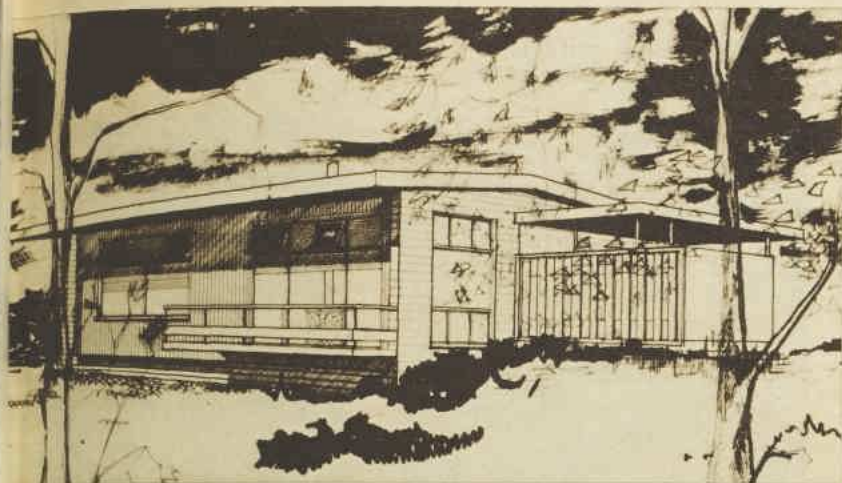
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# EVERY SQUARE COUNTS



● Our Home Plan this week, No. 918 in the series, has been designed by our architects to give maximum living space in 12 squares.

THERE are three good-sized bedrooms, all with built-in wardrobes, and conveniently placed next to the bathroom.

The bathroom and toilet are in separate rooms, and the bathroom has plenty of cupboard space.

All the toilet, kitchen, and laundry facilities have been placed together to cut plumbing costs. The kitchen opens into the laundry, which has a door to the back garden.

Entrance to the house is through a paved terrace, which can be converted to a drive-in, drive-out carport.

A large living and dining area (20ft. by 18ft.) opens into the kitchen on one side, and on to a wide, shaded verandah on the other.

An interesting and unusual feature of this house is the free-standing fireplace in the

living-room. This gives all-round warmth in cold weather.

This house would be ideal for the narrow suburban site.

If you build the house in timber it will cost £4000, and cover 11.6 squares. In brick, it will cost £4250, and cover 12 squares.

These prices are approximate only, and do not include the price of your land. For accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

## Our Centres

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Centres are under the direction of experienced architects, and the Centres are also supervised by qualified personnel who will advise you about any building problems you may have.

Color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the stores in which

**PERSPECTIVE** sketch of Plan No. 918 shows the verandah opening out from the living-room.

the Centres are located will help you furnish and decorate your home.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance, or your local council, return the plans or specifications to the Centres and they will deal with your problem and return your plans promptly.

Modifications can be made to any plan, but if drafting and printing are involved in the alterations, an extra charge is made.

All plans are available in mirror reverse position. They can be placed at any angle on the site, or built on stilts on the side of a steep hill.

Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be incorporated in the design. Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport, and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.

For a small fee the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect your site, and advise as to the house most suited to the land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

## ADDRESSES

**MELBOURNE.** The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

**GEELONG.** The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect here.)

**ADELAIDE.** John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle Street Post Office, Box No. 79. (Telephone W0200.)

**HOBART.** FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect here.)

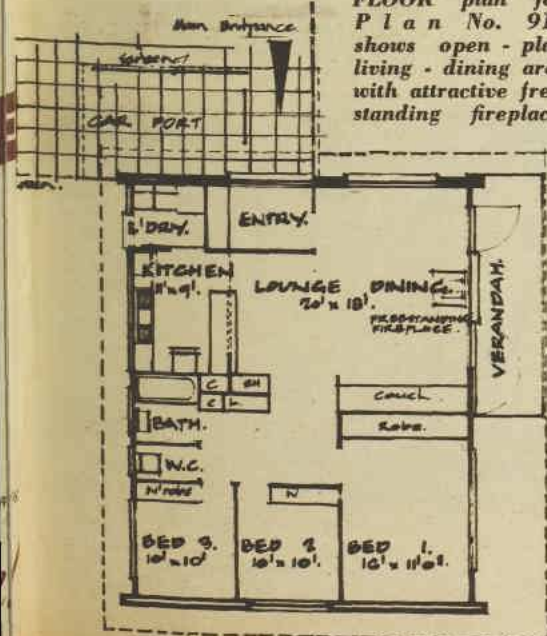
**TOOWOOMBA.** Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

**SYDNEY.** Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. Telephone B0951, Ext. 220.)

**CANBERRA.** Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect here.)

**BRISBANE.** McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

**FLOOR plan for Plan No. 918** shows open-plan living-dining area with attractive free-standing fireplace.



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Large 5/10 Medium 3/9

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ARRID Super Spray . . . 6/11 in the unbreakable blue squeeze bottle.

**Be sure of your freshness . . . be sure of yourself . . . with gentle ARRID protection.**



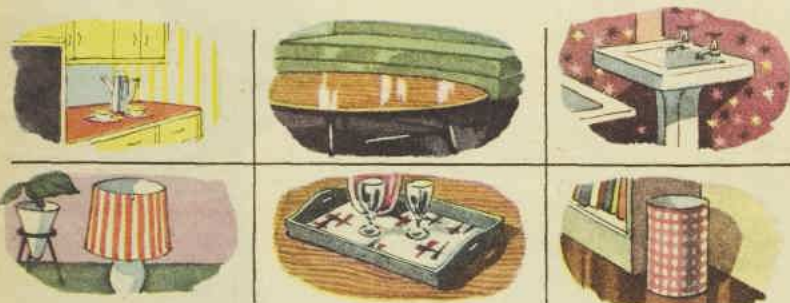
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ONLY 5/9 PER YARD 18" wide

## Rosette succulents

• *Draba imbricata* is an unusual crevice plant which likes sun and well-drained gritty loam.



• *Echeveria gibbiflora*, a big variety which thrives best on the driest banks or crevices.

• There are many varieties of rosette succulents which are most ornamental in flower and leaf as well as being really useful to the enterprising gardener. These little plants can be used to decorate dry rock walls or brickwork, sunken corners, neat crevice borders, and ledges which can hold gritty soil and plants.

FOR lasting effect, it is essential to choose the right succulents for the right position. For a dry rock wall, excellent plants are the hardy *Echeveria per-elegans*, known as Hen and Chickens, and *Echeveria gibbiflora*, which is a larger member of the same family, and also *E. derenbergii* and *E. setosa*.

These are all easy-to-grow plants with rosette leaves and bell-shaped flowers on dainty stalks.

If a dry rock wall is built against a clay bank or similar situation, it should be slightly sloping backwards for the sake of firmness, with the larger rocks at the base, the flat faces of the rocks being arranged as evenly as possible into a wall surface.

As the rocks go into position the *Echeveria* plants should be packed into the crevices around them with clay or soil—just enough to hold the stems in position.

Soon these fast-growing succulents will fill every inch of crevice with their rosettes of leaves. In their first season there will be a splash of reddish-yellow flowers massed above the whirls of green which pattern the rock wall.

Before the weeds have time to make progress, their roots will be choked to death with the multiplying rosettes of *Echeverias*.

If the rock wall is in a damp position with a tendency to slip at first, this will soon be checked as the plants spread and take root.

When the crevices fill up, the growth also slows up, being starved for space, so that while it may be necessary to thin out the succulents occasionally, the living wall will rarely outgrow itself, retaining its solidity and beauty for many years with very little attention.

It makes a softer and much more attractive background to a garden than the more orthodox concrete wall. It's also quicker and easier to construct.

A solid clay bank without the rock retaining wall may be attractively planted with succulents by making holes when the clay is soft after a period of rain, then pressing each stem from divided plants firmly into its bed. Planted thickly over the surface, the rosettes or other similar succulents will soon completely cover the ugly surface, holding the soil in position and blanketing weeds.

Open tops of brick walls and edges of planters make fine homes for selected succulents which require little attention.

Where gardens comprise natural rocky out-

• Low brick wall built in two tiers has tiny *Sedum guatemalense* in top crevice and *Dudleya farinosa* in lower crevice.





# fill up the crevices

• *Aloe mitroformis*, large rosette, requires little soil or water, needs frost protection.



crops, these delightful plants are entirely in their element, requiring little soil and filling the cracks and crevices with life and color.

For an artificial rockery they are equally valuable and their mounded cushions of grey, silver, red, bronze, and green rosettes, in various sizes and forms, offer attractive variety even without the excitement of quaint small flowers borne in rich profusion.

The larger forms of succulents with more spreading habits of growth are useful for the bigger pockets or rock crevices, with the tiny forms kept for the proportionately smaller cracks and corners.

For compact low edges to paths, crazy pavements, or terraces, these neat rosette succulents provide the ideal finishing touch to a planting scheme which may be arranged for color effect by choosing varieties with contrasting foliage such as grey, reddish-bronze, green, or yellow.

There are many colorings from which to make a selection, and a reliable descriptive

catalogue will help in making a wise choice.

Most Echeverias enjoy warm sunny positions with gritty loam and little water. Some varieties are frost-tender, and these should not be combined with hardy varieties if the climate is subject to severe frosts.

Here are some suggestions for rosette succulents in addition to those illustrated:

*Sedum missboumeri*, a deep yellow; *Aeonium tabulaeforme*, flat green rosettes and pale yellow flowers; *Aloe variegata*, upright rosette formations with triangular dark leaves with white markings; *Aloe greenii*, stemless with red flowers in spikes; *Haworthia planifolia* and *Haworthia cymbiformis*, soft, translucent triangular leaves in rosette form; *Sempervivum* or *Houseleeks*, of which some of the best varieties are *S. ornatum*, *S. tectorum*, *S. careum*, and *S. arachnoideum*; (*S. rosea*, *S. cochlearis*, and *S. longifolia* all do well in crevices but must have reasonable moisture); *Saxifraga aizoon baldensis*, *Ramonde pyren-aica*.—By Rosaline Redwood.

• *Dudleya farinosa*, which has many rosettes, is ideal for borders, dry rock ledges, and crevices.

## GARDENING



• *Aeonium canariensis* —it's easy to grow — and pink mesembryanthemums for dry crevices.



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Page 53



# Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"Noelda"

"NOELDA."—This frock has a softly gathered skirt, scooped neckline, and a three-bow trim on the bodice. Material is spotted poplin in royal-blue, sky-blue, mint-green, and pink, all with a white spot. Contrasting cummerbund is detachable and comes in white, with spots of royal-blue, sky-blue, mint-green, and pink.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/3/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/7/6. Postage 5/- extra.  
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/1/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/4/6. Postage 5/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 87. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

# Collectors' Corner

● Art expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers a reader's query and gives the interesting story of one of Britain's famous art treasures.

QUESTION: "Could you give me any information about this vase? It is a replica of the famous Portland Vase, which I know is in blue and white glass. Mine is some kind of pottery, unglazed and a creamy, beige color. It stands about 8in. high. "Under the vase are the markings WS or WSJ 429, and an engraved head of a man or woman and the branch of a tree."

Mrs. J. King, Brisbane.

ANSWER: The copy of the Portland Vase you describe is rare in Australia. The reproductions usually seen are Wedgwood. Your vase would probably have been made in Staffordshire about 1870 by one of Wedgwood's imitators.

THE Portland Vase, described as "a perfect example of Graeco-Roman art," is one of the celebrated treasures of the British Museum. It has an interesting history.

It stands 9½in. high and is 21½in. in circumference. Made of deep blue glass, it is embellished with a scene, probably from an ancient classical legend, cut out of a layer of white glass that stands out from the blue ground.

The workmanship is exquisite. Some historians, who date the vase to pre-Christian times, say it must have taken many years to perfect.

The history of this famous and beautiful vase goes back

to the third century, A.D., when it was used as a funeral urn for the ashes of the Roman Emperor, Alexander Severus, and his mother, Mamea.

The vase lay untouched for hundreds of years, until, in 1550, the tomb of the Emperor was discovered and excavated by the order of Pope Urban VIII—a member of the rich and powerful Barberini family.

Later it came into the possession of an English art connoisseur, Sir William Hamilton, and in 1746 the Duke of Portland bought it for 1000 guineas—an enormous price in those days.

Nearly 100 years later—in 1840—the vase was lent to the

COPY of the Portland Vase owned by a Brisbane reader.



British Museum by the Portland family.

And it was five years later that one of the most senseless acts of vandalism in the Museum's history took place.

On February 7, 1845, a young man, William Lloyd, self-styled "scenic painter," stepped from the crowd gathered round the Portland Vase and hurled a stone through the glass case, smashing the vase to pieces.

## Fined £5

Lloyd was taken into custody and charged with "breaking, item, one glass case, property of the British Museum."

He was fined £5.

It was never discovered why Lloyd had shattered the vase. Throughout the case he steadfastly remained silent.

Fortunately, although the

vase had been smashed to pieces, it was not beyond repair, and a famous firm of restorers was able to piece it together again.

In 1945, the British Museum bought the vase from the Portland family who had owned it for nearly 200 years.

Many copies of the Portland Vase have been made.

The Duke of Portland lent his vase to Josiah Wedgwood, the famous English potter, who made copies of it in pottery, but the first replica made in glass was done by John Northwood, an outstanding craftsman of his day.

But no copy, however beautifully made, could equal the original vase—nearly 2000 years old, which stands as a monument to the incredible skill of those ancient craftsmen.

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perfume  
shampoo!



It's entirely new!... and what could be more perfect!... a silky shampoo to give your hair the long-lasting fragrance of your favourite Goya perfume... REMEMBER... BLACK ROSE... GARDENIA... PASSPORT... NO. '5' 1/6

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Goya non-lacquer Perfume Spray Set leaves the hair lustrous and satin-soft to the touch—and perfumes it with any one of these famous Goya fragrances PASSPORT... REMEMBER... NO. '5'... GARDENIA... BLACK ROSE.

Goya non-lacquer Perfume Spray Set keeps the coiffure perfect for hours, yet will brush out instantly. Spray Set is fabulous for instant setting too... leaving the hair fresh, silky and excitingly fragrant. Perfume Spray Set, 14/6





## AUSTRALIAN

# HOMES

• Side view of "Pewsey Vale" (above), with its flight of tree-shaded stone steps leading from the garden up to the terrace.

• Old stone church (right), also built by Joseph Gilbert, is encircled by cypress trees and a low stone wall. Services are still held in it.

• "The Laurels" (below) was built of locally quarried stone, has cedar skirting-boards and doors, cedar ceilings upstairs.

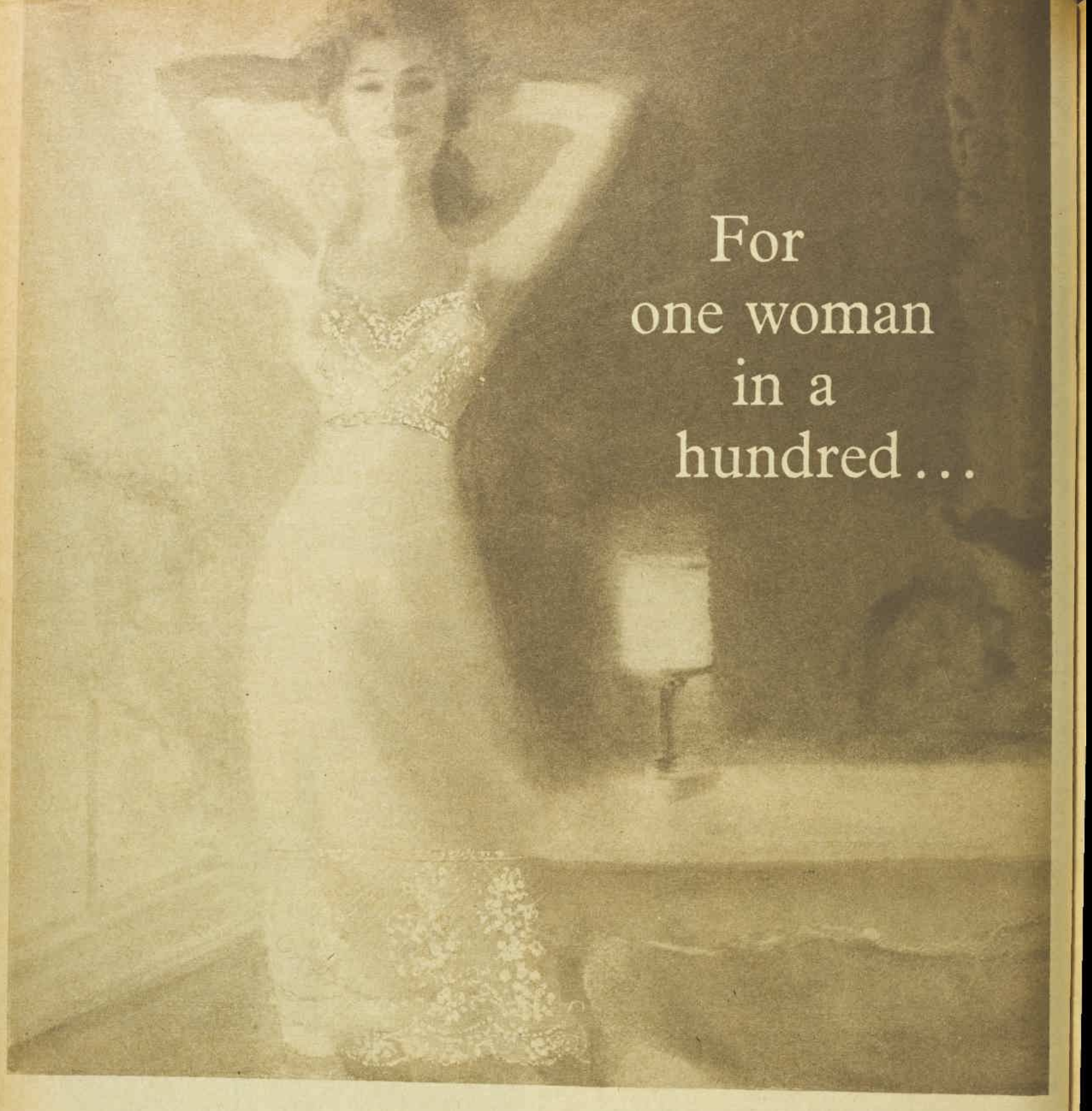


• The charm of two old homes in South Australia — "Pewsey Vale" in the Barossa Valley and "The Laurels" at Mount Barker — has been preserved, although both houses have been modernised for 20th-century living. "Pewsey Vale," now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Angus Parsons, was built in the 1840s by Mr. Joseph Gilbert. "The Laurels," on Mr. and Mrs. Jack Walsh's 200-acre property, was built in 1864. The Walshes have a Cheviot and Jersey stud, breed show horses and jumpers. Stud manager is Australian Olympic horseman

Brian Crago. Pictures by Max Farrell, of Adelaide.







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# Summer holidays - without heartaches

By Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft nurse.

● The summer holiday season is beginning now, and many families will soon be going to the seaside or country, often camping out. However, a holiday away from home sometimes means that numerous problems and emergencies, or even dangers, have to be dealt with.

**A**N illness or accident may occur when the family doctor, who knows all the children and their whims and reactions, cannot be contacted.

Parents should therefore have some workable knowledge of the basic rules for first-aid and home-nursing, and a first-aid kit should be part of the camping gear.

Here are some of the holiday problems and emergencies that may arise:

**1. WATER SUPPLY:** When camping always investigate the source of any drinking water, as the proximity of houses or property may contaminate creeks or wayside springs and cause infections, or even typhoid.

Never drink too much cold water too quickly when overheated.

Always carry a supply of cool boiled water for babies and toddlers.

Many gastric upsets during holiday times are caused by the sudden change of water supply.

**2. MILK:** If there is any doubt about the purity or reliability of the local milk

available, it will be safer to use one of the standard dry powdered milks, and a supply of these should be carried for emergencies.

Before a new dairy milk is given for the first time to a baby or toddler it should be brought quickly to the boil and gently simmered for about five minutes.

This prevents any gastric upset.

**3. DIET:** A summer holiday place that can draw on supplies of food from nearby farms is a very good choice of locality for family holiday-makers.

Fresh vegetable and fruit and eggs and a plentiful supply of fresh milk and cream can usually be thus obtained.

## Sound sleep

A light diet during the hot holiday season is best for children and adults.

Raw salad foods, fresh fruit and vegetables, good cereals, plenty of milk, eggs, and cheese, with less meat than usual should form the basis of the holiday diet.

Baby's own cosy-bye or wicker basket with the familiar mattress and bed-

clothing will ensure sound sleep for the little baby in a changing environment.

A few favorite and familiar toys and picture-books should be packed for the little ones.

Emergencies when camping that may need first-aid care include severe sunburn (sunbaking should be a carefully graded process), sunstroke, collapse from heat (heat prostration), concussion, cuts,

bruises, sandfly bites, sprains, and possible fracture of limbs. Snakebite is also a possibility.

If camping where there may be snakes, it is important for parents to know how to act promptly, and a special first-aid kit for treating snakebites should be carried.

Ticks in many districts are very prevalent and tick bites must be treated at once.

A leaflet giving more detailed advice about holiday risks can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

**NOTE:** A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed for the leaflet.

## PARENTCRAFT BOOK

● Surveys on the deaths of little children and their causes are constantly being made, but every survey shows that accidents are the greatest contributing factor in the mortality rate, and that most of the fatal accidents take place in the home.

Reports of deaths of toddlers from an overdose of tablets carelessly left within the reach of an inquisitive small child are quite common. Children's dresses and nightgowns made of an inflammable material are often the cause of fatal burning accidents.

A child catching hold of the flex of an electric jug or pulling on a tablecloth and spilling a teapot over himself can cause severe or fatal scalds.

A special chapter on safeguarding a toddler and how to act in emergencies is contained in the parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, which can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Price is 15/- plus 10d. postage. Please print name and address clearly.

Can friends criticise  
your most-noticed room?

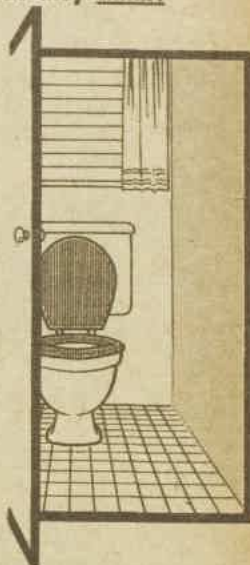


Your friends may not talk about your lavatory, but can you be sure what they think?

Now, there's a new, easy way to keep your toilet bowl fresh and bright—HARPIC!

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard water is removed—the entire lavatory bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling.

Ask for Harpic at your store.



Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewer and septic tank toilet bowls.

Harpic cleans round the S-bend—where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as below, the water, because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed away next morning, the entire porcelain is sparkling clean.

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**LAVATORY CLEANSER**

Safe for cleaning Septic Tank Toilet Bowls HP157

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Only the most soothing cream . . .

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Only the gentlest oil . . . only the softest cotton buds . . .

Only Johnson's . . .



**Johnson's**  
**BABY NEEDS**

Best for Baby . . . Best for You



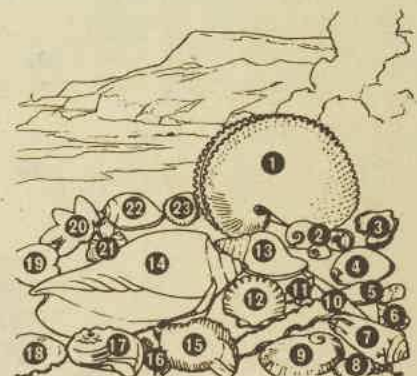


A reproduction of this R. Malcolm Warner painting, suitable for framing, is available free of charge from Shell Service Stations throughout Australia.

## THE SHELLS OF NEW SOUTH WALES

The shells of New South Wales — from the tropical Red Mouthed Stromb to the southern Red Ear Shell — reflect the tremendous variety in climate and scenery that makes this State a veritable paradise for the motoring tourist. The green luxuriance of the semi-tropical north, the alpine splendour of the Snowy Mountains, the arid grandeur of the country "back o' Bourke", all contribute to the vast, readily accessible panorama of scenic delights that awaits the motorist. Holidays or long-service leave are the ideal opportunity to discover such attractions — and there's no better way to do it than in the leisurely comfort of your own car.

**FREE TOURING AIDS.** Australia's most complete range of touring literature is offered absolutely free to motorists by the Shell Touring Service. An enquiry through your Shell Dealer can bring you clear, accurate road maps, details of road conditions, the location of motels, camping and caravan sites, tips on packing and even items of interest to keep the children happy. In addition, you get a personal introduction card to Shell Dealers along the way — a friend in need if you want any local information. Simply let your local Shell Dealer know where you want to go, and he'll obtain the material for you. For happier holidays — travel all the way with Shell.



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11. Kelp Shells. 12. Scallop. 13. Red Triton.
14. Magnificent Volute. 15. Cart-rut Shell. 16. Split-worm Shell. 17. Heavy Turban Shell. 18. Crab Carapace. 19. Heart Cockle. 20. Wedge Shells or Clams. 21. Periwinkle. 22. Agate Helmet. 23. Brooch Shell.

DISCOVER AUSTRALIA WITH SHELL





# Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

from page 30

nuptials. There was police protection, as the footpath was jammed for a look at glamor and wealth; hushed now, as the organ vibrated in low emotional wavelengths. The pageant was at the climax of its meticulous preparation, and jangled nerves were settling in satisfaction that nothing, so far, had gone wrong. No toe tripped on a rug, no delicate material snagged on anything.

There were still a few beaded upper lips of tension. Virginia released her hold on her father's hand to touch her own lips gently with her handkerchief. On her other side Jeff, in his wheelchair, sat in the right aisle, holding an enchanted Alma on his knees.

Standing beside Charlie at the altar, Gregg watched Zoe's approach, leaning on her handsome silver-haired father's arm, looking like royalty. His compassion for the beautiful girl was deep, but his one-time desire to protect people from Charlie had died down. It had been a losing game.

As Zoe joined him, and the others stepped into their positions, there was a hushed moment. The organ began a soft tone poem of Grieg's, the minister cleared his throat discreetly. "Dear, beloved," he began. Charlie looked down at Zoe with a slight smile, and she caught his look briefly, her eyes shining.

"Funny," thought Charlie, "her eyes are blue; dark blue. Not brown, like Mavis." He wondered for a moment if Mavis had seen any newspapers. Not possibly, of course. She could barely read, and the only paper that ever appeared in that God-forsaken place was just a local sheet. If she had gone back to Clarke Falls, he wondered what had become of her. The little brown bird. Mavis. His wife.

It was a small place, just inside the United States, on the Canadian border. Hunters and their guides made the stop briefly, overnight. The falls reared up, ahead of the traveller, who would pause for the night, to rest, to get a good meal, to put in a few supplies and take off in the morning to where the river was again navigable, some ten miles upstream.

There were a few weeks in early spring when the ice broke, and imprisoned logs began to groan and move and then spin over the falls like matchsticks. There were gangs to greet them, to shepherd them into order, and for a time there were voices shouting in strange dialects, the sound of a donkey engine, the rattle of chains, and the heavy sounds of boots on the stone floor of the inn.

These were the thirsty men, the sundown drinkers of quarts of ale or tumblers of whisky, the men who cleaned out the larder and brought a flush to the face of the small plain girl who served them. She accepted ribald remarks in English and in French without comment, and the redness of her cheeks was caused as much from removing the hot meat pies from the oven in the kitchen as from the content of their remarks.

"They'll be gone in a day or two, sir," she had apologised to the young gentleman who had made loud complaints about the service. "Then I'll be able to take care of you."

"Thanks, Mavis, I'm doing fine." He relented a little. "Just save me a few of those beautiful fat strawberries, will you?"

The young gentleman had arrived about a week ago with some hunting companions. They had gone on without him because he had an ankle that was swollen to twice the size of its mate. For a few days he had seemed to be in

a very bad temper. He had complained about everything, the poor man, and Mavis had stood quietly at the door while he growled and grumbled at his misfortune. About the lack of consideration of Joe and Mitch at leaving him.

Amazed at her own bravery, she had pointed out to him, "It's a fine time of year, here in Clarke Falls—it's spring—that big tree there, outside your window, any day now will be covered with blossoms, and they'll smell just beautiful. There's good fishing in the little streams—when your ankle gets better it would be easy to get to them." Then she had turned crimson at her effrontery, muttering, "I'm sorry, sir, excuse me, please," and had backed hurriedly towards the door.

But he wasn't offended. He was smiling in the most friendly way. "You're nice, Mavis. It's me who should be excused. Come back and talk when you're free. I'm lonesome, that's all."

When the loggers had left, the post settled down, back into its uneventful activities. The stillness of the forest moved in closer as if to watch.

There had been no answer to Mavis' knock. She went into the room and picked up a tray Mr. Charles had left on the table in front of the window. With a frown she wondered how he had managed the stairs. Through the branches of the big apple tree she could see him leaning on the cane that Grand-mere had loaned him. He was at the edge of the kitchen garden, talking to Louis, her cousin, who was working the black soil with his hoe.

For a long moment Mavis watched, secure in not being seen, able to look at Mr. Charles without having to endure the flush of modesty that overcame her in his presence. Then he looked back towards the window, and Mavis ducked from sight, even though she was sure he couldn't see her. She went about tidying the room, picking up things to be washed that had left in a trail. She took a little pride in his carelessness. It meant that he was highborn, he was used to people picking up after him.

**M**AVIS reached for the pillow to plump it up into shape, and suddenly buried her face into the centre where his head had lain. The faint odor of his hair, of the dressing he combed it with, of tobacco, and the elusive, faint, unexplainable odor that was his alone, that if you were blind and deaf you could tell he was near. She inhaled it deeply, hungrily, acquainting herself with him, like a little forest animal breathing in the scent of a friend, reassured, coming closer.

The enforced idleness would have made Charlie irritable with boredom if it had not been for his fascination with the Durand family, and specially the challenge of a new kind of human being, the unbelievable Mavis. She seemed to project an innocence that was its own protection. He knew that anything so crude as a "pass" would either go unnoticed or she would disappear, silently, swiftly, and his only sight of her would be at her duties, eyes down, expressionless, absorbed.

There was other protection, the good-humored Grand-mere, Berthe Durand, with her black dress and rattling keys, who made him uncomfortable, gave him the long-forgotten feeling of "itchiness." The cousin, Louis, was simply a bore, sullen, ugly - tempered, whose hands and strength went to work automatically at a sharp word from Mme Durand.

Charlie walked on through the orchard, which was a small world of fragrance and sound. He was perspiring from the effort of sparing his tender ankle, and he sank down and pulled off his sweater. Glinting among the rocks in the water were swift, undulating forms, and he wished he had brought a rod.

He lay back, pillowing his head with the sweater, squinting his eyes from the warm sun. New York seemed far away, all the fun and turmoil of a stupid lawsuit, in which he and his company had been accused of fraud. They hadn't been able to prove it, of course, because

\*\*\*\*\*  
**● If a man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.**

— Benjamin Franklin

\*\*\*\*\*

old Charlie boy was just a little faster on his feet than the other side. But soon the muttering of the stream and the drone of the bees from the orchard, the warmth of the high-noon sun relaxed his body, and his mind let go and gave up to sleep.

He was roused more by the sense of Mavis' presence than by any sound she had made. She was placing a napkin-covered basket beside him.

"Louis said you'd come this way. I thought you'd like to take your lunch here. It's so good for you not to be in your room."

Charlie sat up, pleased. "This is wonderful. I'll never eat it all." He watched the girl as she knelt beside him, absorbed in arranging the food. She carefully poured the wine into a heavy glass and held it to the light. The sun caught at its depths and a dancing ruby was reflected at the corner of her mouth for an instant, and then it slipped beneath her chin and came to rest on the little pulse throbbing at the base of her throat. Charlie watched, astonished. She seemed so cool, so impersonal, and yet there was a wild tempo dancing beneath the stain of light.

"There now. Eat it all up!" She smiled, pointed at the food, and looked at him. The smile vanished as their look held.

"Mavis," Charlie whispered. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears and, dropping her head, she started to rise.

"Oh, don't go, please, Mavis. Sit with me while I eat. Talk to me, won't you?"

Almost obediently, slowly, she sank back on her knees. "I haven't anything to talk about, sir."

Charlie busied himself with the lunch, taking his attention away from her, for fear she'd disappear like a squirrel.

"Sure you have. Talk about yourself. Do you ever get away from this place? Go to the movies? Isn't there a town south of here?"

"Only Grand-mere and Louis go—once a year, maybe. Grand-mere says the town is noisy and the people very rude."

"Well, what do you do in this God-forsaken place? Do you read a lot?"

She was quiet for a moment. A little frown appeared between her eyebrows. She seemed to be trying to find the words. "I think—God has not forsaken us. I feel He is very much—present. No, I have no time to read."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mavis!" Charlie laughed. "I don't mean to quiz you. I just think you're sweet and lovely and I'd like to know you better." What a sensation she would be walking

into the Stork Club with him, dressed in a simple dress from Bergdorf's, and that rich skin with no make-up, and her hair pulled back. She had the kind of dignity that other girls tried for, and simply ended up looking like a caricature of Garbo.

She seemed to blend with the surroundings. The drab yellow of her cotton dress, with her small brown hands clasped in its folds. Her hair the color of shining wood, the coffee-and-cream skin tinged with the flush of ripe fruit on her cheeks and lips.

No human being should be left to rot in such a place, at least no attractive human being, and he felt a glow of chivalry that was quite pleasant. He would be the one to save her from all this. It was pleasant to foster his chivalrous emotions, to feel the protector, the champion of innocence.

Mavis clasped her hands tighter in her lap, not knowing what to say next. With all her heart, she wanted to run and hide in her own room. She had no right to feel this way about a man such as Mr. Charles. Her love was a sickness, a weakness, and she felt sure that he knew it. But she had no need to say anything, because he was telling her about New York, where he lived.

"How you would love it—the most beautiful clothes in the world, and everything shines—the automobiles, the windows in the sunshine. Why, just think of the tallest tree around here, and think what it would be like to be taken to the top of it and look down on the world."

She had heard about New York from Grand-mere, who said it was incredibly vulgar. But cities, all cities, held little attraction for her. She had felt secure, at peace with her own world, content to work, to care for the young things around the small farm; there was always the miracle of baby chicks or puppies or kittens to stir her tenderness, to need her.

But now, and her heart ached in admitting it, if it was all nothing, commonplace and meaningless. If somehow she could be with Mr. Charles in a kind of eternity, a never-ending period of servitude, simply to be with him, to listen to him, to care for him—

"Hev—don't go away from me!" She started, realising that she had lost the drift of his words, that she had been dreaming, lost in love.

"What do you see over there?" he asked gently. "Are you one of those people who speak to elves and gnomes? It wouldn't surprise me in the least."

She smiled, showing her even, white teeth. "I used to—at least I pretended I saw and spoke to all kinds of things in the woods; but once one night, a very dark night, I thought it was all true."

"What do you mean?"

"I saw a strange light at the edge of the orchard, just where the oaks begin. It was very soft, but it glowed so, I thought maybe there really was a fairy queen at the centre of it and I was very scared."

"What did you do?"

"I—just ran in the house and got in bed and hid under the covers."

"Well, weren't you afraid to be in the woods at night anyway?"

"Oh, no, sir. There's nothing to be afraid of in the woods. The creatures are much more scared and won't harm anyone."

"Did you ever find out what the strange light was? Did you go out again?"

"Oh, yes, I've seen it many times. It's a mould that grows on the stumps of trees, and



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when the moon is dark it glows—it's beautiful. It's something they call fox fire."

Suddenly she was overcome with her own talkativeness, gathered the remnants of the lunch into the basket, and with a last swift smile that exposed her heart she was gone.

It was two weeks later that Joe Allen and Mitch Cooper came back through Clarke Falls, bearded and boasting of the game they had missed, of the fish that got away. It was after he had shaved and bathed and stowed away a hearty meal that Mitch first noticed his "pal" Charlie was rather quiet.

"Mitch, I want you to do something for me," Charlie interrupted Mitch in a long-winded account of how he'd almost got a bead on a bear. "I want you to go back, pay off Joe, and buy me a car with a trailer, and then come back up here."

"Why the trailer? Can't you sleep out in a roll?"

The severe discipline of his prolonged role of "chivalrous gentleman" had built up tensions that made Charlie explode. "Damn it! Stop asking stupid questions and just do as I say! Haven't you any gratitude for all that I've done for you? Who went bail for you the last time you got in a fight?"

"Okay, okay, Charlie m'boy," Mitch's tone was placatory and he touched his forehead in a small salute.

The next night Mavis lay still and stiff in her small bed, listening to the rumble of voices down the hall, her heart throbbing like a tom-tom. She was afraid they might wake Grand-mere, so she got out of bed and, slipping on a corduroy wrapper, tiptoed down the dark hall where a shaft of yellow light lay on the floor. The voices stopped as she tapped the door. It opened inches and Charlie's face was close to hers as she whispered, "You'll wake the others, be careful."

She had been overwhelmed when Mr. Charles—Charles, she corrected herself—had told her that he loved her—and wanted to marry her and take her away to be with him for ever. Only two nights ago—it seemed a lifetime—she had been in despair at the prospect of the men returning and of his going away. He had seen her reddened eyes when she served him at dinner and, grasping her hand beneath the table, held her still for a moment, looking deep into her eyes. "Nine o'clock. I'll be at the creek."

Headlong, rapturous, defenceless, she had run into his arms. Gently he kissed her and held her close as she sobbed without voice on his shoulder. Charlie felt a great surge of chivalry. She was like a little brown bird in his hands, to be treated with great care—lest she fly away.

They talked for hours, the stream bubbling and laughing; in the distance a thrush thought it was day and gave out a burst of song and then subsided.

He told her about getting a trailer, how he would leave it standing outside the fence overnight, and she could put a few things in it, so that at the last minute she could slip into

it herself without having to change her clothes or call any attention to herself.

He said Mitch would stay behind for another week. She laughed then and hid her face on his shoulder, and then suddenly stiffened, looking beyond him to the bank by the orchard.

"Look!" she whispered, pointing. He felt the hair rise on his neck at a dull glow of light beyond a silhouetted pattern of the blossoms and their branches. It wasn't a lantern, it didn't move, and Charlie felt a wave of panic, a rising anger at the damned mysteries of the woods.

"It's the fox fire!" the girl explained. Locked together, bewitched, they stood, watching the spectral glow, and all around them in a sweet con-

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ing. "What's the matter, honey?" and in his impatience went on without waiting for an answer and asked her for her shoe size. Even when he returned, triumphantly bearing a whole new outfit, all that mattered was that she could be with him, that she loved him and always would.

It rained steadily for two days after they were married. It tried Charlie's patience to the breaking point to crawl along in the steady downpour at a snail's pace.

But perhaps New York all at once was not a good idea. Charlie thought that a halfway

pleasant tone and smiled. "That will be nice, Charlie." If she could only sleep, just get a bath with lots of hot water and then sleep. If only he'd take her in his arms and just hold her, quietly, she could relax, and all the voices of people and the noise and hooting and whistling would go away.

And her heart ached within her for the deep sound of the wind in the pines beyond her window at home. There was a difference, she thought, between sound and noise. The forest was never really still for long; there was always a sound of water, the chatter of a squirrel, the murmur of a breeze, the crash of a dead branch. A wave of homesickness swept over her, surprising and shocking, so that she sat up straight on the bed, feeling that she had been secretly disloyal to Charlie.

The novelty of the movie revived her a bit, but in a little while the screen hurt her eyes; she could make nothing of the story, and what people said seemed to have no relation to life. It seemed only a moment before Charlie nudged her and her head snapped back on her neck. She had fallen asleep. Impatiently Charlie took her arm and pulled her along with him to the aisle, bumping and bumping over the other people in the row of seats.

He said nothing to her on the way back to the hotel. The silence was stiff between them. He took her to their room and said, "I'll be back in a little while. Why don't you go to bed; you seem to need sleep badly." It was the first time he had left her alone for more than a few minutes. At first she thought she'd be worried, but as she undressed a sense of peace and relaxation and relief came over her. After a luxurious hot bath she brushed her hair till her scalp tingled.

Then, kneeling beside her bed and folding her hands, she said her prayers, something she hadn't been able to do since the night before they had fled from the Falls. Whispering, she asked God to bless her beloved, to teach her not to be a stubborn, silly girl, to obey her husband as she had promised.

There was the sound of a key in the door, and quickly she jumped into bed, pulling the covers around her. Charlie's voice talking to someone else, and then the rumble of another man's voice, made her eyes widen. He had brought someone back with him! She was about to leap from the bed and run into the bathroom to hide—maybe it was a bell-boy for something—when the door opened.

"Hi, honey," said Charlie cheerfully. "Not asleep yet, you naughty baby!" He leaned over and kissed her. His mouth was wet and soft, and his breath smelt of whisky.

He waved his guest inside the door. "Come in, Art, it's all right."

Art was a glassy-eyed individual in dinner jacket, with blooming cheeks, a small paunch, and a cheerful grin.

"Want you t'meet the bride, Mrs. Carewe, Mr.—ah—Affonston, did you say, Art?"

"Haversmith. How do you do, Mrs. Carewe."

"Never mind the formalities," Charlie said, weaving a little as he went to the phone on the desk. "It's Art and Mavis—pretty name, huh, Art? Got it from her English mother—she's French and English, speaks both languages perfectly, don't you, sweetheart?"

"Look, you'll have t'excuse us, Mrs. Carewe, butting in like this, but Charlie said you were a good sport and wouldn't mind— you don't mind, do you say?"



spiry was the warmth of the velvet night, the baby talk of the brook, and the dim, living whiteness of the blossom-laden branches. Charlie felt the girl's breath on his cheek, her arms tightened around him. "I will never forget—it burned just for us—the fox fire!"

Charlie was feeling smothered, restless. The odor of the spring blossoms, of candlewax and Zoe's perfume, was cloying. The minister waved a fly off his nose. He was certainly taking his time. Charlie thought. Every word, every phrase was drawn out to its fullest.

In contrast, he remembered the unceremonious brevity of the ill-tempered, sleep-bereft justice of the peace who had married him and Mavis. He had enjoyed the melodramatic, suspenseful departure from Clarke Falls. Right in broad morning light he had captured their little brown bird. He regretted he had had to tell Mitch the whole story, with an extra hundred to keep him quiet till they had gone.

Late that afternoon they came to a town. They drove up and parked outside a small department store and Charlie said, "I'll be back in two shakes—don't go 'way, sweetheart."

The store was poor, but Charlie spotted a good pleated wool skirt, a white blouse, and a dark red cardigan that at least wouldn't be as conspicuous as her long, now even shabbier-looking housedress and dingy grey coat. He guessed accurately at her size, and overwhelmed the saleslady with his speed of selection. Then he remembered her shoes, ancient, run down at the heel, split. Frowning, he said to the saleswoman, "I seem to have forgotten my wife's shoe size, just a minute."

In the car, Mavis stared wide-eyed, soberly, at the activity of the beginning of the Saturday night traffic in the small town. To her ears it was bedlam, the cars honking, the voices of people, the shouting of children. Her head ached a little and the long drive had made her unaccustomed nerves quivery.

She jumped as Charlie leaned in over the door, say-

stop at Nelson with his parents might help a little. In thinking it over it became a brilliant idea. His mother could teach Mavis all sorts of things, and she would be safe and happy in the pleasant surroundings. A sort of training school for her! Then, later, when she had the rough edges rubbed off, he could take her to New York and there she could be the gracious hostess of his penthouse apartment.

The rain cleared the following day. The sky was sullen as Charlie's mood, but they moved on because Charlie said he'd have to get out of the sticks or go crazy. Mavis sat miserable and mute; and Charlie drove the car at top speed, adding to her nervousness. He was determined to reach the sizeable city of Boynton by nightfall, a place where maybe he could find someone civilised to talk to.

He would have given anything to hire a plane and go on into New York without any more nonsense, but now the idea of leaving Mavis at his home was urgent, and there were no other connections that would get them there any quicker than the car.

**BOYNTON** was a bustling, crowded industrial town, and its impact hit Mavis like a blow. She had felt that she was becoming travel-wise and used to civilisation, but the big crowds and the dirt and the noise brought on a kind of panic. She clung to Charlie's arm as they made their way from the garage along a block to the hotel.

In their room, she sank on to the bed, too exhausted to observe the first decent surroundings they had been in since leaving Clarke Falls.

Charlie's spirits had risen. "Well, now, how about this, huh? Now we'll have a real dinner here in the room," and to himself he thought, "Gosh, she needs clothes. I'm sick of that damned red cardigan; can't take her into the dining-room in that outfit." He went on, "Then, maybe a good movie afterwards. What do you say?"

She opened her eyes at his

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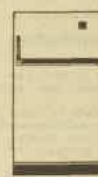
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you, now, do you? I 'prehate it!"

Mavis sat frozen, the blankets up around her chin. On the phone Charlie was ordering ice and soda in loud obscenities. Over his shoulder he said, "Make yourself at home, Art—take off your coat—the glasses are in the bathroom."

Art disappeared into the bathroom, and Charlie spoke to Mavis in a loud stage whisper: "Get up, get up, put your robe on, you look fine. Be nice to this guy, now, will you?"

"Charles," whispered Mavis, "how could you bring—a stranger—"

"Now, damn it, I mean it!" He spoke roughly, and Mavis hastily pulled on her robe and sat on the edge of the bed, trembling. "Now, try not to act like a damn clod—this man is my friend," and then more gently:

"Don't worry, hon, I'll tell you after he's gone why he can be very important to us."

Mavis sat opposite the two men stiffly, while the level of the bottle of whisky went down. For a while they had tried to include her in their conversation, and once Art had attempted to apologise for their smutty speech, but soon they ignored her completely.

Mavis grew chilly as the night wore on; outside the window there was the sound of rain. She could not move, although she ached simply to leave them and crawl back into her bed unnoticed. As drunk as he was, Charlie seemed to sense it, and would shake his head at her, elaborately reproving.

## Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

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Once she thivered, and solicitously he asked her, "Cold, honey?" and getting up from the sofa, surprisingly steady, got his coat and threw it over her shoulders. Taking advantage of his proximity, she appealed to him in a whisper, "Charles, I'm so sleepy—please!"

He smiled his most dazzling smile. "Mavis, honey, baby, you just have to learn to be a gracious hostess!"

"At four o'clock in the morning? Charles, you've had too much to drink, haven't you?"

The conversation, if such it could be called, then got around to athletic prowess in college, when the phone rang, and Mavis hurried to pick it up.

"Charles—Charles! It's the man downstairs, people are complaining!"

"Aw, th' heck with 'em!" said Charlie, stumbling over a fallen lamp. "Come on, Art, two falls out of three, now—"

But Art was sound asleep, full length on the sofa, his hands folded peacefully on his chest. In a moment Charlie, too, flung himself prone on to the bed, a pillow bunched around his face.

Mavis had sat still and exhausted, with Charlie's coat drawn tightly around her, until the light began to grey the room. Dressing, she tidied up as best she could around the two snoring men.

Her disappointment, her disillusionment were too deep for her to pay attention to the shallower levels of shyness, and she walked into the coffee shop

off the lobby of the hotel as soon as it opened.

Mavis warmed her hands on her cup of coffee, and her spirits in its hot liquid comfort. There was a bleak obscure feeling that the change-over from her kind of life to Charlie's was too great. Something of the feeling that he would protect her from everything and everybody had gone. She could not put her finger on the source of her depression.

Was she so weak, still a little girl at twenty, that she should have her love washed away by a breath of alcohol? Why, if she had real dignity, couldn't she have simply insisted that he bid his drinking companion goodnight, insisted on the right to privacy? Because she was afraid of him? But how love someone and be afraid of him?

She felt she must be very like one of the creatures of the woods that had to be carefully coaxed and gently wheedled to come out into the open, still ready to run at the slightest hint of an aggressive move. To run at the slightest smell of evil. Evil? Charles? Her own dear love? And suddenly a wave of tenderness swept over her, and her own stupidity seemed enormous. She must get back to him, whether he was awake or not. She would boot out the intruder, Mr. Haversmith, with a sharp tongue and a nonsense look.

She took a deep breath of relief at their door and, opening it quietly, she heard Charles whistling in the bathroom. Mr. Haversmith was nowhere to be seen.

"Charles?" She spoke softly as she went to the door of the bathroom.

Catching a glimpse of her over his shoulder, Charlie turned, soap still framing the margin of his shaven face. "Well, where the hell have you been!" he said, wheeling around.

She had fully expected a groaning hangover, and was prepared for a job of fixing cold towels and coaxing broth. Except for his eyes, which looked bloodshot, Charlie had an alert, fresh vigor.

"I told you I wanted to get an early start this morning," he said sharply. "If we get with it, we might reach Nelson by dinnertime. What were you doing roaming around?"

Mavis was speechless.

"Well!" he shouted.

"Nothing. Nothing." She stammered.

"Nothing—nothing," he mocked in falsetto. "Well, get packed up. You had breakfast, I suppose—couldn't wait for me." Striding around, he finished dressing, brushing his jacket, carefully tying his tie in the bathroom mirror, absorbed by his own reflection.

Mavis had sat down in the nearest chair, trying to assess the unfamiliar emotion that had taken hold of her. It was anger, yes. It was shock, yes. The tips of her fingers tingled, her chest felt tight, her heart thudded.

"Come on, come on," he said impatiently, "what are you just sitting there for?" Stopping in front of her, he put his hands on his hips and surveyed her. "You know, you look stupid—just stupid! I never realised how dumb you are. Look at you! Not even a sign of lipstick, your nose shiny, no stockings—and you've got thick ankles, I never noticed."

"Stop it, Charlie!" It was an explosion, high and shrill. Then at the sound of her own voice she suddenly clasped her arms around herself, holding herself tightly.

"Why, what's the matter with you? You feel sick or something?" Charlie's eyes widened in complete astonishment.

In that moment Mavis knew him. She could put off the pain for a while. It would sweep over her later back in Clarke Falls, much later, when her son was born. But at the moment the clarity of her understanding was an absorbing wonderment. He was a paper doll, walking in the moonlight, blundering over shadows of objects that did not exist.

Her own emotions, her sense of injustice, her acute disappointment in his lack of sensitivity died down like a fire that has nothing to consume. Loving him was absurd, for there was nothing to love. Being afraid of him was as ridiculous as being afraid of the snakeskin lying in the path, beautiful, shaped in evil, without content of evil.

Charlie often puzzled, in the months that followed, over how strangely she had disappeared. One moment she was at his shoulder at the desk while he paid the bill, and then when he looked around she was gone.

He had looked for her for a while back in the room; even at the garage, he asked the boy if she was in the car. Well, that was that. She was just gone, that's all. And later he could truthfully answer—truthfully enough, that is—when people idly asked if he had ever been married, "Hardly!" with a shrug.

The idea of going through the formalities of a divorce seemed a waste of time to him. Why bother? Why bring something to light that would make him look silly; marrying a backwoods character like Mavis!

And then there was a clamor of bells, the taste of Zoe's lipstick on his lips; in the vestibule of the church flashbulbs were popping and he was being the proud "lucky man," smiling down into Zoe's face and wondering how she had actually achieved the effect of blushing! It was most becoming . . .

**T**HE young Charlie Carewes had the most perfectly appointed apartment in New York. Zoe was the perfect hostess, and when, sometimes, Charlie the host did not appear at her carefully planned dinner-parties, she explained, smiling, he had suddenly been called out of town on business. She knew that her intimates often referred to her as "poor Zoe," but she had a feeling of accomplishment, though her whole life was spent in foreseeing and forestalling serious consequences to Charlie's often unexplainable acts. She knew his partners ran his office, but she ran the partners to protect him.

In her lonely times, and she had many of them, she would think to herself, "This is what I wanted. I wanted to take care of him," and would pour herself a drink. Drinking it, waiting for the lift it would bring, she would sigh deeply and bitterly. "You got it, girl; you got it, make the best of it!" and with the dimple nicking her cheeks she would smilingly give orders for the packing of their bags for another unexpected weekend cruise to the Bahamas or a flying trip to Acapulco.

After a trip to Mexico, Charlie had decided he wanted to see Elsie, who lived near Los Angeles—see how "his baby sister was making out." Charlie had somehow never changed his contempt for Herb Jenner as a "soda jockey." He had been indignant when Elsie and Herb had married hastily, even

though they had full parental approval.

Charlie's dire predictions that Herb was after Elsie's money proved false. Herb had worked out the situation with Walter so that, as he said, "he could keep his pride intact" and still permit Elsie to enjoy some of the money from her inheritance. For a while he resisted Walter's suggestion of a fifty-fifty proposition, but it was better than the ancient idea of a "dowry."

Herb was now head of the western regional branch of Mentone Research Laboratories, and their home at Playa del Rey had a view of the sea, which comforted Elsie in her occasional bouts of homesickness. It contained the wealth of their love, their twin boys, and a contentment that for some reason irritated Charlie when he and Zoe visited them.

On the patio Herb had a fire going in the barbecue, and the twins were playing, delighted with Uncle Charlie, who had thoroughly charmed them by a magic trick with a coin. "Do it again, Uncle Charlie, do it again!" and Charlie had obliged until Elsie gathered them up protesting, to be off to bed.

As they disappeared into the house Charlie watched after them, smiling. Zoe put her hand gently on his shoulder and whispered, "Wouldn't you like something like that of your own?"

"Don't be an ass!" he laughed shortly. "Of course, it would be handy now, in case of war, to cop a deferment because of kids. Hey, Herb!" he called to where Herb was painting the steaks with an aromatic sauce. "I suppose you'd be called necessary to the war effort in your job, wouldn't you?"

"Automatically," said Herb, concentrating on his task.

Charlie pushed his hands into his pockets as he got up and went over to stare into the magenta coals. He said, "Personally, I don't think there's going to be a war."

"You're not alone in that thinking, Charlie. But if I could tell you about the kind of stuff we're concentrating on at the lab, it'd make you wonder a bit."

"What kind of stuff?" Charlie's eyes widened, and Herb thought to himself, "He's scared stiff!" and aloud, "Sorry, it's top secret."

The rest of the evening was thoroughly unpleasant. Zoe and Elsie tried to ignore the argument, and Herb kept attempting to change the subject. But Charlie persisted, and finally grew louder and boisterous. He knew a heck of a lot more than Herb with his stinking chemicals. He had talked with certain guys in Washington, and there just wasn't going to be a war. When Herb finally refused to discuss the matter he switched.

"But let me tell you one thing, if there is a fracas, I can tell you that this member of the family is going to be right there up front. No hiding behind kids or war-effort jobs for me!"

Zoe said quietly, "Stop talking like that, Charlie. You're forgetting your manners!"

"Manners? What does a guy like this know about manners?"

Herb looked ready to punch him, but said instead, "It's getting late—I'll call you a cab."

Driving back to the airport Zoe was silent, as she had learned to be. Charlie was gazing out at the shimmer of the sea, humming a tune. "Cute couple, aren't they?" he said cheerfully.

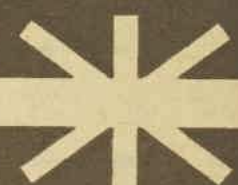
Back in New York, though

To page 66



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Creamy Skin Perfume (for your handbag), 17/6

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## Continuing... THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

from page 64

Zoe had geared her life to surprises, she was totally unprepared for Charlie's new, quiet, thoughtful attitude towards life. Everything about their relationship had had the "light touch," as though there were something unchic about taking anything too seriously. There were occasional small fights about small matters, always prefaced by his tight smile and over-elaborate objections, indicating that since they were both reasonable people the matter must be obvious to both as something to be corrected.

Such as: "Darling, I do wish you wouldn't substitute a poor wine when you can't buy the one I like from Gilman's. I'm sure it wouldn't be too much trouble to look someplace else."

"Darling, I loathe that color on you. Please put on something else, just for your Charlie boy."

"Darling, what on earth has happened to the thermostat? It's like an oven in here."

But he was a happy host, always at his wittiest and gayest with a dozen people around to laugh at him, to admire the perfection of his martinis, to applaud his cynicisms about recent books and plays.

Zoe adapted herself and was content to maintain the frosting on the cake most of the time, to keep a jump ahead of him in matters that took important decisions, for if they were put up to him he would simply avoid them directly, talking at great length, implying that people were "unbelievably stupid," that "anybody in his right mind" should be able to solve simple problems and not to bother him with such trivialities.

It was a week after they had returned home from California that Zoe had observed that he had been unusually quiet, truly preoccupied, and not simply off in one of his "sulks." Daily he read both the morning and evening papers thoroughly, deliberately, without comment.

Twilight was deepening outside the long windows of the terrace. From the dining-room came the delicate sound of silver and chinaware being laid for an early dinner, as they were going to the opening of "Blithe Spirit" at the Morosco Theatre.

Charlie flung down his newspaper and called, "Zoe, come here a minute!" in a loud voice. In a moment Zoe appeared in a pale blue crepe robe, still holding a lipstick in her hand, her mouth pale without its covering.

"Charlie, you'd better dress. It's getting late."

"Zoe, what kind of a man is Gregg Nicholson?"

For a minute Zoe was caught off-balance. "I don't quite understand what you want to know, Charlie, or what you mean."

"I wonder why he doesn't like me?"

"Doesn't like you? Why, Charlie, he's been a very loyal friend."

"That friend of his, Dr. Payne—Larry Payne. They've always been buddies."

"So? Apropos of what, my darling?"

"There's some things I want to know."

"Such as?"

"Gregg always said I was a good student—actually a brilliant one. I wonder what there is to this psychoanalysis stuff."

"Good heavens, Charlie; you mean you want Payne to psychoanalyse you? What's the matter? What's troubling you?"

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"Nothing's troubling me!" He gestured to the paper on the floor. "Just something I read in the paper. I'm curious, that's all."

"About what?"

"Darling, I want you to ask Gregg for dinner—tomorrow night. And tell him I want him to bring Larry with him."

"Well—I suppose I could, but it's a little awkward, just to give him orders that way."

"Don't have to give him orders. Tell him I want to know something more about Roger Thorne—maybe I might be able to swing something for Payne—maybe he needs money, for a laboratory, or whatever."

"Who's Roger Thorne?"

\*\*\*\*\*  
● If we treat people too long with that pretended liking called politeness, we shall find it hard not to like them in the end.  
—Logan Pearsall Smith  
\*\*\*\*\*

"Just a guy I knew when we were both kids. Do it for me, will you, love?"

The dinner was one of many. It was a restful time for Zoe. Somehow the whole atmosphere of their life changed. Charlie seemed to prefer an evening with the two men, sitting quietly, talking, smoking, to the merry-go-round of their usual social activities. She would go to her own room, listening to the murmur of their voices.

Later, when Charlie would come in for a minute before he went to his own room, he would hold her chin and kiss her lightly, affectionately. Thoughtfully he would talk about the evening's discussion. "Fascinating stuff," he would say, and a little pleased smile would drift over his face.

"You know what I think, Virginia?" Gregg said one afternoon. He had dropped in at the Shelleys' to bring a present for Alma. Over a drink, he told Virginia of Charlie's fascination for Larry Payne.

"I think he's got a load of guilt about the Thorne boy. He asks so many questions; I think he wants to find out just exactly whether or not he contributed to Roger's blindness."

VIRGINIA was deeply interested and a little amazed. It warned her that Charlie should concern himself: maybe he was—at last—growing up.

"Has he talked about how he beat up Roger?"

"No. No, he hasn't. But Larry tells me that he's offered to finance a whole clinical research project that Larry has been dreaming about."

"Well, Gregg, that's not so unusual. You know Charlie always doles out elaborate presents to anyone he's briefly interested in. Just make sure Payne's got it all sewed up in writing. Charlie can afford it—but he can also forget it!"

"Larry is interested in Charlie's case, of course."

"What do you mean—case?" Fleeingly Virginia bristled, recognising her feeling. She shook her head and went after the facts. "I mean, does he think Charlie is a 'wrong 'un' in some way?"

"No. At least he says that Charlie could pass any mental tests quite brilliantly, but he has a slight reservation. He says that there is a classification

that is as yet too vague, too mixed with other abnormal pathology. He says it is recognised by most experts, but some call it one thing and others call it something else."

"In other words, he doesn't really know, is that it?"

Gregg patted her hand. "Don't be troubled, Virginia dear; Larry says positively, definitely that there is no such thing as a 'taint' that could be passed on to your offspring."

Gregg took another sip of his drink, commenting on its deliciousness, till the wave of emotion for Virginia had subsided. He remembered how Herb had often suspected him of being in love with Elsie, and he let it go at that, when, of course, it had been Virginia, starry-eyed and in love with Jeff when he first met her. Not that things would have been different without Jeff, he felt; he was not the kind of man who would attract Virginia.

But, loving her, he would be her friend, content to be a good friend to both of them, to be helpful if possible, to protect them both from Charlie; although it seemed as though he could relax his vigilance more and more along those lines. The very fact that Charlie seemed anxious to learn something about himself, to gain some sort of insight, was enormously encouraging.

Virginia was saying, "I don't think I'll talk about this too much to Jeff. He says I have always been overconcerned about Charlie."

Gregg laughed. "Jeff is really wonderful—so right, so truly good. We could all take a lesson from him. I think I would have become filled with bitterness if I had had to go through what he has."

Virginia's pride made her face glow whenever Jeff was being talked about. She smiled. "You know what he said once? I forget just the way he said it, but it was to the effect that we worry too much about the pains and the evils in the world, when actually we should be continually astonished at the great amount of goodness—something like that. It didn't sound quite so Pollyannaish the way he said it."

"I know. Jeff isn't earth-bound. He shows his philosophy in what he does in his work. Everything he builds has its roots in the ground, in reality, but they reach heights in beauty and power."

Virginia laughed. She rose, said, "Let me go and pry Jeff loose from that board for a while—I know he'll want to see you. And let's skip the subject of Charlie; I'm happy as can be about your news; maybe he'll give Zoe fewer headaches now; but you know Jeff, he kind of dismisses Charlie as a hopeless case."

Gregg watched her tall figure as she went across the hall to knock gently at the door of the studio. She looked so much like Charlie, they seemed cut from the same design, but it was as though Virginia were the model, the original work of the sculptor and Charlie the empty, counterfeit reproduction.

To everyone's surprise, Charlie was an early enlistment after Pearl Harbor. Then, once more to everyone's surprise, he was suddenly out of uniform, back in his beautiful apartment, in his fabulous office.

He got his release by the simple method of being sick after every meal.

His months of "picking

To page 67



Larry's brain" paid off beautifully, as he had planned. He had studied the subject very carefully so that it never occurred to the examiners that his nausea was malingering.

His patriotism, his desire to be a part of the Navy were obviously sincere. His co-operation, his intelligence superior. His shame, his pleading for another chance, and finally his admission that deep down he was terrified were impressive. He was given an honorable discharge on a disability, unspecified.

At the office he carried a "let's make the best of it" attitude, and people assured him that he was more valuable at home than on a battleship. He dodged any questions that were directly concerned with his discharge by being slightly mysterious, by "not wanting to talk about it," and at the same time pressing his hand gently over the area of his left breast pocket. It could mean "my heart" or else simply that he was checking the fold of his handkerchief.

There was only one real disappointment in the whole delightful coup to Charlie. Zoe was stubborn or stupid or lacking in appreciation, because she didn't applaud his cleverness. Naturally he had told her, as his wife he was sure she would enjoy the secret, delightful way he had put one over on the whole damn Navy.

He waited for just the right moment, the intimate, cosy time of pillow conversation. She had been saying how wonderful he was at hiding his disappointment, how proud she was that he hadn't used his moody and influence to get an armchair job in Washington. Finally he could restrain himself no longer, and when she said, "What on earth are you laughing at?" he gave her the detailed, day-by-day account of his brief hitch in the Navy.

## Continuing . . . THE INCREDIBLE CHARLIE CAREWE

from page 66

At first Zoe was too stunned to move, and then the darkness of the room, the weight of his arm over her body became unbearable. She got up, put on the light, walked into the livingroom. She turned on the switch that lighted the bar, and poured a stiff two ounces of brandy into a glass. "Do you want a drink?" she asked.

Charlie was momentarily irritated at the interruption of his story. "At two in the morning? Heck, no! Well, maybe, just a nip. You sure drink a lot, Zoe. You want to watch it a little." He yawned and walked with his glass over to the bookshelves, where he studied the title of a thick volume. "Yes, sir. That was a good investment."

"What was?" asked Zoe, without expression.

"The fund—the fund for the great Dr. Payne!" He poked a finger at the book. "This is great—boy, I learned a lot from this book. Payne thought it was too technical, thought I'd be bored. You know, it's interesting." He wandered back to the bar, swinging a long, pyjama-clad leg over the brown leather stool. "You might say I've done a good turn for humanity, in exchange for a little, but very valuable, information."

Suddenly Zoe burst into tears.

For a while Charlie was too astonished to say anything. It was unusual for Zoe to cry about anything. She was looking at him in a strange way. It was a familiar look. It was a long-ago look—the O-faces of his playmates and sisters; it was more concealed in adults; he had encountered it often. Always it stopped him dead in his

tracks, confused him, made him review what had just been said, trying to find a cue. Zoe now had the same look, and it gave him the familiar "itchiness," making him a little angry.

"What is the matter with you, anyway, Zoe? I thought you'd be pleased. You're looking at me as though I were a criminal."

"Well, aren't you, Charlie?"

"Now look." He spoke patiently, as to a child. "There's no penalty attached to this, if nobody knows about it. And

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● The youth gets together materials for a bridge to the moon, and at length the middle-aged man decides to make a woodshed with them.

—H. D. Thoreau

\*\*\*\*\*

I'm quite certain you're not going to be the one to tell anybody."

"No, I guess not. I can live with it, I suppose. I'm just not very noble; but what I can't understand is how you'll be able to live with it." She poured herself another drink, and this time didn't sip it. "You know, my darling," she smiled, "Santayana said, 'Perhaps the true dignity of man is his ability to despise himself.' If he is correct, then you are completely without a means to acquire dignity."

Charlie knitted his dark brows. "Honey, you're getting swacked. Take it easy!"

But Zoe went on. "I have a good chance of becoming enormously dignified. I've watched you and covered for you. Your little frauds and your big frauds. The way you are able to perform an act of real goodness, without giving it a second thought. You need me, Charlie. You don't have any idea how much you need me! You need me to sort out things for you, to emphasise and exploit the good acts, to explain away, or as now—to conceal the bad ones. You need me to keep your damned hide intact!" And she buried her head in her arms and wept deeply.

"Whew! I don't know what's got into you. Don't you love me any more? You know how I worship you. I couldn't bear it if you didn't love me."

Zoe's mouth became bitter, hard. "What's love, Charlie dear? Answer me that, if you can. Is it introducing me as Mrs. Carewe, having a pretty woman like the latest model car for your very own? Would it be too corny to suggest that love is supposed to make us better human beings?"

"I didn't marry you blindly, I felt that you needed someone to believe in you. I'm sure you have no idea how many people think you're just plain screwy!"

Charlie's listening face was quite blank. He picked out a word here and there of what she was saying, but her whole attitude was incomprehensible to him.

"Who for instance? Who thinks I'm screwy?"

"Well, I do 'for instance'—now. I think you're a genius in reverse. I was always proud of the fact that you seemed to be one jump ahead of the other fellow mentally, that your at-

tractiveness was more than skin deep."

Charlie grinned, reaching across the bar to put his palm to her face. "Go on, tell me more, sweetheart, I love it!"

Viciously she slapped his hand away. "You're not listening to me!"

Charlie patted her shoulder. "You know, sweetheart, you're very beautiful when you're mad I must say, I don't know what you're so steamed about, but I like a girl with spirit. It's exciting and fun! Let's have one more drink and then go to bed."

Zoe was about to echo "Nothing!" but stopped in angry futility, and said instead, "Sure, let's have a drink, my darling." She was shocked at the feeling that swept over her. Reaching over the bar, she grasped his head fiercely in her hands and crushed her mouth to his. But she drew back instinctively, quickly, at Charlie's unresponsiveness as, still with her hands behind his neck, he seemed to be looking at something over her shoulder. "You know we're almost out of vermouth?" he said casually.

Her laughter pealed to the rafters. Suddenly she spun away, kicking her high-heeled sandals as she pirouetted swiftly to the big davenport angled from the long windows. Still laughing, she threw herself flat down upon it and twisted at the dials of the radio nearby. The music burst into the room, cutting off her hysteria.

Charlie had taken her place behind the bar and was breaking some ice cubes from the small refrigerator into a pair of clean tall glasses. "Looks like we're going to make a night of it," he exclaimed cheerfully.

Zoe took a long gulp of the

drink which Charlie handed her.

"Feeling better, darling?" he inquired, sitting down cross-legged on the soft dark blue rug in front of her.

"I feel fine—I don't know whether or not I'm drunk. What do you think, Charlie darling heart?"

"You're just plain wonderful—utterly beautiful, utterly enchanting. There isn't a woman in this world who can hold a candle to you!"

Zoe smiled and, imitating him, reached a palm to his cheek. "Go on, tell me more, sweetheart, I love it!"

Grasping her hand, he kissed her fingers lightly. "You know, you really are a devil sometimes—and I love it. You're no meek little brown bird, like Mavis. How I despise meek women."

Zoe came up for air from her drink. "Who's Mavis?" she asked casually.

"My wife," said Charlie, tipping his own glass to his lips. "Funny, funny boy!" Zoe giggled.

"I'm not kidding. Mavis Durand, her name was."

Zoe went along with the joke. Curling her legs under her, she settled herself like a child getting ready for a bedtime story. "Now, tell me all about her."

"Ah, honey, I don't want to talk about it, please. It was just one of those silly, sentimental, springtime and moonlight things."

"No, please, I want to hear about the little brown bird."

Charlie laughed. "Promise you'll never tell?"

"Cross my heart 'n' hope to die!"

"Well, I was on this hunting trip. Long before I met you, so I can tell you, I guess. You won't act hurt now, will you?"

"I promise!" said Zoe, and sealed her own destruction.

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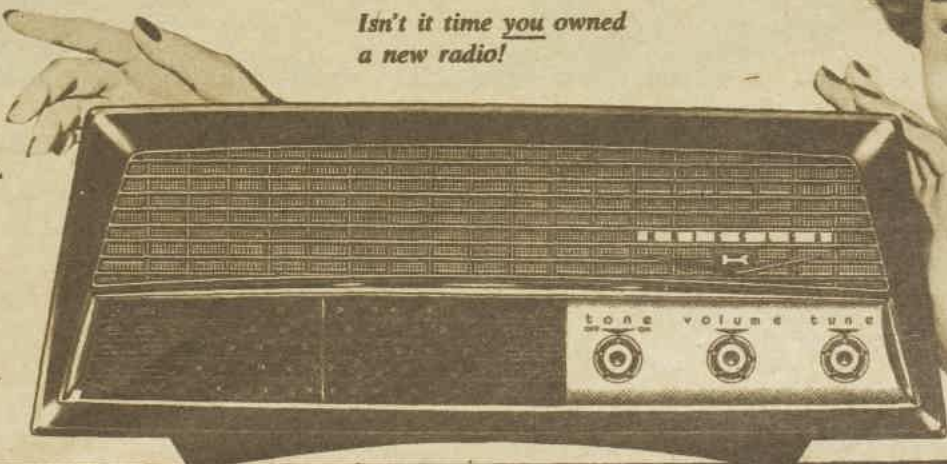


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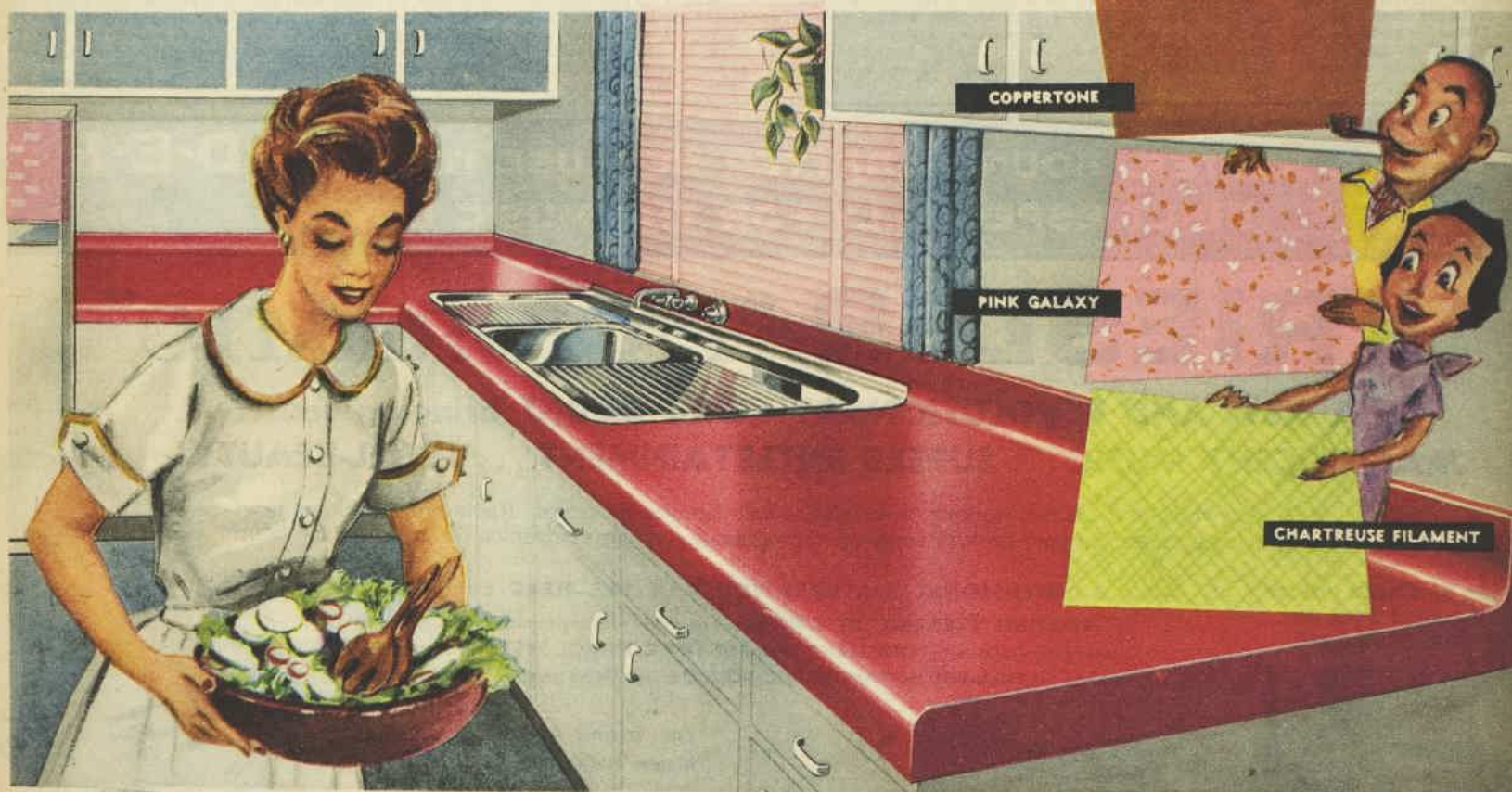




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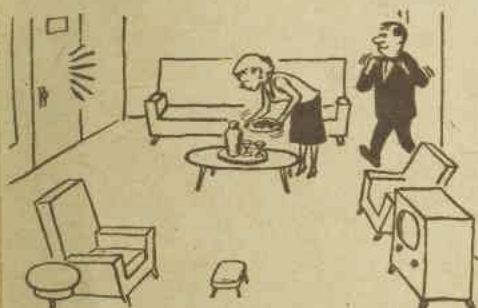
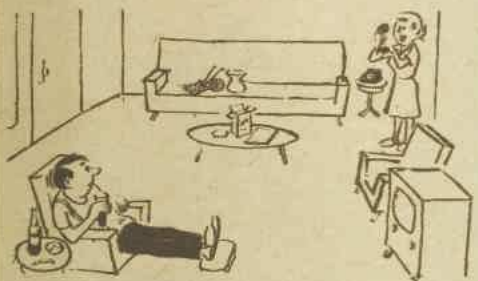
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P.S.W.W.2

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960



## DROP IN ANY TIME



## Continuing . . . I KNOW YOU MILLIONAIRES

from page 38

you asked me to knock off the golf for a while."

She tried to smile, without much luck, and lit a cigarette. "Well," she said, "it's always possible I wasn't."

He stared. "I suppose it's understandable, in a way," he said. "Maybe I don't spend enough time with the Third. Is that really it?"

There it was. The excuse. The easiest thing to latch on to in the world. She discovered she couldn't honestly do it.

"No," she said. "It's not that. You're not a neglectful father."

"Well, then?"

"It's just . . ." It came so hard. "It's just that I don't see why you go on doing it."

"You're jealous, Daisy. You're afraid of losing your man to the golf course." He took her hands. "Darling, believe me—there isn't a thing to worry about. No links could win me away from you. Honest."

"No," she said slowly. "I'm not worried about that, either." She took one deep breath. "It just doesn't seem the kind of thing for a grown man to do." She looked at him tenderly.

"I know you love golf," she said. "I understand that. I loved swimming that much a little while ago. But the days and the weeks and the months go by—and at the end of each one the only thing you can say is, I played some golf."

"I can't go out and earn an honest living," he said. "That'd be senseless. Besides, I'd do somebody out of a job, which wouldn't be fair."

"I know that."

"I always thought it was keeping me out of trouble. I still do. If I didn't have an interest like that, I'd just shoot out the days like anybody else with a lot of money. You know. Drink. See how many different ways I could behave foolishly. Even—perish the thought—fool around with other women. It's a formula. I don't know a half-dozen men of means who have escaped it."

"You underestimate yourself."

"How?"

"Why do you have to behave like that? Good heavens, Billy—I know I didn't marry a nitwit. Give me some credit. I was very particular about whom I married. I waited a long time, and until you appeared I was beginning to think it'd be forever."

He slumped in his big leather chair. "Just supposing I did give up golf," he said, and then he paused. It was painful for him just to think of it. "If I did—what would I do?"

"You can't answer it just like that," she said. "I don't know. Find something worthwhile. Head up a worthwhile charity. Go down to the Henry Street Settlement and ask them if they need somebody to pass out towels to the kids using the lockers. Drive an ambulance as a volunteer for one of the hospitals. Honey, I honestly don't know. Just anything that would give you—"

Would give you an excuse for being. That's what she was going to say, but she caught it in time.

"That would give you something to do," she finished lamely. Billy got up and walked across the big living-room, past the fireplace, to the big glass-enclosed case full of his cups and trophies. He looked at them and then turned slowly to her.

"I like to golf," he said. The words came out haltingly, but they were said stubbornly. He might as well have said what he meant, which was, "there isn't anything else I want to

do, and I'm sorry, but it's what I'm going to do."

She looked at him a moment, then sighed and shook her head as if she were just coming up out of the water.

"Listen," she said, "turn on the TV again, will you? I think there's a good murder mystery on."

All that had been nearly three years before, and there was only one way for something like that to go, which was downhill. She could tell herself, and she did, that she'd never mention it again as long as she lived, but that was foolish.

She mentioned it again inside of two months, and then the mentions became more and more frequent, and before you knew it there were hard words.

She didn't behave that way out of jealousy, or any other of the darker passions. The reason was far worse. It was because she loved William Victor Gilmartin, jun., and it was her consuming, overwhelming desire that he not shoot away his life flicking a whippy little stick at a silly little ball less than two inches in diameter. The man she loved was meant for better.

There's not much sense in going over all the scenes. There were little ones and there were big ones and there were side issues thrown in, such as Mary biting out at him that maybe the reason he played so much golf was because it gave him a good chance to see Liz McCormick.

THAT was the night she flung herself down on her bed afterward, awash in tears, the more startling because Mary Lardner did not cry, and said over and over to herself, oh, how could I have, how could I have been so unkind?

So here she was, placing the long white envelope on the end table in the foyer, because there seemed only one thing for her to do now after five years, and that was to leave.

The III already was over at Carol Smart's place in the care of Johnson, the governess, and Mary was going there to stay temporarily as soon as she shut the apartment door. Carol never asked questions. "Stay as long as you want," she had said, and that was that. Billy was playing up in Westchester and would be home by nightfall.

There wouldn't be any financial worries or rent problems or anything like that. The only problem, to be sure, would be getting used to living without a man, a man who at two o'clock one morning had turned to her in the spring house of the Greenbrier and said, a little shakily, "I'm afraid I'm falling in love with you, if you don't mind."

For a moment she looked into the living-room. She could see the trophy case, and there was that temporary, insane wish to pick up something and heave it through the glass. Instead, she pulled on her gloves, looked around once, and left.

It had been nearly six weeks. After six weeks, Billy Gilmartin thought, lying there in the grass on Kate's Mountain, with the morning sun coming across the West Virginia hills, you feel a little sorry for yourself. That's what he was doing.

For just a moment, he thought, what do you want—egg in your beer? You've got thirteen million dollars, and if that doesn't qualify you for

To page 71

## Meltonian

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LEAVES O' GOLD

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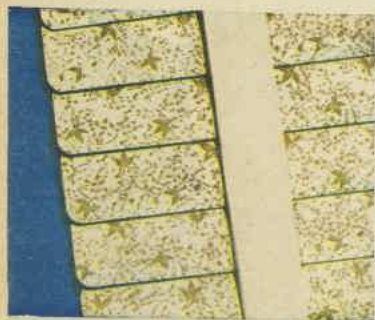
GREEN LINEN

LEAVES O' LARKSPUR

LEAVES O' JONQUIL

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Once more, Luxaflex brings you an exciting new trend in home decor—Tw-Nighter Patterned Venetians! Now you can use the looks of latest fashion fabrics to add a "so right" final touch to your rooms. And Patterned Venetians *stay* fresh and fashionable—each design is delicately captured in a smooth, enamel finish that cleans at a touch. These are today's most fashionable window coverings, expressed in the most modern of materials—aluminium and plastic. With Tw-Nighter, you have perfect control of light and air... famous "not just dim but dark" closing... and that cosy privacy that means so much in family living. Love modern decor? Then you'll love new Tw-Nighter Patterned Venetians—at your authorised Luxaflex retailer now! For helpful hints on home decor, ask him for your free copy of the Tw-Nighter Colour Brochure.



Illustrated is Luxaflex Leaves O' Gold, an elegant new pattern that blends perfectly with any decor. There are 10 other fashion patterns to choose from, plus 200 combinations of pastel and decorator colours.

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HDY/7134/WWFPCR

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960



being a poor little rich boy, heaven knows what does. So your wife's left you. Don't you know at this late date that guys with thirteen million dollars don't live happily ever after?

Praise be, that lasted only a moment. He shook his head in disgust with himself. "Poor little rich boy," he said out loud. "Rats."

Some people had made the full, happy life—in spite of being well off. Until six weeks ago, except for the growing uneasiness at the thought of head-on collisions with Mary over the years, Billy Gilmartin had felt he had made it. He talked with truck drivers as easily as with post-men. He wore ready-made suits because it was silly to have them tailored when he was standard fitting.

He got through the summers nicely without having to visit Cap d'Antibes, and he hadn't been married five different times to five different glamorous women. "The nicest thing you can say about Billy Gilmartin, the railroad heir," a magazine writer once had noted about him, "is that he looks and acts just like a sports writer."

All his life he had tried to behave like ordinary people, except for the golf thing; he went to night-baseball games in Brooklyn and he drank beer and he didn't go to El Morocco or the Colony except when it was imperative.

Sometimes, when you have

thirteen million dollars, it can be imperative. He had married Mary Lardner, whose father operated a big service station in Cleveland, and he had a son who was nearly four and watched the ball games on TV.

And then six weeks ago Billy Gilmartin had come back home to the Park Avenue apartment after shooting a 67 at Wykagyl, a tough course, and there had been the note on the table. He could recite it letter-perfect.

"I'm taking the III and moving in with Carol Smart. I'm not absolutely sure why, and maybe you're not either, but we both must have a fairly good idea. It just isn't perfect the way it was and the way it should be for you and me. I've turned into a scold, a shrew. I can't stand myself like that. Goodbye, Billy."

For a month and a half he had rattled around New York, playing Long Island and Westchester courses and going home at night to the nine-room apartment and trying unsuccessfully to find ways to make the hours go by until bedtime. Finally he had just packed and come down to the Greenbrier again to think.

He heard Liza coming up the path before he saw her; twigs cracked and pebbles crunched under her flat-heeled shoes. Liza always was nice to see; she was lean and angular and freckled and had the wild-looking of a young Katharine Hepburn about her.

It was funny he never had

from page 69

fallen for her, the way Mary had thought he had. She was great. But he hadn't. All they had had were laughs and pleasant times.

"I don't want you to think I'm here by mistake," she said, picking out an uprooted tree trunk and sitting on it, swinging her tanned legs. It seemed strange to see her without a five-iron or a half-glove on one hand.



"Walter contributed rather generously to clothing drive."

"Last night at dinner you looked like a man with enormous problems and nobody to talk to about them," she went on.

He looked at her. "Old Mother Confessor McCormick," he said.

"No jokes, please. It's the role I fill best." She shook her head and sighed. "I have more old secrets and people's troubles rattling around in my pinhead than you can imagine."

He chewed a piece of grass. Then: "Mary's left me."

"I know. What's your next card?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"You're only in the opening minutes of the truth serum, sonny. Now go on and tell me why she left you, unless it really is none of my business, in which case I'll go off and leave you."

She looked steadily at him and her eyes were wide, and a little grave. "I have the uneasy feeling Mary thinks you're playing around with me."

"A little. That's not paramount. She could be set straight on that."

"You bet your worthless life she could. I like her, even better than you." Her eyes were soft. "Tell me, Willie."

"She says I play too much golf."

"Of course. Is that all?" Before he could answer, Liza got up off the tree trunk and walked around a little on the grassy plateau. Then she sank to her knees in front of him.

"Is that all, I mumble. That's enough, I know." There was a faint blush on the freckled cheeks. "Listen, dad, let me tell you something. I know exactly what's going through Mary's mind. I worried about it myself for years."

"Who? What? Slow down and decode that."

"For a couple of years before you married Mary Lardner, you fugitive from the Yale Bowl, I used to spend rainy afternoons wondering what it would be like to be married to you." He started to say something, but she shushed him. "Oh, don't get in an uproar. I'm over it. Just girlish dreams. But I sweated out those couple of years, believe me. It was terrible."

He bristled. "What was so rough about imagining being married to me?"

She said it slowly. "I used to come to the same dead end every time. I would be darned your socks by the fire, with the children in their cribs—and I'd stop and say, 'I'm married to a golf addict.' It was awful."

"Now, wait a minute—" he started, but Liza was on her feet, and there was impatience all over her face.

"You wait a minute, junior."

Just exactly what do you think you're doing, anyway? What are you—thirty-four, thirty-five? Do you know what you've done in this most peculiar of all worlds, in the more than one-third of your life that's gone?

"You've shot 8040 rounds of golf. You have a case full of silver and gold cups that are a drug on the hock-shop market."

"And on one of your hot days you can give Sam Snead a run for his money."

"All right," he said, his teeth clenched and his neck red, "why pick on me alone? What's the matter with Sam Snead? He's a golf addict, too, isn't he?"

She took his hands in her strong, slim ones.

"Yes, but he wasn't born with twenty million dollars."

"Listen," he shouted, "that's another thing. I'm tired of people always writing and talking about twenty million dollars. It's nearer thirteen, that's what it is."

SHE looked exasperated. "Sam Snead was born figuratively without a nickel in his hand. A man like that—a man like most men—that is—makes his way in the world the best he can. Suppose you had the rent money to earn and you could hit a three iron the way Sam can?" She cocked her head to one side. "Of course. You'd be a golf pro; you'd try to become, the way Sam Snead did, the greatest golfer in the world."

She took his face gently in her hands.

"Baby, baby," she said. "When it doesn't mean the bread of life, golf is something for twenty-year-olds and, after that, something for weekends at the club. It's a pastime—do you hear, old egghead?—a pastime." She stood up suddenly.

"Let me give it to you straight. Some men sweat out the days and into the nights trying to make the world a good place in which to live. Maybe they're silly, but they're giving it the old college try. An old gent named Schweitzer gives up the world he knows

To page 81

# Cashmere Bouquet

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## Make your life a bed of roses

Enjoy the satin feel of flowers on your skin as soothing Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder wraps you in a cloud of fragrance. You'll love the way this misty fine talc drifts on to your skin, then clings throughout the day to keep you fresh and fragrant always. Regular size: 3/6. . . . Medium size: 2/9.



## Here is an extra comfort hint

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A luxury you can afford to use lavishly every day of your life

Buy the Big Regular Size and save money

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It's wonderful waiting on Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushions. Soft latex foam absorbs jar of walking, prevents callouses, prevents "burning", tenderness. 3/4 pt. for Men & Women, at Chemists, Stores, Scholl depots.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960



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# TV's QUIET MAN



BRIAN HENDERSON with "Bandstand's" audience. Teenagers automatically become "audience" if they arrive without a dancing partner of the opposite sex.

## SHOW BUSINESS

● At "Bandstand" the first thing you notice are the slowly moving heads of hundreds of teenagers, turning like sunflowers following the sun, as they watch their idol, Brian Henderson, compere of the show.

Henderson, slight, smiling, and uniformly pleasant to everyone, is TV's quiet man with the hidden power — the power that turns every teenager he meets into someone you'd like to know. Henderson is firm with the kids and has his own "Bandstand" laws which forbid gum-chewing, dancing with the same sex, very full skirts. Despite this the kids love him, wait months for tickets to his show.

*DANCERS at "Bandstand" never stop. Cameras divide them, scenery is lowered among them, songs sung, announcements made, but their feet are never stilled.*







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**FORD PILLS**

# Miss A and Belafonte

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Spectacular," the most overworked TV word ever, is really the only word to describe two programmes coming up on Channel 9.

THEY are "The Amazing Miss A," starring Winifred Atwell, and "An Evening with Belafonte."

"The Amazing Miss A" is programmed for October 6 at 10 p.m., the Belafonte show within the next few weeks.

The Atwell show is a made-in-Australia job, with Winnie at her sparkling best, I'm told. It certainly is sparkling if it can be compared with her recent concert performances in Sydney.

I'm told it's better.

This show is a preview of 13 made at Pagewood Studios in Sydney during her previous visit here. The only sad thing about it is that Winnie hasn't got her new, streamlined figure in the TV show.

They were filmed before she lost the 4½ stone that has made her look so much more elegant.

"An Evening with Belafonte," to which I was treated a preview, left me bug-eyed. It's terrific.

After what seemed about 20 minutes, the hour show was over. After years of watching hour spectaculars that seemed to last all night, that really is a flattering review.

You hear Belafonte, who recently visited Australia, in all moods, singing and dancing.

The start of the show is rather shocking, with sketches of miserable convicts and an earnest, dedicated Belafonte singing with a chain gang in the background.

Although the music is wonderful, it looks as if it is going to be a grim hour at the start, but if you bear with it for a few minutes you'll find entertainment-plus.

Belafonte has a wonderful co-star, Odetta.

Odetta is a Pearl Bailey type. She's a young, grandly fat negress who bounces through her songs as if she's got innersprings.

She has a haircut exactly the same as Belafonte's and a mouth like Nat "King" Cole's that shows a gleaming horse-shoe of teeth when she sings.

I've never seen anything better than Belafonte and Odetta singing "There's a Hole in the Bucket"; it'd bring the house down anywhere. (Incidentally, it is sure to thrill the heart of one of the singing commercial writers, and will probably send his jingle into the hit parade.)

Belafonte sings a nonsense



FAMOUS SINGER Harry Belafonte and his co-star, Odetta, singing "There's a Hole in the Bucket." This picture and the one below were taken from the screen during a preview of the show.



BELAFONTE with a group of kids sings a nonsense song. This number is a real romp.

song with a group of children, both black and white. Odetta does the same.

The two of them combine with the kids and the Belafonte Folk Singers and dancers (they're black, white, and Chinese) in a number that is a romp, and would have everyone but the worst sourpuss in the world wanting to join in.

There's no need for me to tell you I was carried away by this show. Don't take my word for it, though; see it for yourself.

Belafonte's songs include "The Chain Gang Song," "Oh, Rolling River," "Sylvie," "John Henry," "Suzanne," "My Lawd, What a Morning," and "Great Getting Up in the Morning." Odetta sings "Water Boy," "Joshua Fit de Battle of Jericho," the nonsense songs, and, with Belafonte, "There's a Hole in the Bucket."

SHIRLEY ABICAIR came back to TV this week in ABC-TV's national programme "Shirley Abicair in Australia."

Shirley retrieved her TV reputation in this show that presented her as her winning self, and not as the rather petulant and precious character who appeared earlier in the year in the Shirley Abicair Show on the commercial stations.

Without devices like carrying on animatedly with a boom mike and telling stories to her aboriginal friend Tumbarumba, it was possible to appreciate her qualities as an entertainer.

She looks pleasant and sings pleasantly, and appeared for the first time as an interviewer.

The first of six programmes, made primarily for overseas, showed Shirley in Sydney.

She sang where Captain Cook landed and round The Rocks, and generally showed us Sydney.

But I was surprised when, just at the stage when I thought our smiling Lord Mayor, Mr. Jensen, was about to treat us televiewers to a civic reception and a talk about HIS city, on came businessman L. J. Hooker and talked about his (commercial) city. It didn't seem to me terribly A.B.C.

DON'T get a shock if you're one of the many fans of Channel 9's educational telecasts and you see four repeat shows of the history and biology series again this week and next.

They're the ones that were telecast during the August school holidays and are being repeated for Leaving Certificate students at the request of schools all over the metropolitan viewing area.

THE kindergarten set of TV watchers has a new use for solo skipping ropes with wooden handles—no four-year-old will sing a note without one. The wooden handle is held as a microphone to sing into, and the rope, dragging across the floor like electric flex in the studio, is manipulated by the singers as deftly as by any seasoned TV star.

Another must is a "Mike Nelson" in your goldfish bowl. A "Mike Nelson" is a plastic edition of underwater hero Lloyd Bridges, who plays Mike Nelson in the popular "Sea Hunt" series. Placed strategically among the weeds, Mike, complete with speargun, guards your goldfish from rogues and unseen underwater hazards.

● "The Detectives," with Robert Taylor, is worth looking at, but Robert Taylor is now nearly 50, and all that remains of those Greek-god looks is the identifying widow's peak. He's worn, tired, and lined.

● "Markham" stars another ex-juvenile, Ray Milland. He has lost his looks, too, but he passed them on to the most handsome son you ever saw. Son Daniel is 19 and makes his six-foot father look a mid-get. Dan is 6ft. 7½in. tall.



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**NEVER BEFORE** a toothpaste that keeps  
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Stripe really brightens your teeth. It keeps your mouth and breath fresh all day—tastes good, too! The active Hexachlorophene in Stripe attacks and destroys decay germs, helps preserve your teeth years longer.

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**Science proves STRIPE best for you.** Stripe toothpaste not only destroys decay germs. Its antiseptic action lasts for hours, leaves the whole mouth hygienically clean. Extensive scientific tests have proved Stripe's anti-bacterial action even better than ordinary toothpaste and mouthwash combined.

**Children love STRIPE too.** They remind you it's time to clean their teeth. Get your Stripe toothpaste today. At all chemists and stores.

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Giant size 3/6. Economy size 4/8.

A fine Resona Product.





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Herco Olivol Shampoo lathers instantly in any kind of water (even sea water). Its rich, foaming suds deep-clean your hair leaving it soft and silky, and so easy to manage. Choose Herco Olivol Shampoo for all the family. It is delightfully perfumed, too, and so economical.

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# HERCO



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for a bit of heaven**

*writes*  
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many different remedies, ray treatments, mas-  
sage, even weekly injections, with little success.  
So I thought I would give Menthoids a trial. I now  
feel a different person, with the wonderful relief I  
obtained.  
Stiffness and pain has gone, the swelling down and as I work  
for myself, I thank Menthoids for a bit of heaven!  
I'm still taking Menthoids and getting great relief."  
(original letter on file)

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# SOCIAL ROUNDUP



**THERE'LL** be Edwardian-era finery both on- and off-stage at the brilliant first night of "The Merry Widow" at the Tivoli Theatre on October 6.

One of the most fabulously frocked women in the audience will be Mrs. Garnet Carroll, who is coming from Melbourne with her husband for the opening.

She's wearing an elegant, long white satin gown with a jewelled back-panel setting off the frock's "hour-glass" silhouette, white orchids, and a white feather boa—five yards long!

"I have to wear it double-doubled," confided Mrs. Carroll, who is only 5ft. 2in.

Star of the operetta, June Bronhill, who is even more petite—just 4ft. 11in.—wears some wonderful feathered head-dresses in the show, because she feels she hasn't the height to carry-off the traditional "Merry Widow" hats.

June and principal members of the company, including John Larsen, who plays Prince Danilo, will be welcomed to Sydney at a noon reception given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Ald. and Mrs. Harry Jensen) at the Town Hall on October 5.

The Premier, Mr. R. J. Heffron, and Mrs. Heffron, Lady Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. Norman E. Williams, Lady Gillespie and her niece Miss Margaret Gillespie, Mrs. David Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Martin, Mr. and Mrs. John Lemon, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ben Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cooper, and Mr. and Mrs. Ian Jacoby will be among first-nighters.

SUCH a delightful luncheon was given by Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, of "Kimo," Gundagai, at Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lloyd's lovely home at Bellevue Hill, after the wedding of their daughter, Jill Jackson, to Owen Matchett, of "Northcote," Boomi. Later Jill and Owen set off to honeymoon at Southport, Queensland, for a month, before settling-in at "Northcote" in time for the Boomi Amateur Picnic Races on Melbourne Cup Day. After their wedding at Bondi Presbyterian Church, Owen and his radiant dark-haired bride sped to the adjacent manse, where Jill gave her gorgeous bouquet of Gassoon-Sailor Boy orchids to the Rev. Charles Yuill, formerly of Moree, who is recuperating from an operation. Mr. Yuill, who is an old friend of the groom, was to have performed the marriage, until illness intervened.

I LIKED the advice for a happy marriage given by Canon G. A. Conolly in his speech at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel after the wedding of Jan McDowell and Simon Sheller. Turning to Jan, he said, "Spoil your husband," and to Simon he recommended, "Try to stop your wife from spoiling you!"

"HERE'S TO US" toast Owen Matchett, of "Northcote," Boomi, and his bride, formerly Jill Jackson, at luncheon given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, of Gundagai, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lloyd, of Bellevue Hill, after the marriage of the popular couple at Bondi Presbyterian Church. Jill wore an upswept, beige organza hat with her simply styled geranium-pink silk frock.



**YOUTHFUL BRIDESMAIDS** at the wedding of Jill Jackson and Owen Matchett, from left, Vicky Channcey, of "Throsby Park," Moss Vale, and Janetta Matchett, of "Hazeldene," Boomi, with small Sarah Jane Roberts, engrossed with task of making their selection from a platter of sororities at the luncheon given by the bride's parents after the ceremony. Vicky and Janetta wore full-skirted blue-and-white-flowered organza "Miss Muffet" frocks with cornflower-blue bodices.



LOOKING a debonair forty-five, William Dobell plaintively remarked he didn't care for the Press pictures taken on his 61st birthday — "because they made me appear like a man of 60!"

★ ★ ★  
ENCHANTING arrangements of white tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, and azaleas were used by Mrs. Hector Livingston at the luncheon party she gave at her lovely waterfront flat at Point Piper for the British Minister for Aviation, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, just before he flew back to London. The all-white floral decor was perfect for the sitting-room, with its blue-green walls (the paint was specially blended to capture the color of the harbor in an azure mood) and the gold-and-white furnishings of the dining-room.

★ ★ ★  
AND talking of flowers, Sunday afternoon, October 16, will be a red-letter day for garden lovers bidden (by invitation only) to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Field's home, "Bolton Grange," Wahroonga. There will also be a parade of shapely nymphs modelling newest beachwear round the swimming-pool at the party, which is to raise funds to meet the initial costs of Torch Bearers for Legacy Christmas cards. Mrs. Lionel McFadyen says that this year they're hoping to sell 100,000 cards. I've had a sneak preview of the cards, which will be available in three colors—gold, scarlet, and navy-blue. They may be engraved with the names and addresses of senders, and they're large enough, too, to dash off a personal greeting to "specials."

★ ★ ★  
DON'T mention "daffodils" to Mrs. Derrick Davey or Mrs. Peter Talty. Several months ago they shopped together in a "serve yourself" store for daffodil bulbs, to use home-grown blooms for the yellow and green floral arrangement they planned to enter in the Kambala Parents and Friends' Association Floral Festival, at Monash Hut, on October 28 and 29. But they've just discovered that their horticultural "swans" have turned into "ugly ducklings." The bulbs they have been so lovingly tending produced onions—instead of daffodils. "We must have picked them up from the wrong counter," they're lamenting.

★ ★ ★  
AFTER their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on October 20, Belinda Morgan-Jones, of Palm Beach, and Andrew Crossing will live in an attractive little white-and-grey house at "Colly Blue," Quirindi. It has a lovely view of the plains and undulating hills on the property. Belinda will be attended at her wedding by Shaen Crossing and Peta Phillips, partnered by Wally Farquhar, of "Goori," Quirindi, and Sam Stephens, of Walcha.



GREETINGS from the bride's mother, Mrs. S. Barleigh, for Bill Sutton, of "Bundemar," Trangie, and his bride, formerly Nancy Gruening, as they left St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. On the left of the bridal couple are Mrs. Claude Renshaw and Mrs. Maynard Crawford, and pictured at right are Mr. and Mrs. Tom McKay, of "Normandie," Exeter, chatting with Dr. and Mrs. Archie Yuill, of Newport (couple on the right), after the ceremony. Nancy set off her fairness in a blue-and-white silk tunic frock.



JUST ENGAGED Diana Barclay and John Byrne were in a smiling mood after shopping for a sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring before leaving town for Boggabri, where Diana's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Barclay, entertained with a cocktail party at their home to celebrate the romance. After their wedding next year, Diana and John will live at "Aqua Downs," a property eighty miles from Charleville, in Queensland.

EX-KING PETER chatting with Mrs. Bill White and Mrs. M. A. Alldritt (in a white swathed jersey frock) on the terrace at Mrs. Alldritt's beautiful harbor-front home at Point Piper at the reception in his honor arranged by the Social Committee of the Royal N.S.W. Institution for Deaf and Blind Children. Mrs. White, who is president of the Social Committee, wore a beige fine check tailored suit with a small toque massed with red silk poppies.



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# TRIANGLE DRAMA

● In this emotion-charged domestic drama, "Strangers When We Meet," Columbia draws an unhappily married Kim Novak and her idealistic architect-neighbor, Kirk Douglas, into a furtive, back-fence romance which threatens the security of both their families.



## SHOW BUSINESS

**TORN** between his home, his career, and his love for Kim Novak, Kirk Douglas temporarily evades his dilemma in a carefree romp with his son.



WHILE maintaining a casual, neighborly air in public, the lovers — Kim Novak and Kirk Douglas — keep regular, clandestine appointments at their secret rendezvous, the site of a mountain-top dream home Douglas has been commissioned to build for his co-star, writer Ernie Kovacs.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960





"THE MISFITS" stars, Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, Montgomery Clift, Thelma Ritter, and Eli Wallach, relaxing at the end-of-week shooting party they threw in Reno recently.

## Gable is on a diet

● Hollywood star Clark Gable has gone on a strict no-beer diet.

GABLE, still known as "The King," is receiving nothing but compliments on the Reno set of "The Misfits" — in which he co-stars with Marilyn Monroe — for his new streamlined figure.

He owes the figure to his special steaks-tomatoes-and-no-beer diet.

The King is now only five pounds heavier than he was in his "Gone With The Wind" days, 21 years ago, and intends to stay this way until he retires from films.

"Then," he sighs, "I can drink all the beer I want, gain all the weight I want, and no one will have cause to worry."

GINGER ROGERS is trying to drum up a movie job for her very young boy-friend Robert Euton, who has been making a living selling orange juice on TV commercials.

PHILIP LEACOCK, the British director with a flair for handling children—remember "The Kidnappers"?—is now shooting an unusual subject, again with children. Titled "Hand In Hand," it tells the tender story of two young kids and the love they find for each other. John Gregson, Finlay Currie, and Dame Sybil Thorndike play the adults, while Loretta Parry and Philip Needs fill the roles of the children.

YET another British actor has branched out as a producer. Richard Todd is the latest to join the line with his first independent venture, "Don't Bother To Knock." Todd has certainly surrounded himself with international beauties for his show. From Germany there is Elke Sommer, from France Nicole Maurey, and from England June Thorburn and newcomer Dawn Berret.

## New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent  
★ Average

★★ Above Average  
No star—Poor

### ★ ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS

This is one long wail from five miserable stars. Pregnant hillbilly Natalie Wood deserts her lover (Robert Wagner) and weds rich George Hamilton, who thinks he's fathering her child. A brilliant trumpeter, Wagner soars to New York success. For spite, he marries Hamilton's petulant sister (Susan Kohner).

Threaded through all this hysteria is blues singer Pearl Bailey's lingering death.

Yet, despite their despair,

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960

this gay-looking, couture-dressed quintet couldn't jerk a tear.—Liberty, Sydney.

In a word . . . WRUNG-OUT

### SIGN OF THE GLADIATOR

A meaty Anita Ekberg plays Zenobia, a Syrian queen, lusting for power and love and driving the hammy cast through battles (with the Romans), sadistic deaths, and pagan sacrifices. It has all been done before. Not a ray of newness brightens the long, dreary drag.—Palace, Sydney.

In a word . . . DULL.

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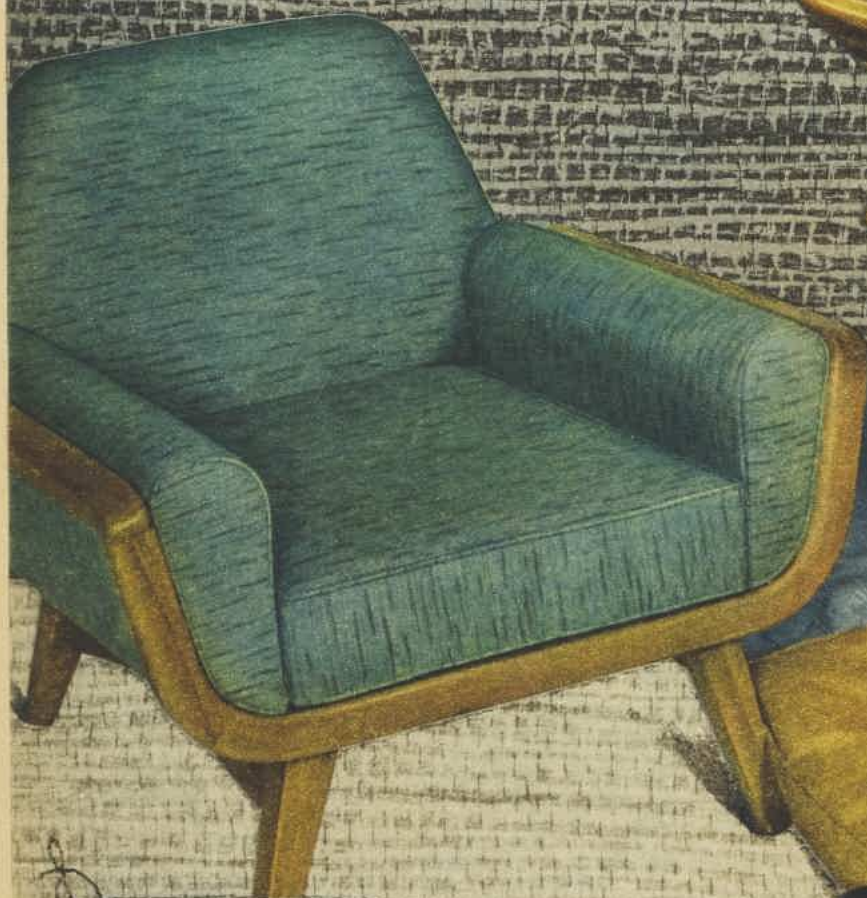
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Remember, too, that a wipe with a damp cloth ever retains that 'Vynex' Sampan 'new look'. Be sure to see 'Vynex' Sampan at your furniture store — and inspect the 'Vynex' pattern book which displays the full range of 'Vynex' designs and colours.

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to go down into the middle of Africa and try to bring dignity and the better life to a people who are lost."

Her tone was sharp and biting. "Some men build bridges, or fly airplanes faster than sound because they're trying to make the world safe for democracy, to coin a cliché. Some men do things. Everybody dies, junior—but some men leave a few footprints in the ground that make a little difference, so people remember and say, ah, Kilroy was here."

"You—well, you play golf." For a minute or two, neither of them said anything. There was only the rustle of trees and the call of a bird. Finally Billy Gilmartin shook his head and looked up slowly. He tried to smile, but it didn't work very well.

"I suppose it does seem a little foolish," he said. "Doesn't it?"

"Mary is a hundred per cent, Willie. Now, you wouldn't give up something like that—the pot of gold at the end of your particular rainbow—for the north course at Oakmont, would you?"

He drew Liza to him and kissed her lightly on the cheek, then he got to his feet and pulled her up. "No, mother," he said. "Walk me down to the station, will you? I've got a train to catch."

"I'll do better. I'll drive you to the airport." They started down the path, and Billy Gilmartin turned to her.

"You're a fine one to lecture," he said. "You play as much golf as I do. More. Why don't you practise what you preach? Why don't you stop being foolish—and start being useful?" It was her turn to try a weak smile.

"A woman, junior, is useful in one way—to a man."

"So be useful to a man, then."

She sighed. Such a long sigh. "Nobody's asked me. Oh—that's not exactly right. Some have. They weren't the right ones, that's all."

Lie put his arm around her shoulder. "Maybe I should say I'm sorry or something stupid like that," Billy Gilmartin said.

"Men," she said, trying to make it sound disgusted. "Of all the conceited things I ever . . ." but her voice died away, and they walked down Kate's Mountain. Maybe you would have thought Liza McCormick was an unhappy woman, and maybe you'd be right, but in a way she was happy, too, because the man she used to think of on rainy afternoons was going back where he belonged.

"I've been thinking it over," Billy said, standing there in the

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dark, cool foyer of Carol Smart's apartment, just looking at Mary, "and I've figured that in the long run it'd be less expensive to go back to living with you rather than pay alimony."

"I wouldn't take a cent from the likes of you," she said. "I've got money of my own, you know. I could lay my hands on sixty dollars without half-trying."

"Where's the Third?" he asked, smiling at her.

"Sleeping, of course. It's afternoon-nap time." He listened to the shouts and roars emanating from some far part of the apartment as William Victor Gilmartin III continued steadily, surely at his nap-time pastime of throwing toys around the room and advising them to drop dead.

Billy moved closer to her and took her into his arms.

"I think I've got some sense in my head," he said. "Liza lectured me and—"

"Oh, you've got to listen to another woman, hey?" she said. She smiled and laid her head on his chest. "I never thought you and she were carrying on, you know. I was just being womanly. Liza's not that kind. Of course, I don't know what kind you are."

After he had kissed her, the long, wonderful kind of kiss that only people who have loved each other for five years or more can experience, he looked down at her. "I'm an ex-golfer, that's the kind of man I am," he said. He was, too. Likely the richest ex-golfer in the world. And the happiest.

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he whispered . . .

"pale as moonlight . . ."  
and suddenly she knew she had discovered the age-old secret of true beauty. He was bewitched by the pale silken halo of her hair . . .

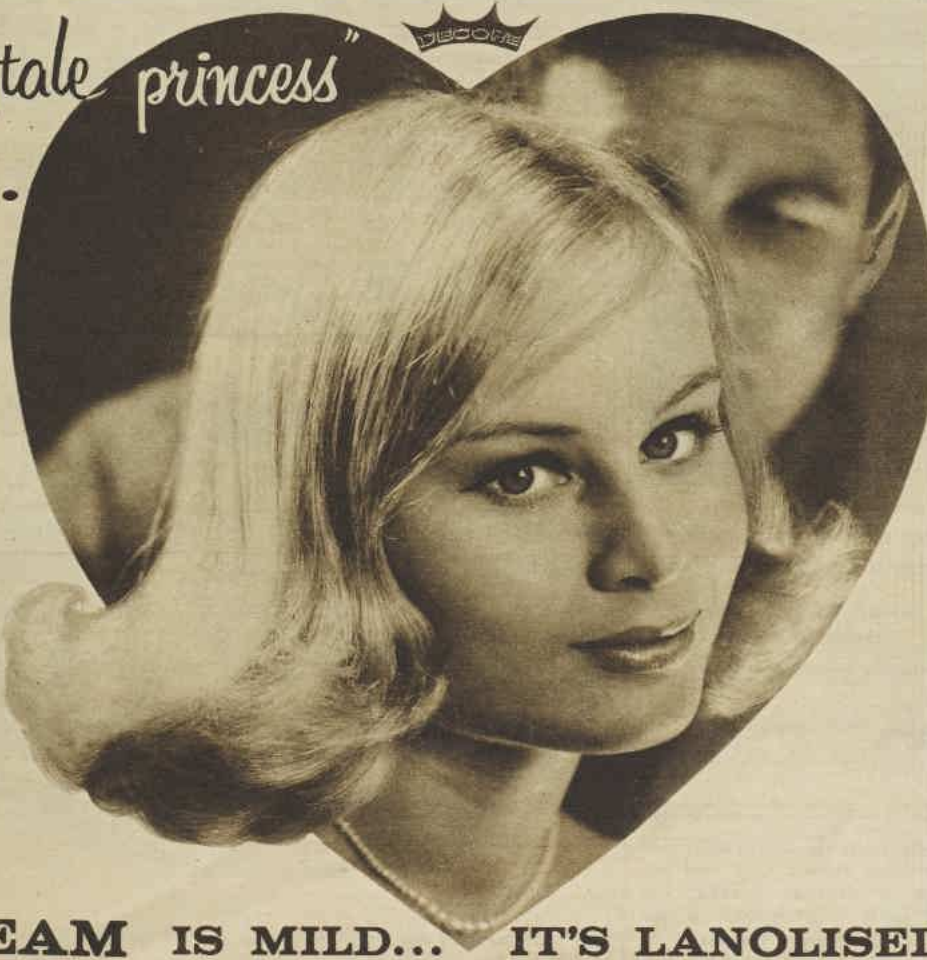
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The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960



### ROYAL COURT HAIRDRESSER ANSWERS MORE BEAUTY LETTERS

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Dear Monsieur . . .

We are Art students and would like your advice on hair care. As you can imagine, we each have our own problems but would appreciate any beauty tips. Students, Newport.

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## Continuing . . . HE INTENDED TO STAY FOR BREAKFAST

from page 33

Fascist, accused me of usurping your prerogatives, and using you as a puppet."

"Come to think of it," said Arthur judiciously, "I've noticed such a tendency in you myself." He turned to George. "You should see the way she bullies me about dental appointments."

"That's the thanks I get," she said in a surly voice. "If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have a tooth in your head."

Arthur ignored her, and stared admiringly at George. "You've summed up the situation exactly," he declared. "Good old George. You always did have a gift for the apt analysis." He shook George's hand vigorously. "Haul your freight, George," he said, "while we're still friends."

"All right," said George in a wounded tone of voice, "but what am I going to say to old J. T. Whickers, my boss?"

"You can tell old J. T. Whickers to—" said Arthur, then gulped. "J. T. Whickers?" he repeated. "President of Remarkable Markets? Incorporated?" he added.

"The same," said George. "Of which I'm purchasing agent. I came here to negotiate for a sample of your product."

"Miss Parker," cried Arthur, "whip out and get a case of Acme Arbut Whizzums."

"With our vast purchasing power," said George, "we were thinking more in terms of a trainload."

"A trainload?" chorled Arthur. His expression was that of a man just recently snatched from the jaws of bankruptcy. Then he thought he saw the fly in the ointment.

"Have you," he asked, "ever tasted Acme Arbut Whizzums?"

"Yes," said George, "but it doesn't matter. They're a novelty, and the public will try anything once."

Arthur eyed him suspiciously. "How much kickback would you expect?"

"Nary a kickback," said George. "Old J. T. Whickers would fire me in a second and, besides, it's against my own personal code of ethics."

Arthur turned to Penelope. "Take a memo, Miss Parker," he said. "Remind me that the next time you try to give an old pal of mine the air you're fired—you storm trooper." Then he took George by the arm. "Come on, buddy boy," he said, and dragged George into his office.

There was still a stricken look on Penelope's face an hour later when George emerged

from Arthur's office. He stared down at her for a moment.

"If you'd let yourself go in certain directions," he said, "you'd be almost pretty." Then he ambled out of the room.

Penelope stared after him, too crushed to utter even one of the many hateful things that came to her tongue. Then Arthur came in.

"Miss Parker," he said, "go home and fix yourself up. You've got a date with Mr. Cameron tonight. He's new to New York, and you're to show him the town. He'll call for you at nine."

"Me?" croaked Penelope, and her voice came to her as from out of a black fog. "A date with . . . that man? Never. Not if my life depended on it."

"Not your life, but the life of this firm depends on how you conduct yourself tonight," declared Arthur. He showed her a piece of paper. "This is a contract for a whole trainload of Acme Arbut Whizzums. If you'll notice, it has not as yet been signed." He started away, then turned. "By the way, George requested you climb into an outfit that'll make you look less like a female obstetrician."

Precisely at nine that night, George Cameron rang the doorbell of Penelope Parker's apartment in the Gotham Arms. The door opened and Penelope stood before him. She had let herself go with a vengeance. She was a shimmering vision of voluptuous curves, superficially clothed in a handful of silk. "Gosh!" said George.

Then it seemed that Penelope was determined to let herself go in all directions. "You said it!" she said with gay abandon. "And don't look so surprised. This is the real me. I keep myself under wraps at the office so as to surprise visiting clients after hours. It's my secret weapon."

"The boss said to show you the town, and, believe me, George, you're going to see the town." She took his arm and steered him toward the elevator. "Just a gigolo, everywhere I go," she sang in an off-key voice. Then, in a conversational tone, she asked, "Just what is the feminine version of a gigolo, George?"

It turned out that George had rented a car, a low-slung job with a radiator grille full of sharp teeth and an over-all wolfish look.

"I'll bet this baby can find its way to the Old River Road

with its eyes shut, but, if it can't, you just ask me, Georgie."

George grinned at her, then, to shut her up, made a two-wheel turn at a cross street. "She cornered well, didn't she?" he asked casually.

"Cornered my ear!" said Penelope. "We rolled over three times. It isn't exactly what I had in mind, but if you want us to wind up the evening on adjoining slabs, it's okay by me."

While Penelope sang, hummed, and whistled the gigolo song, George drove at a sedate rate of speed across town and then stopped in front of a nightclub. "Oh, no," said Penelope. "You can't get in here at this time of night, George. All reservations for this place are booked at least two weeks in advance."

Nevertheless, he helped her out of the car, tipped the attendant, and escorted Penelope into the club. A line of patient customers waited in front of a red velvet rope, but at sight of George, a major-domo whipped aside the rope and bowed low as a headwaiter hurried forward. "Evening, Mr. Cameron," said the headwaiter, and led the way to a ringside table. "I," said Penelope, "thought I was going to show you the town, George."

"You," said George, smiling appreciatively at her, "have showed me plenty."

"How nice of you to say so," she said, "and if you can't tell that I'm blushing prettily, it's because of all the rouge which I used so as to get your mind off female obstetricians."

"There isn't a female obstetrician in town who could so much as hold a candle to you," declared George.

"I don't know why men think it's flattering to allude to a girl in terms of candles," said Penelope. "Personally, I can't imagine why any woman in her right mind would want to hold a candle to another woman, but, the way you talk, the woods are full of females running around with candles pathetically trying to hold them to other females, and apparently the results are always negative. Leastwise I never heard a man tell a woman that she could hold a candle to another woman; it's always the reverse."

She paused for breath and George stared attentively at her, apparently fascinated. "Will you," he asked pleasantly, "please shut your pretty little trap?"

To page 84



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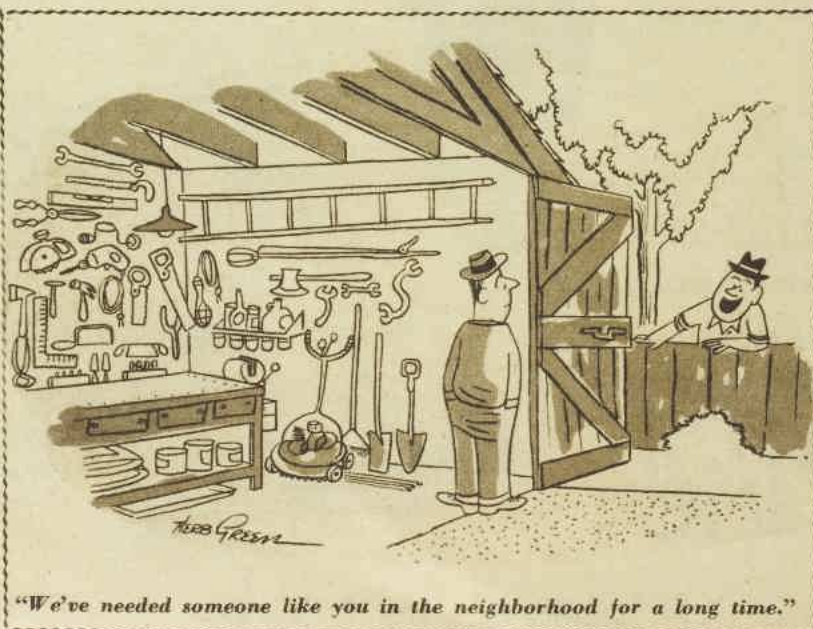
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**GOLDEN SCONES**

1 ounce butter (1 tablespoon), 2 tablespoons white sugar, 1 cup cold salted mashed pumpkin (dry),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 3 cups self-raising flour, 1 heaped tablespoon Sunshine full cream powdered milk, pinch of salt.

Cream together butter and sugar. Add pumpkin and water. Sift flour and salt together. Add Sunshine full cream milk in powdered form. Then mix quickly but well with the wet ingredients. Add a little more water if necessary. Knead lightly on floured board. Roll out about  $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick, and cut into rounds. Bake in oven (450°-475° F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with strawberry jam and creamy whipped Sunshine.

Serve them oven-hot and thick with butter. Golden-topped . . . and golden-hearted with the delicious difference of pumpkin. Taste Golden Scones . . . fluffy-textured and magically light because they're made with Sunshine full cream powdered milk.

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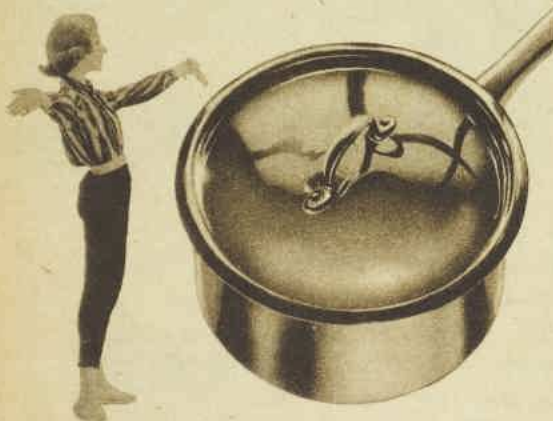
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# BRASSO

Copper Soupspoon—David Jones, Sydney.

Continuing . . .

## HE INTENDED TO STAY FOR BREAKFAST

from page 82

"Of course," said Penelope, instantly contrite. "If you like your women weak and silent, mum's the word. I'll not utter a syllable; only nod my head at crucial stages in the proceedings."

"We of the Acme Arbut Company aim to please; that is, Mr. Arbut aims for me to please. In a manner of speaking, I'm a pistol, Georgie boy, aimed right between your eyes, and the object is for you to stand and deliver a contract for one trainload of Whizzums."

"Old J. T. Whickers," said George, "has to okay all important contracts."

"It seems," said Penelope, "that I'm out with the wrong man." Then she sighed with resignation. "Okay," she said, "I'm game. Let's go and dig up old J. T. Whickers and show him the town."

"Old J. T. Whickers," said George, "is in Chicago. And," he went on grimly, "any more chatter along the lines you've been exploring and I'm going to hang a shiner on you that'll be the talk of the saloon circuit. I know that, if I asked you for a date this afternoon, you would have said no, feeling as you did at the moment. Arthur, however, decided that if he put it to you in a certain light you'd say yes out of simple-minded loyalty to him."

"Oh," said Penelope, "he's that sure of me, is he?"

"So sure," said George, "that he offered to bet me a sizeable sum that there was a limit to your loyalty and that, under certain specific circumstances, you'd sabotage the sale of a whole trainload of Whizzums."

"I," he added, "did not accept the bet, so kindly refrain from acting like a poor man's Madame du Barry."

"I," declared Penelope, "am bitterly disappointed; I had such lovely visions of pushing you off some secluded cliff if and when the circumstances you mention arose." Then she stared curiously at him.

"Since you didn't intend to put your somewhat prim prejudice of me to a field test, why on earth did you bother to arrange a date with me?"

"Because, heaven help me," said George tragically, "I'm nuts. While you were giving me the deep-freeze treatment, I noticed the color of your eyes, the way your hair curls at the nape of your neck. I found myself liking you a bit more than I hated you. In spite of," he went on tenderly, "your mean and miserable disposition."

She stared deep into his eyes, and gone was the austere despot of the Acme Arbut outer office; gone also was the poor man's du Barry, and Penelope became still another person, a girl whose heart was suddenly crammed with cockles, every one of which was bouncing about like popcorn in a pan.

She murmured wonderingly, "What a lovely thing to say, after the way I treated you this afternoon and considering the things I planned to do to you tonight. Shall we go somewhere and dance, then take a long drive in the country?"

It was four o'clock the next morning, and a smile curved Penelope's lips as she lay abed and, in her dream, relived a wonderful evening of dancing, followed by a nice long drive in the country. Her lips puckered in memory of a kiss and then her brow furrowed as, all of a sudden, waffles got into the picture. Waffles?

At this moment the bedside telephone started to ring. Still clinging to sleep, Penelope

rolled over and picked up the receiver. "Hello."

"Hello," said a man's voice. "I'd like to speak to George Cameron."

"He isn't here," said Penelope.

"He's got to be," said the voice.

"Why," asked Penelope, "has he got to be here?"

"He gave me this number," replied the voice. "He said he was spending the night at your place."

"He," said Penelope, slowly and unbelievably, "told you that he was spending the night here?" Then she was fully awake and she remembered how waffles had got into her recently interrupted dream.

After kissing her goodnight in the hallway, George had complained of hunger pangs and had suggested that they make waffles in her kitchen.

She had taken the suggestion at face value, but had rejected it because she was too blissfully happy even to think of food. Now, realising that waffles had not been what George had had in mind, she came to regret bitterly not having followed out her original intention of showing him off a secluded cliff.

"Come on," said the voice on the other end of the line, "is he there or isn't he?"

"Well," said Penelope, "it's obvious that he expected to be, isn't it?"

"Of course," said the voice. "Why else would he have given me this number?"

"He gave you this number because he's a low, cunning, conniving, conceited, self-confident cad," declared Penelope. "Just what did he tell you about me, mister whoever you are?"

"I can't understand why you're so exercised," said the voice. "All he told me was that you're his older, married sister."

"Well, I'm not his sister and I'm not married," declared Penelope.

"Why confide in me, a total stranger?" said the voice. "Anyway, I'm not interested in your personal life. I only want to talk to George. Put him on the line, will you?"

"Well, I am interested in my personal life, and I resent your snide assumption as to how I'm living it," said Penelope. "Incidentally, just who are you?"

"I'm George's employer," said the voice.

"Oh, so you're old J. T. Whickers, are you?" said Penelope. "Well, let me ask you something, old J. T. Whickers: how much do you know about how your purchasing agent does business? Would it surprise you, for instance, to know that he goes out after kickbacks?"

"If that's true, I'll fire him," said the voice, "but I refuse to believe George'd do anything like that."

"I," declared Penelope, "am an official of the Acme Arbut Company. Yesterday George negotiated for a trainload of our products. Last night he took me out on the town. Does the fact that he confidently expected to be here in my apartment to answer telephone calls at four o'clock in the morning suggest anything to you?"

Not waiting for an answer, she plunged on: "I can tell by your silence that you are beginning to catch on. Now I'm going to tell you something else, old J. T. Whickers. Your boy's in trouble. For the sake of other, more unfortunate girls who might fall victim to George Cameron, I'm going to blow this thing wide open, advertise it to the world."

"After dancing with me last night, George took me on a

To page 85

## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning October 10



### ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21 - APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in co-operation.

★ You will be working mainly with and through others. It is essential that your goodwill be retained. If you can't get all your ideas accepted, compromise wherever possible. Consider your self one of a team rather than the leader and move steadily towards the objective which means success for all. Keep people from arguments.



### TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21 - MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Taurus, Saturday. Luck in personal affairs.

★ This is the time to renew your personality. Check up on your appearance, experiment with a new hairdo, plan additions to your wardrobe for the new season, go on a diet-and-exercise scheme, study seriously what styles and colors are popular. If a parent, you may help a child reach a decision, give moral support in a situation, or hear applause for his efforts.



### GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21 - JUNE 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck through youth.

★ If a teenager, a wave of social activity; you join a crowd of your contemporaries, win distinction in sport. If older, you are likely to shine in work connected with young people such as organizing a dance or outing. If a parent, you may help a child reach a decision, give moral support in a situation, or hear applause for his efforts.



### CANCER The Crab

JUNE 21 - JULY 20

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Wednesday. Luck in home improvement.

★ No home is so perfect that a few changes here and there could not fall to render it more attractive. Look at your home with new eyes and you'll discover that shifting the furniture, new cushions or curtains, or perhaps just a new ornament or picture can lift it. The self-helper shines when using originality.



### LEO The Lion

JULY 21 - AUGUST 20

Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a short journey.

★ If the matter is important, go in person. In making appointments be precise as to time and place. State your wishes clearly, make up your mind promptly. Your journey may take you into town to buy a present for a loved one, or a bit of luxury for yourself, or it may lead to a meeting which will influence your plans for some time.



### VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 21 - SEPTEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a business deal.

★ Whether you are buying a house or a pair of gloves you're in luck. You could be searching for a hard-to-match color, or start with a clear idea of what you want, only to come home with something entirely different. Treasure trove in the shape of a bargain could start you off on a new enterprise or you could unload a white elephant.



### LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 21 - OCTOBER 20

Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in winning friends.

★ This new cycle you are starting will begin with new contacts, new activities. As you gradually turn away from the past you enter a different world. Choose new associates with a regard for links which will influence your social life. A few of you will now meet your future life partner, although the wedding may be as yet far off.



### SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 21 - NOVEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in generosity.

★ A friend could ask you forgiveness; it would be kind to forget an incident or an apparent slight. Should you be requested to sacrifice your pleasure to help others, be willing to accept gracefully, for affection will then flow towards you. If another is given credit which rightfully belongs to you, don't worry or sulk.



### SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 21 - DECEMBER 20

Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in sport.

★ Your sign shines on the tennis court, the bowling green, or any other playing field. You may be representing your club or district, and chances for a victory are bright. If you are a sportsman you are likely to go along and cheer your team when it chalks up the winning score. Young and in love, you'll be there to applaud your hero.



### CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 20

Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in prestige.

★ Your importance in the community may be enhanced through a lucky break; you might take over in an emergency, acquire yourself with credit in a new field, or straighten out the tangled web of a scheme gone wrong. Penelope may refer to your judgment in a delicate matter; your reward will be the respect of associates. Extra work is time-consuming.



### AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 21 - FEBRUARY 20

Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a plan.

★ Your plan may come suddenly in a flash of inspiration, or it may develop very gradually, but the main thing is to have a goal to work towards. The more it appeals to you the faster you'll progress. Pick a small ambition first, then go on from there. Your ship will never come into port if you merely drift. If you can interest a friend,



### PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 21 - MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a windfall.

★ There might be a bit extra in the pay envelope or the home-keeping allowance. The piggy bank could be fuller than you suppose or you receive an unexpected gift. Any of these can help you towards a goal. Some of you are asked to take the place of one who is sick or absent on a special occasion, invited to make up a four-course

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological column as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 12, 1960

## Continuing . . . HE INTENDED TO STAY FOR BREAKFAST

from page 84

drive over the Merritt Parkway to Greenwich. In case you don't know, that's in Connecticut and it involves a State line. There's a Federal law concerning such excursions, old J. T. Whickers, and it's got teeth in it.

"For heaven's sake," cried the voice, "what did George do to you? Put him on and I'll get the truth out of him."

"Your persistence in the assumption of George's propinquity," said Penelope, "is tiresome. George is not here. The law I alluded to is not concerned with results, only intentions and purposes. When George gave you my telephone number he made his intentions crystal clear, did he not?"

"Now, before I hang up, there's just one more thing I'd like to say. The Acme Arbut Company doesn't want your business on those terms, old J. T. Whickers, even if it does involve a whole trainload of Whizzums." Then she hung up.

Later that day George breezed into the outer office of the Acme Arbut Company and, finding no one there, walked unannounced into Arthur Arbut's private office. As he came into the room, Arthur appeared out of nowhere and beamed him with a hattrack.

George sat on the floor and stared groggily up at Arthur. "I'm not sure," he said, "but I think I detect something antagonistic in your attitude, Arthur. What on earth's the matter with you?" And then he noticed that Penelope was in the room, her eyes red from recent weeping. "Perhaps you can explain this, Penelope, darling," he said.

"Don't you darling me, you monster," said Penelope.

"No, you monster, don't darling her," said Arthur. "I'm disappointed in you, George. When I interceded for you I thought your intentions were honorable. Little did I know that you had every confident expectation of compromising her telephone number. Virtue, I mean," he corrected himself.

Keeping a wary eye on the hattrack in Arthur's hand, George dragged himself to his feet. "Virtue?" he said, dazed. "Telephone number?"

"They're practically synonymous where you're concerned!"

said Penelope. "This morning at four o'clock my telephone rang. It was old J. T. Whickers."

"Old J. T. Whickers is notorious for that," said George. "He transacts business at all hours of the day and night. But why would he telephone your apartment?"

"Because," said Penelope, "he had every reason to believe you were on the premises. You told him you were spending the night there. Remember?"

"I didn't tell him any such thing," cried George. "I told him I was spending the night with my sister and . . . oh, my gosh!" He produced an address book from his pocket, flipped the pages, and finally extended it to Penelope.

"See?" he said. "My sister lives at the Gotham Crescent Apartments. You live at the Gotham Arms. I just got the numbers mixed up, that's all."

"You mean it's that simple?" wailed Penelope, and then she noticed the blood on George's forehead. "Oh, my darling," she cried. "You're hurt. Get a doctor, Mr. Arbut. Call an ambulance."

At this juncture, the office door burst open and a pudgy, red-faced man entered. "I'm old J. T. Whickers," he announced to the room in general, "and I'd like to know just what is going on. This morning at four o'clock a hysterical woman called me and stammered something about a Federal law with teeth and State lines and . . ."

"You called her," said George.

"Oh, hello, George," said old J. T. Whickers. "What are you doing kissing a girl in a private office at this time of day? Not waiting for a reply, he went on. "What difference does it make who called who? The main thing is that this hysterical female made a pointed, sinister reference to a State line."

"It seems she had the Mann Act confused with the statutes concerning fair trade. In any event she made a very ugly accusation against you, George, and, if it's true, I'm going to fire you. Will you," he demanded, "quit kissing that girl and defend yourself?"

Penelope freed herself from George's embrace and faced old J. T. Whickers. "George is innocent," she said. "He got my telephone number mixed up with his sister's and that explains everything."

"It doesn't explain his sister," said old J. T. Whickers, apparently under the delusion that he had talked to two separate women at four that morning. "I have to say it, but I think she's off her rocker."

He squinted at George. "Incidentally, George," he said, "your head's bleeding. I'd look into it if I were you." Then he noticed Arthur.

"Who're you, and what're you doing with that hattrack in your hand?" he demanded.

"I," said Arthur, "am Arthur Arbut."

"And that brings up another point," said old J. T. Whickers. "This hysterical female who called me—"

"You called me," Penelope cut him off, "and I wasn't hysterical. I was just mad."

"Don't interrupt," said old J. T. Whickers. "As I was saying," he went on, "this hysterical female told me that she was an official of the Acme Arbut Company—"

"Well, I am in a way," said Penelope. "I'm Mr. Arbut's secretary, and as for what I said about the trainload of Whizzums, or do I sue?"

"If you can't keep her quiet any other way," old J. T. told George, "try kissing her some more. To boil it down," he said to Arthur, "this hysterical female refused point-blank to sell me a trainload of Acme Arbut Whizzums. I've laid out an extensive advertising campaign at great expense. Do I get my trainload of Acme Arbut Whizzums, or do I sue?"

"It won't be at all necessary for you to sue," said Arthur happily. He took out the contract and placed it on his desk. "If you'll just sign here."

While old J. T. Whickers signed, George looked down at Penelope. "I'm hungry," he said. "How about going around the corner for some waffles?"

"What's wrong with my kitchen?" said Penelope, and, arm in arm, they walked out of the office.

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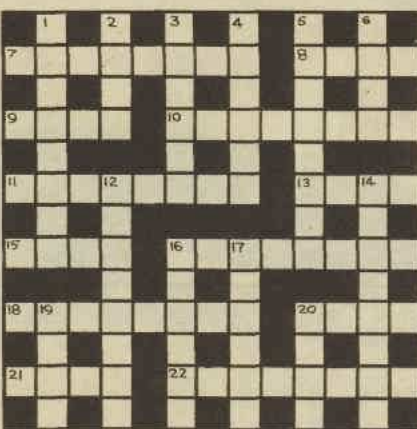
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

7. Young fowl with frozen tail is useful for treating inflammation (8).
8. God of love coming with a rose (4).
9. Capable though has no headdress (4).
10. I listed a man who disregards reality (8).
11. I love art (Anagr., 8).
13. A light wine (4).
15. Sixteen to the rupee (4).
16. Do not forget about the parliamentarian (8).
18. Answers (8).
20. Repair in a psalm ending (4).
21. A mixed dish which has no start and no ending (4).
22. Exceed 3500 Russian feet inside (8).

**SPRINGBOARD**  
S A D L G E S  
O I R E A B R I D G E  
O L N N E L  
W E L L T O D O O L A F  
B A I L S S O D  
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L I E D S C R A B B L E  
E L I C T I O N Y N  
R E A L I Z E D O R I C  
S W I F T P O E  
U N O F F E N D I N G

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Spanish gold coin was worth two pistoles (8).
2. River of Germany flowing into the North Sea (4).
3. Italian city on the Adriatic coast (6).
4. Venerate a man who is famous for his ride and a tea party (6).
5. Leash may fix this dog (8).
6. Sporting action for a Highlander, taking a chance for an Australian (4).
12. Not a pose (Anagr., 8).
14. Purifies with a lean inside (8).
16. Left to chance with a dram on (6).
17. The captain of a merchant vessel (6).
19. Measures of length of a swell scribe (4).
20. The head of 17 down for a long pole (4).



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## HOOVERMATIC

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F4327.—Easy-to-make girl's frock has square neckline and two small pockets edged with braid or lace. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Requires 1½ to 1½ yds. 36in. material, 4yds. edging. Price 3/3.

F5949.—Frock-and-jacket ensemble has a slim-skirted dress with attractive cummerbund effect and matching jacket with three-quarter sleeves and wide Peter Pan collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

# Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 64½ Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 46-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6346, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F5950.—Cool summer frock with deep, scooped neckline, three-quarter sleeves, and full, swirling skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F5316.—Attractive playsuit and skirt for the junior miss features an easy-to-make full skirt with an unusual waistline. Sizes 4 to 12 years. Requires: Playsuit, ½ to 1½ yds. 36in. material; skirt, 1½ to 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.



F4327

F5920.—Unusual frock has a full skirt with interesting button design and a wide contrasting collar trimmed with lace. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material, 1 2-3rd yds. 36in. contrast, 2½ yds. lace edging. Price 4/6.



F5920



F5949



F5950

F5921.—Smart pinafore and blouse for a small girl has an attractive neckline trimmed with a bow, and a full skirt. The blouse has a Peter Pan collar and is trimmed with lace. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Requires: Pinafore, 1½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material; blouse, 1½ to 1½ yds. 36in. material and 2 to 2½ yds. lace edging. Price 3/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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Attractive tea-towels have an unusual embroidered motif traced ready to work on multi-colored linen. The towels may be bought separately or in sets of three. Each towel has a different motif. Price 6/11 each. Postage 8d. extra. Set of three, 19/11. Postage 2/- extra.

348

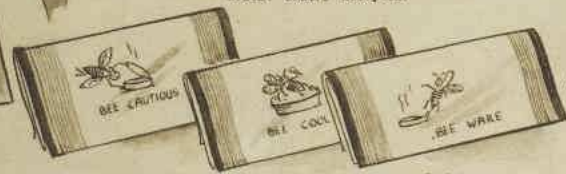
### No. 350—TWO-PIECE BEACH OUTFIT

Two-piece beach outfit of playsuit and overskirt is available cut out ready to make in striped cotton. Colors are pink, blue, turquoise, and red, all with white. The skirt is cut out in white, with a contrasting band in pink, blue, turquoise, and red, all with white, around the hem. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 61/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 64/6. Postage 3/- extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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### No. 347—BUTTON-THROUGH FROCK

Attractive button-through dress with scooped neckline and full skirt is available cut out only in floral cotton. Colors are rust and green, lilac and turquoise, pink and blue, all on a white background. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 51/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 4/6. Postage 3/6 extra.

### No. 348—SHORTIE PYJAMAS

Easy-to-make shortie pyjamas have high round neck and are cut out ready to make. The material is cotton with an attractive strawberry design. Colors are lilac, pink, and blue design on a grey background. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 35/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 36/6. Postage 3/- extra.

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Vitamin C (300 I.U.),  
Vitamin D (750 I.U.),  
Vitamin E (1.25 mgs.),  
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